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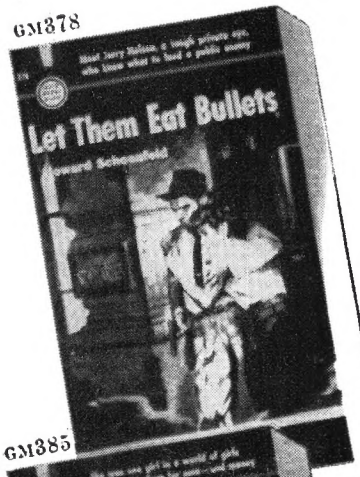

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by Howard Schoenfeld

"A wondrously wild fable about a private detective with a twin brother who helps him set up alibis (and even takes over part of his sex life) and a case complete with gangsters, blackmail, corpses galore and a nympho-sadist with arrested development." —Anthony Boucher in *The New York Times*

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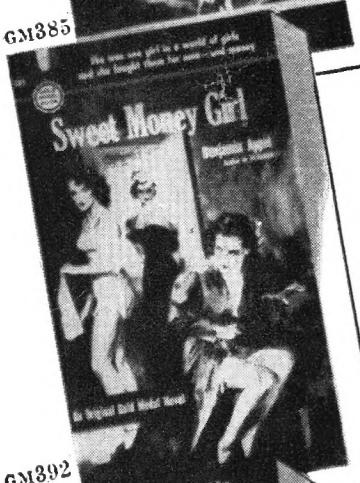

SWEET MONEY GIRL

by Benjamin Appel

She followed her dreams to New York seeking money, power, enchantment—only to find a wilderness in concrete. A novel of New York, and of the girls who wander through its neon nights. By the author of PLUNDER.

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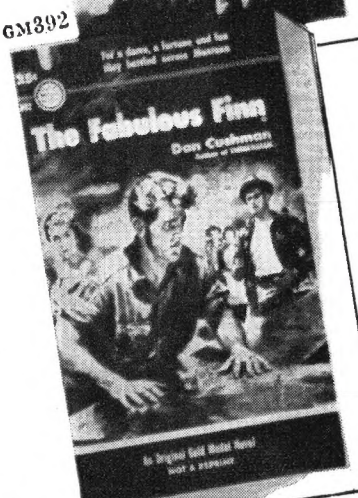

THE FABULOUS FINN

by Dan Cushman

For a dame and a fortune they fought through Montana—the fabulous Finn and the roaring Irishman, two lusty giants born to brawl! A novel of wild adventure, by the author of TIMBERJACK.

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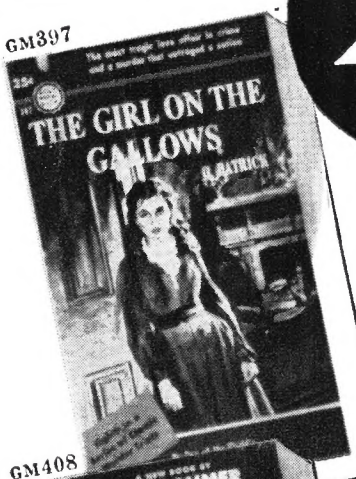

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by Q. Patrick

Straight from the London courtroom comes the murder trial of glamorous Edith Thompson and her boy lover—the trial that outraged a nation and exposed the secret life of one of the most fascinating dark ladies in the history of crime!

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RETURN OF SUMURU

by Sax Rohmer

He's back again, that master of the exotic, the bizarre, the Oriental dream—Sax Rohmer himself! And Sumuru is back, in all her flaming beauty, enticing to her the most beautiful women in the world for her own black and pagan evil!

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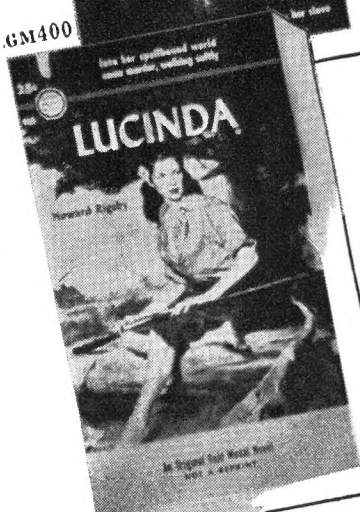

LUCINDA

by Howard Rigsby

Judson found Lucinda in the mountains—young, lovely and wild—when he fled from a killer straight into her enchanted world—and into a week of lunatic terror!

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Repay In Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

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323 SECURITIES BUILDING
OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

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.....FOR $50 to $600 - CUT OUT AND MAIL *TODAY!*.....

To State Finance Company, Dept. U-130
323 Securities Building, Omaha 2, Nebraska

Please accept my application for a loan. It is understood that after the loan is made I can return the money to you within 10 days and there will be no charge or cost whatsoever.

Amount you want to borrow $..... On what date of month will your payment BE IN OUR OFFICE?.....

State occupation..... Amt. earned per mo. $.....

Name of your employer.....

Address of employer? ..... How long with present employer?.....

Former employer (Name) .....

Address..... How long?.....

If your wife (or husband) is employed, state occupation..... Monthly salary $.....

Name of employer..... (Add.)..... How long employed?.....

Amt. you owe on your auto? $..... Amt. you pay each mo. on auto? $.....

To whom are payments on auto made? (Name)..... Town.....

Bank you deal with (Name)..... Town.....

Amount you owe bank? $..... Monthly payments? $.....

What security on bank loan?.....

List below OTHER Loan or Finance company (or person) you NOW owe on a loan:

$..... to (Name)..... (Add.).....

Pay rent or real estate payment to? (Name)..... Town.....

Purpose of loan .....

The following are all the debts that I have:

Full Amount I Still Owe	Paying Per Mo.	To Whom Owing	Address
$.....	$.....	.....	.....
$.....	$.....	.....	.....
$.....	$.....	.....	.....

FILE INFORMATION ONLY — Please list below relative information for our confidential files

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....

Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....

Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....

Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....

Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

The above statements are made for the purpose of securing a loan. I agree that if any loan be completed, the U.S. Mail shall be regarded as my agent.

Sign Full Name Here _____ Street Address.....

Town..... County..... State.....

THE UNDERSIGNED residing in the Town of ..... State of ..... (Write in Name of Town and State in Which You Live)

in consideration of $..... (Fill in Amount of Loan) do hereby grant and convey to STATE FINANCE COMPANY, Omaha, Nebraska, the items marked ☐ below which are to remain in possession of the undersigned:

Borrower should "X" items to be considered as security.

- ☐ Living Room Furniture ☐ Radio ☐ Heating Stove ☐ Washing Machine
- ☐ Dining Room Furniture ☐ Rugs and Carpets ☐ Kitchen Stove ☐ Refrigerator, Make .....
- ☐ Bedroom Furniture ☐ Vacuum Cleaner ☐ Sewing Machine ☐ Piano ☐ Television Set
- ☐ Auto. (Make) ..... year ..... ☐ Truck. (Make) ..... year .....

This mortgage shall be void when the undersigned shall pay in full to said Company a note of even date herewith for the above amount payable in installments according to the terms thereof, together with interest on the principal sum of said note at the aggregate rate of 3% per month on that part of the unpaid principal balance of the loan not exceeding $150 and 2½% per month on that part of the unpaid principal balance of the loan over $150 and not in excess of $600 and ¾ of 1% per month on any remainder of such unpaid principal balance but otherwise shall remain in full force and effect.

Dated at Omaha, Nebraska.....

PERSONAL SIGNATURES REQUIRED ➡ _____

(If married, both husband and wife must PERSONALLY sign)

NOTE

Amt. of loan	Int. pmt. due date	Final pmt. due date	Prin. and Int. pmt. in ..... Mo. pmts.	Mo. pmt. (except final)	Final pmt. equal in any case to the unpaid principal and int.	Omaha, Nebraska Date.....

Agreed rate of interest: 3% per month on that part of the unpaid principal balance not exceeding $150 and 2½% per month on that part over $150 and not in excess of $600 and ¾ of 1% per month on any remainder of such unpaid principal balance; computed on the basis of the number of days actually elapsed, a month being any period of 30 consecutive days.

In Consideration of a loan made by STATE FINANCE COMPANY at its office in Omaha, Nebraska, in the principal amount above stated, the undersigned promise to pay to said company at its above office said principal amount together with interest at the above rate until fully paid.

Payment of principal and interest shall be made in consecutive monthly payments as above indicated beginning on the stated due date for the first payment and continuing on the same day of each succeeding month to and including the stated due date for the final payment.

Default in the payment of any installment of the principal or charges, or either, shall at payee's option, without notice, render the then unpaid balance due and payable.

It is agreed that the validity and construction of this note shall be determined under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Nebraska.

This note and any evidence of security accompanying it are subject to acceptance by the payee at its office located as shown above. It is understood that if the loan is not approved, this note and any evidence of security accompanying it will be promptly returned to the undersigned.

PERSONAL SIGNATURES REQUIRED ➡ _____

(If married, both husband and wife must PERSONALLY sign)

YOU SAID IT!.... Letters to CAVALIER

SEE HERE, PRIVATE SCHINE

I read your report on Cohn and Schine and think Martin L. Gross did a good, fair job on the two of them. However, after checking all the reports I can get on Schine's life at Fort Dix, I want to go along with the guy who is making a drive to change the expression, "the life of Reilly," to "the life of Schine."

—Joe Adams
Seattle, Wash.

And then there was the Army sergeant who said, "Okay, rookie, rise and Schine."

This whole business about Cohn and Schine hands me a big laugh. While a bunch of senators get themselves worked up over Schine's treatment, any guy who's spent over a week in the service was wondering what the hell all the noise was about. Celebrities usually do get treated like Schine did.

—Edward Rione
Chicago, Ill.

I must say, on the whole, I think your magazine is pretty swell. This is mainly in regard to your article on Messrs. Cohn and Schine in your past issue. Your photo of Schine at M.P. School has me thinking. Perhaps said Pvt. Schine deserves his publicized privileges since he is apparently the only member of the platoon in step? Now if he could just beat his own cadence into the heads of the other members and attain the goal at which he appears to be staring, well—who knows? After all, let's not pass too lightly over officer material.

—Floyd Johnson
Cumberland, Md.

COLD ON NORTH

I'd sure as hell hate to hang by my thumbs since Sheree North was 21.

—Cy Roberts
Columbus, Ohio

And that's how guys who have any complaints about a number like Sheree should be treated.

WORDS ON WILLIE

I saw Willie Mays in the World Series of 1951 and I am convinced that he will never be an outstanding star. He was pathetic when the Yankee pitchers started to curve him.

—Red Martin
New Haven, Conn.

Well, the figures are against you, Red. And if you really think Willie can't do it on the basis of his World Series play, you might consider the case of Duke Snider. In the 1949 series Duke struck out 10 times, for a Series record. In 1952 the Yanks couldn't get him out. Like the Duke, Willie seems to have improved.

I'm sure glad you boobs finally got around to doing something on a National Leaguer—and the best in the League at that. That joke-book League they call the American League has had it.

—Alex Hardy
Bronx, N. Y.

A MATTER OF JEALOUSY

What's with the guy who couldn't wait until he could get out of the harem? I've been trying to get into a spot like that for years.

—H. S. J.
Albuquerque, N. M.

There was a big guy waiting to clobber him as soon as he got his work done. That's why. Good luck with your ambitions.

GI MEMORIES

I was stationed in Manila after the shooting stopped and after I read *Plunder* in your September issue, I could understand why everything cost so damn much there.

—George Marx
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Yup, and our latest report is that the cost of living has just gone up a dollar a bottle.

I sure got some nostalgic feelings reading *Plunder,* and by the way, I go for this business of getting a book along with a good magazine. Keep it up.

—Ed Leo
Wollaston, Mass.

BOMBED

After reading Now—the D-Bomb by Michael Green, I felt like turning on the jets. Brother! And why did he have to pick Baltimore as one of his sample cities?

—Jack Lawrence
Baltimore, Md.

Turn to page 20 for some cheering up, Jack.

In other words, if we build a bomb that is encased in gold, then get into a war with Russia, we'll be giving Gold to the Russians?

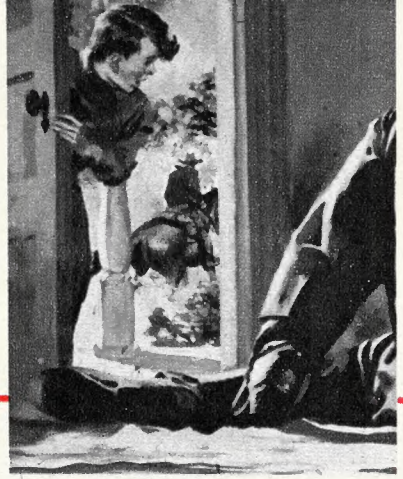
—H. M. Roberts
Dallas, Tex.

Mmm. Well, I guess you could say that.

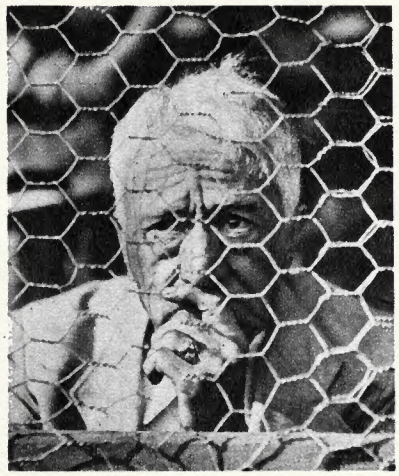
HEADY EDDIE

In answer to your question CAN EDDIE MATHEWS HIT *61,* I say no. His head is much too big and if he keeps this up, he'll be known as the Boob Who Made Milwaukee Famous.

—Don Drew
Milwaukee, Wis.



JESSE JAMES. A dead man's story raises some new, haunting questions.



BASEBALL SCANDAL. A crooked World Series helped the pro game.

BRITISH BELLE. Simone Silva is out to top Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell.

CANNIBAL GENERAL? The world was shocked at the rescue plane's find.

CAVALIER

NOVEMBER, 1954 — A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Stephen Horvath ..... *Art Editor* Bob Curran ..... *Managing Editor*

James B. O'Connell ..... *Editor*

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JUDGE ME NOT

by John D. MacDonald

Cover by Carl Burger

VOL. 2 NO. 8

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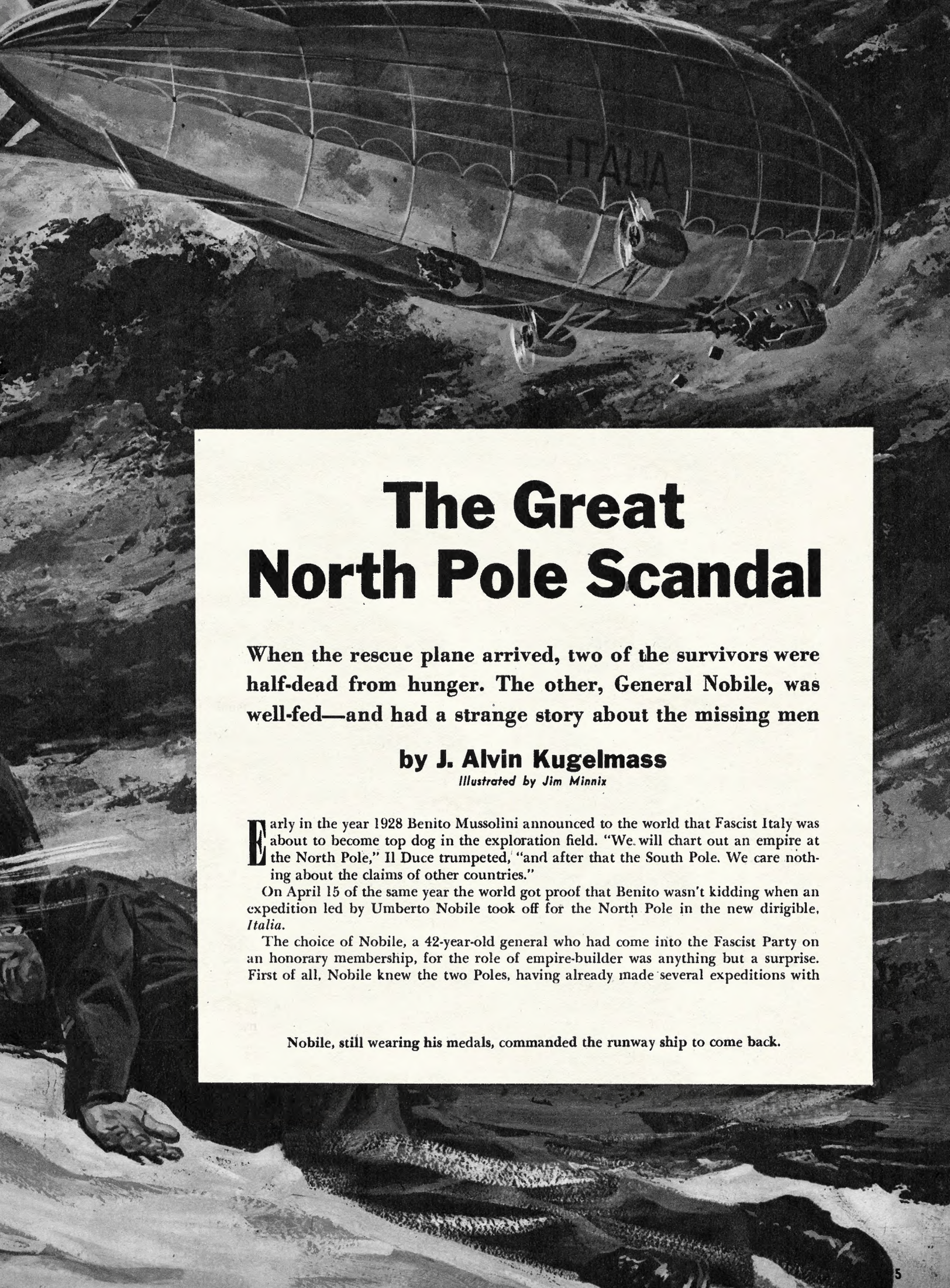
HIGH ADVENTURE
Minnicks



The Great North Pole Scandal

When the rescue plane arrived, two of the survivors were half-dead from hunger. The other, General Nobile, was well-fed—and had a strange story about the missing men

by J. Alvin Kugelmass

Illustrated by Jim Minnix

Early in the year 1928 Benito Mussolini announced to the world that Fascist Italy was about to become top dog in the exploration field. "We will chart out an empire at the North Pole," Il Duce trumpeted, "and after that the South Pole. We care nothing about the claims of other countries."

On April 15 of the same year the world got proof that Benito wasn't kidding when an expedition led by Umberto Nobile took off for the North Pole in the new dirigible, *Italia*.

The choice of Nobile, a 42-year-old general who had come into the Fascist Party on an honorary membership, for the role of empire-builder was anything but a surprise. First of all, Nobile knew the two Poles, having already made several expeditions with

Nobile, still wearing his medals, commanded the runway ship to come back.

Roald Amundsen, the famous polar expert. Secondly, and more important, the whole plan was really Nobile's brainchild. A promoter as well as a scientist, the ambitious general had fast talked Mussolini into adopting the idea of charting and claiming vast regions in the north, and of backing the expedition to the tune of $10,000,000 in appropriations.

After a week of tough going, the *Italia* reached King Bay at about the 73rd parallel where Nobile's brother, Professor Arturo Nobile, had established a base.

The four giant motors were singing a pretty tune when on May 2, the *Italia* set out on the first of its four flights over the polar regions which then were for the most part great uncharted areas of ice which heretofore had been reached only after incredible hardship by ice breakers or dog sled. Now man was set to sail loftily over the top of the world in a comfortable, electrically-heated gondola wafted by some 3,000 cubic yards of skintight air and gas.

The first flights were preliminary and made solely for the purpose of mapping and testing the giant airship. The great balloon coursed its way from Cape North around the northern end of Franz Joseph Archipelago, southeast to Severnaya Zemlya and Northeast Land. On the three trial runs, the huge thing covered, without effort or difficulty, over some 20,000 square miles of unexplored region. Unfortunately for Nobile no new land was sighted and in his daily radio reports to King Bay, which were in turn relayed to Mussolini, the general continued to promise that he would find something new sticking out of the water. This, he vowed, would be named Mussolini Continent.

In the meantime, the public relations offices in Rome were having a tough time releasing daily bulletins to the world press. There was nothing much to report except that the expedition was seeing lots of water and ice floes. Mussolini went into a rage when some very unkind things were said about the $10,000,000 he had spent. Many newspapers abroad were declaring that the money would have been better expended on the underfed peasants rather than on what was called, "a vainglorious expedition in search of a Never Never Land, which if found would add nothing of value to the people of Italy."

Il Duce broke several expensive vases, threw inkwells at several of his more amiable ministers, and ordered Nobile to fly over the North Pole and then to make his way over the Magnetic Pole which lies off the Prince of Wales Island in the northerly reaches of Canada. That way, Mussolini reasoned, he'd get some publicity out of the deal.

Nobile was horrified at the thought when the message was relayed. Frantically he flashed back that if he did sail over the Pole, it would not be the first time it was done in a dirigible. For he had accompanied Amundsen on the Norge in 1926 when that airship did pass over the Pole.

Mussolini's rage was blacker than ever. He had not known about the Norge flight. However, he reasoned that many other people wouldn't know either. So he ordered Nobile to proceed as directed.

The world press showed an animated interest in the operation. Although it had been done once, it was not without news value if it be done again.

On May 23, Nobile started out on the little errand for his boss and kept flashing messages every hour on the hour until he almost drove Vincent Biagi, the wireless operator, crazy. It wasn't so much the contents of the messages that bothered Biagi as the way they were couched. For each contained prose poetry of the kind used by ringmasters at a circus before someone is about to make a death-defying leap.

At 8:15 a.m., Pietro Mariano, the navigator, announced that the *Italia* was hovering smack over the North Pole. As usual, the winds were fierce and the sucking air currents and down drafts spun the ship about crazily as though it was a pingpong ball in an Air Force wind tunnel.

Despite the beating they were taking, Nobile ordered all his men, many of whom were retching with nausea, to put on their Sunday best, complete with medals and such epaulettes as they were entitled to wear.

Then the proud general, blue with cold but wearing a dress sword at his side and the cocked hat of a full Commodore of the Italian Navy, ordered Antonio Cecioni, the cook, to render the strains of the Fascist anthem. Cookie, lashed himself to a rigid stanchion, and, between heaves and nausea, blew until he was purple. As the last strains died away, Nobile dropped the Italian flag and in the name of the people of Italy and the Duce, took possession of all the lands in and about the North Pole. The fact that several other gentlemen, such as Lieut. Robert E. Peary of the United States, had been there just about 20 years previously didn't bother him in the least.

The word was flashed to King Bay, then transmitted to Mussolini who called in the press and, while strutting up and down before the vast mirrors which lined his office, delivered himself of an ultimatum to the world and to such gulls which frequented the roof of the globe.

On the flight to the Magnetic Pole, which got under way at about 10 a.m. of the fateful day, the *Italia* ran into a frightful storm at about the 82nd parallel over the northeastern tip of Greenland.

The ship rose at electric speed to vast heights and then plummeted down sickeningly. The motors were doing a yeoman job but in the face of the tearing, ripping winds, the *Italia* was a plaything. Great hunks of hail began to drum against the sides of the balloon and the guy ropes which held the gondola to the inflated cigar began to whip and rip from their great leaden fastenings.

By noon, the ship had been driven out over the frosty Greenland Sea and back again several dozen times. Below, there was nothing to be seen but cruel, whipped waves which from on high looked like frosting on a cake. But once the ship was driven hurtling almost to the crests and the men paled beneath their nausea to observe the mountainous character of the lashed waters. They were then driven into a rapid ascension which sent them rocketing to more than 10,000 feet.

Immediately a thick, white upon white, clammy fog set in. There was nothing about them but a dirty, filmy whiteness as the ship ducked and bobbed and cavorted. Two of the men began to scream with terror and Nobile paid them no attention. It looked like the end. All the men were crouched in the bottom of the gondola, bewildered, terrified, and in a kind of coma. There was just nothing they could do. No one was attending to the engine controls and

CANNIBAL?

General Nobile went to his grave, still denying the charges made against him.

soon two of the motors halted. It made no matter in the face of the incalculable horsepower of wind against which they had been leagued. Beads of moisture began to form on the skin of the cigar. By 3 p.m., the ship began to list heavily and the men noted that it was no longer being driven about by the winds. There was a sense of relief until it was realized that the beads had turned to ice and that the ice was weighing down the ship and destroying its lifting power.

Steadily, the ship began to fall. The men blew on the gondola windows and rubbed. They could make out gigantic boulders of ice below which meant that they were not falling into the sea.

The ship proceeded to drop in stately descent until the needle showed 1,000 feet. At 800 feet, the descent became more rapid and at 500, there was a sickening lunge and then a frightful shock as the gondola struck the peak of an ice floe. The blow tore a great hole in the gondola. Before any safety steps could be taken, six men had plunged through the hole to the ice below.

While six men were still trying to regain balance, the ship bumped and grazed against the rough ice and slowly rose again. Nobile, his cocked hat gone but still wearing his medals, dress sword and epaulettes, ran crazily on his knees commanding the ship to come back. It paid him no mind. It rose even more rapidly and disappeared into the arctic gloom and storm. But before it got clear, it unloaded itself of cases of supplies, including part of the radio, a section of the pilot engine, and a big chunk of the stern engine boat.

The expedition was now split in half. On the floe were six men. In the ripped and torn gondola, somewhere on high and practically engineless, were the other six. The dozen were in full, formal dress uniform, a scene out of a comic opera, and yet beautifully characteristic of the Mussolini regime which set great store by outer appearances.

It was several hours before the six on the floe came to themselves and began to pick up the pieces. Biagi, the wireless operator, first gathered up the pieces of radio equipment. He then gathered the cases of supplies and managed to build a fire. The others came about and used the broken sections of the stern engine boat as a windbreak. Biagi, who appeared to be in better condition than the others, rounded up his General-Commander and found him in a faint with a broken arm and leg. He dragged him to the shelter of the fire and managed to cook up some hot food.

In the grey morning, which was neither morning nor night, they took stock. Nobile, fortified by splints made of the wooden cases of food, ordered Biagi to set about seeing what he could do with the wireless parts. In several hours, Biagi reported that he could raise enough power to send weak signals. Nobile began to dictate a formidable statement of the perils they had encountered and triumphed over and irritably waved away Biagi's suggestions that a simple SOS, in view of the circumstances, would be best. Biagi, however, had little confidence in his batteries and contented himself with relaying an SOS and used a "dry" line to make Nobile believe that he was sending the rest of the poetry.

Nobile took stock of the survivors. Fram Behounek, a member of the crew, was suffering from internal injuries and barely conscious from loss of blood. Cecioni had a fracture of the leg. Mariano was also in a coma and appeared to have a caved-in chest. Biagi had sharp pains from two broken ribs but otherwise was spry. Angelino Trojani had a broken knee cap, a broken nose, a fractured skull, and two fractured fingers.

The medical stores which had been dumped out of the gondola luckily included bandages and iodine. That was all, but it helped. There were six cases of wine and two of whisky. And there were six cases of tinned beef. Enough, Nobile estimated, for about two weeks of living.

Biagi continued to send an SOS but he could judge that the signals were getting weaker. The sole hope was that the approximate course of the *Italia* was known to the world outside, and that rescue expeditions would set forth almost immediately—or soon after contact with King Bay was broken. The last message had been sent from the Pole itself, almost 24 hours previously.

When the messages halted, the outside world, as Nobile calculated, was electrified. Seven nations immediately hurried rescue expeditions. From Point Barrow, Alaska, Roald Amundsen, Nobile's old chief, set out in a plane and was never heard from again. Nor has his body and his plane ever been found. The doughty explorer, one of the bravest men who ever lived, perished as he would have liked to die —on behalf of arctic explorers and on behalf of arctic exploration, the passion of his life.

From Finland and Sweden and from Greenland and Iceland, from Germany and from Poland, ships and planes began to scour the northern regions in a wide circle. A week went by. Two weeks went by and the story stayed on Page One.

On June 15, came the incredible news that what was left of the *Italia* had came to rest on lonely Baffin Land off Baffin Bay and across from Greenland. The six survivors were starved but happy. They had stayed in the gondola and cut loose the guy ropes after a gentle and miraculous landing. They managed to build a fire and attract the attention of an outpost Eskimo tribe. One of the Indians brought the news to a weather station manned by a bureau of the Canadian Government.

Following the finding of the *Italia* gondola survivors, all hope was given up for the six who had been dumped out in the crash. However, it was now known that the *Italia* had crashed on the northeastern tip of Greenland. No one had picked up the SOS signals which Biagi had been sending night and day.

Meanwhile, on June 5, all food had run out on the ice floe. Except for the dress sword which Nobile still sported, the six had no weapons even if they had been able to find game of any kind. Water was no problem for they sucked ice.

On the evening of June 5, Behounek did not respond to slapping or shaking or cries. On the morning of June 6, he was gone. Nobile, who by that time could get around with a kind of hobble, said that Behounek had died during the night and that he had slipped him into an ice crevice. He led the others in prayer for the dead man. And then he spoke a eulogy.

On June 7, Nobile announced that Trojani had died and that he had pushed the body into a crevice. "I did not wish to make you mournful," he told the three remaining crew members. "So I buried him with my own hands."

There was one bottle of wine left and a few handfuls of tough, leathery meat. Nobile refused to share these. He said, "I am the captain and I must look out for my men."

On June 8, Cecioni died and the men decided to bury him on the morrow. However, his body was gone when Biagi and Mariano awakened from their short and uneasy sleep. "I have buried him," Nobile said shortly. "We must now all prepare for the end."

On June 17, the wireless unexplainedly showed a deal of revived power. It literally crackled. Biagi seized his key and tapped out a forceful message dictated by Nobile. As Biagi reported later, "Nobile seemed to be extraordinarily healthy. He was ruddy and he shouted commands which echoed and re-echoed across the ice. I thought it was the final frenzy of a madman. I, myself, could barely drag myself from one place to another. I had not eaten, after all, in more than a week except for chewing on the leather harness of my uniform."

The message, which was received by more than a score of alerted stations all around the Arctic Circle and by many ships at sea, said that Nobile was [*Continued on page* 63]

SPECIAL

WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES

A dead man's story throws new light on the killing of the famous outlaw—and brings up some new haunting questions

by Edwin V. Burkholder

Illustrated by Barye Phillips

"Jesse James had not been shot from behind," he said. "And his body was nowhere near any chairs or walls."

"I want a quiet, peaceful life," he said, "so you'll have to promise that you won't write this story as long as I'm alive."

I made and kept that promise. Now Al Gilmore is dead and I can tell his story for the first time.—Ed Burkholder

As a child in Kansas and Missouri, I lived in the shadow of Jesse James. I was never privileged to hear the thundering hoofbeats of his horse or to shudder in the night at the blood-curdling rebel yells of his cutthroat followers. Jesse James had been dead 20 years, but even from the grave his shadow hung heavily over the land, capable of provoking violent arguments and bloody fistfights.

There were whispers then, low and hushed, about the circumstances surrounding his death, but men were still living who made it dangerous to discuss them too loudly. I learned the partial answer to this mystery many years ago, but circumstances prevented me from telling it until now.

My father was a lawyer and he sometimes represented Frank James, who had been pardoned and was operating a combination poolhall and cigar store in Kansas City. My first train ride was a trip to Kansas City with my father, who went there to confer with his client. I remember Frank James as a tall and gaunt-looking man, with stooping shoulders, a thin face and deep sunken cheeks, like a person suffering with consumption, which was the name for tuberculosis in those days, the cause of his death in 1915.

His eyes were morose and he didn't smile much and he talked less. He chewed the stem of an old pipe like a nervous man smoking a cigar. But he was very nice to me. He felt my head and told my father I had the skull of a genius. For several years it was my proud boast that Frank James had felt my head, and I talked so much about it my playmates called me "Frankie James."

In the same year of that visit, on June 14, 1904, Ed O'Kelley was killed on the streets of Oklahoma City. In the saga of Jesse James, Ed O'Kelley is the most enigmatic character on the long list of men who had a part in his life. As far as the records show, O'Kelley had never been in the State of Missouri, had never known Frank or Jesse James personally, and didn't step into the picture until 10 years after the shooting of Jesse by Bob Ford. Yet he held the key to a secret that still has the State of Missouri puzzled.

The killing of Ed O'Kelley was in no way connected with Jesse James or this secret. O'Kelley was an ex-police officer from Pueblo, Colorado, who had gone bad and was a paid killer and an all-around undesirable ruffian. On the streets of Oklahoma City he was drunk, quarrelsome, and threatening passersby with his gun. Patrolman Jim Barnett tried to arrest him and O'Kelley gave Barnett his choice of killing him or getting killed. Barnett naturally chose the former and O'Kelley died with a bullet in his head.

But O'Kelley confided a part of his secret to one man, Al Gilmore. Gilmore later moved to my home town in Kansas and I knew him intimately. He was a quiet and reticent sort, a confirmed bachelor, and although much older than I, we often went on fishing and hunting trips together. It was seldom he mentioned Ed O'Kelley or the James boys, but he liked me, and knowing my father represented Frank James, he told me his story a number of times, adding new details with each version as I grew older.

After graduating from the university, I went to Kansas City to start my newspaper career. Frank James was dead, but his wife was still living at Liberty, Missouri. I interviewed her several times, found her a good deal like her husband—morose and not given to many words. But I did get enough out of her to confirm many of the details of the story Al Gilmore had told me. Thumbing through the yellow pages of the Missouri newspapers for April 1882, I got more confirmation.

Convinced that Gilmore had a great story, one that writers on Jesse James had ignored, I tried to persuade him to let me tell it. I told him he would get a good price and some well-deserved fame. He shook his head and said he wanted neither, only a quiet and peaceful life, and he exacted a promise from me that I wouldn't write the story as long as he lived.

I agreed. Al Gilmore died on November 8, 1952, at the age of 83.

His first meeting with Jesse James came when he was 14, and for a boy that age it must have been a harrowing and nerve-wracking experience. Early in 1882 his father, an itinerant cattle buyer, had moved his family to St. Joseph, Missouri. About a quarter of a mile down the road from the Gilmore home was a white cottage with a picket fence. It was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who had moved to St. Joseph about the same time as the Gilmores.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard kept to themselves, but in those days people came and went in St. Joseph and nobody paid much attention to their actions. On the morning of April 3, 1882, young Al was hurrying down the dusty road on an errand for his father. As he got alongside the white cottage a roaring explosion erupted from the building. Al stopped abruptly. He had heard the six guns roar before and he knew what the noise was. As he stood there, undecided what to do, two men came running out of the cottage, leaped in the saddles of the two horses in the yard, and rode through the gate in a cloud of dust.

The cloud of dust covered the startled and frightened Al. Then, from the cottage, came the screams of a woman. Al ran for the front door. It was open and he darted through it, stopped abruptly when he got a few steps inside the living room. The body of a man lay on the floor, partly on his back and partly on his side, legs drawn up against his belly. There wasn't much left of the upper right side of his head. A soft-nosed bullet had hit him below the eye, taking the eye, a part of the ear, and the temple with it.

"Ford got his six-gun out, but he never had a chance

A woman in her thirties was standing beside the body, wringing her hands and screaming. It was only the matter of minutes until other people came into the room and Al Gilmore learned that the dead Mr. Howard was none other than Jesse James. Three things about that room and the body were clearly etched on his mind when he told me about it years later.

"Jesse James had not been shot from the rear, as it is often said," he told me. "He was shot from the front. His body was in the middle of the room, some distance from any chair or the walls. The story of Jesse James stepping up on a chair to straighten a picture, giving Bob Ford his chance to kill him, was used in the play, *The Outlaws of Missouri*. They needed something dramatic for the play and they cooked up this picture trick. Funny how it has come down through history as the most important part of the shooting of Jesse James."

The immediate events following the shooting are a matter of history. Bob and Charley Ford, members of the James gang and the killers, rode to the telegraph office at the railroad station in St. Joseph and wired Governor

Thomas D. Crittenden they had killed Jesse James. Sheriff Jim Timberlake was at the station ready to take the Ford brothers into custody, which he did as soon as the telegram had been sent. Additional guards were deputized and thrown around the jail to prevent any mob violence.

"This was really useless," Gilmore told me. "When I learned the dead man was Jesse James, I ran home to tell my father. He got terribly excited. We went into town. The Ford boys had given themselves up and everybody knew what had happened. The street was crowded and people were talking about the killing but didn't seem to have any particular feeling. It was believed that the Ford boys and Jesse James had a fight. Nobody cared much. Jesse James didn't have many friends in eighteen-eighty-two. He might have had right after the Civil War when he started his career in crime, but people and things had changed in Missouri in sixteen years."

The two Ford brothers were brought to trial two days

to use it. The shotgun cut him down in his tracks."

after their arrest. They confessed to the shooting and were promptly sentenced to be hung, but before they were led out of the court room, a messenger from Jefferson City handed Judge Frank Hinkel a full pardon from the governor for both of them.

The governor's pardon caused Missourians to raise their eyebrows. Three days later they got a second shock. The *Jefferson City People's Tribune* came out with its famous story, "Why Was Jesse James Murdered?" The article was written in the old-time flowery and verbose English fashionable then. Summed up briefly, it gave the people of Missouri some interesting data about Governor Crittenden and Jesse James. While the governor had posted the reward of $10,000 for Jesse James, dead or alive, he had been negotiating with Jesse and Frank James to give themselves up. Frank had agreed and Jesse was understood to be ready to give the governor his answer on April 4, the day after he was killed. The governor had every reason to believe the answer would be favorable.

Four days before Jesse James was killed, Bob Ford was seen in the state capital, entering the statehouse. From this city he journeyed to Kansas City and registered at the Coates House. At seven o'clock on the evening of April 3 a liveried carriage drove up to the hotel and he got in it and was driven to some unknown destination. The next day he boarded the train for St. Joseph where his brother Charles was awaiting him.

The following morning, April 3, he and Charles rode to the house occupied by Mr. Howard. Being members of the James gang, they had no trouble getting inside the cottage. One hour later, Jesse James was dead.

"Why was Jesse James murdered?" the editor of the *Jefferson City People's Tribune* demanded. "Governor Crittenden knew where he was hiding and if the state wanted to arrest him, they could have done it. Who was the man behind hiring Ford to kill Jesse James before Jesse could give himself up? Were they afraid he might talk and tell the truth about his amazing career?"

The *St. Joseph Herald,* the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Sedalia Daily Democrat* took up the demand. To understand the full impact this had on the people of Missouri, you have to get an accurate picture of the background of the James boys.

Al Gilmore had been born and grew up in Missouri, and while he never saw Jesse James until that eventful evening of April 3, when the bandit lay dead, he knew many people who had, and the picture he gave me of the James boys is somewhat different than what is generally accepted today.

Hollywood hadn't yet taken up the legend to paint Jesse James as a young Robin Hood who battled the railroad barons single-handed when they tried to steal the land of the poor farmers. The numerous biographies of Jesse James hadn't appeared with their touching story of how young Jesse had been tortured by the evil Civil War soldiers and because of this turned to banditry.

Gilmore laughed at these stories, branding them as being completely without foundation. He said in those days it was accepted by about everybody that Frank and Jesse were the result of the lawless era of the border during the Civil War and afterward and that no one event in their lives had turned them into the paths of crime. One old-timer told Gilmore, "Them boys was just plain wild, like a couple of unbroke colts. They had to do something, and robbing banks seemed mighty popular in those days for the wild ones."

Frank was three years older than Jesse and people said he was a pretty decent chap until he got a couple drinks under his belt and then he was trigger-happy and mean. He was credited with having shot the cashier at the bank in Northfield, Minnesota, during the robbery of September 7, 1876, an act that so balled up the plan of operation for the gang that only Frank and Jesse got out of the town with a whole skin.

Jesse, when sober, was a sullen, mean, sadistic killer, shooting men without so much as blinking an eye. Once he had had several drinks, he changed into a good-natured soul who wouldn't hurt a chicken and who did a lot of religious shouting. The elder James had been a rip-roaring minister of the old school, and a great deal was made out of Jesse's supposed religious turn of mind. The story went the rounds that when Jesse and his gang would start on a raid, he would insist on carrying a Bible and as the outlaws neared the town where the fingered bank was located, he would call a stop and in some grove hold prayer meeting. Gilmore said that, knowing the type of ruffians who rode with him, this was pretty hard to swallow although many people did believe it.

As for Jesse James' being a modern Robin Hood, Gilmore said he never heard that during those days. Jesse had some supporters, mostly southern sympathizers, but in general people feared him and his cutthroats, and while Jesse might have helped some close friends, his chief occupation wasn't robbing the rich to help the poor. This didn't fit into his character or the characters of his men.

Feeling between Frank and Jesse wasn't warm or close. There were several reasons for [*Continued on page* 43]

THE DISEASE: Chicago's play in the series almost ruined baseball.

BASEBALL'S BLACKEST HOUR

by Maxwell Hamilton

When the Chicago White Sox blew the 1919 World Series, their fans explained it away as one of those things. Then a tough reporter broke the story that almost killed the professional game

If the favorite team in the upcoming World Series were to kick the series away, the sports world would shrug and say, "That's baseball." Yet let a favorite in boxing or basketball mess up a big match or an important game and you'll hear the scream of "fix" in Okinawa. "Baseball's another story," the fan will tell you. "You can't touch baseball. It's too clean."

The man's right—you can't touch baseball. You can't touch it today because certain parties touched it 35 years ago and caused a scandal that almost killed the professional game.

Most baseball men don't like to talk about the Black Sox scandal. So far as they're concerned it's past and forgotten. They're wrong. Its mark will be on the world series of 1954 just as it has been on every World Series since 1919. The absolute confidence of the public in baseball can be traced right back to the reforms caused by that dirty world series and for that very good reason baseball men should never forget what happened back in 1919.

The Chicago White Sox of 1919 were one of the greatest teams in baseball. Like the New York Yankees of recent years, they were virtually an unbeatable combination, boasting such all-time greats of the game as Eddie Collins, Eddie Cicotte, "Shoeless Joe" Jackson, Ray Schalk, Chic Gandil and Buck Weaver. They were the last White Sox team to win the American League pennant, and they won it handily.

In contrast to the Sox, the Cincinnati Reds, pennant winners in the National League, were just the best of a not-too-inspiring league. Judging the Series by today's standards, it almost would be like pitting the Yankees against the Pittsburgh Pirates.

As a result, the White Sox entered the 1919 series overwhelming favorites to cop the world's championship. In Cicotte, they boasted a pitcher with a 29-7 record and an earned run average of 1.82. In Lefty Claude Williams and in bantam-sized Dick Kerr, they had two other first-line pitchers. In Eddie Collins, they had the league leader in stolen bases, with 33. And in Gandil they had a first baseman who'd set a new league record by handling some 1,176 chances, for an eye-opening .997 average.

To top it all, the White Sox led both leagues in batting with a team average of .287.

It was little wonder, then, that the Chicagoans roared into Cincinnati for the first game of the series, on October 3, 1919, prohibitive betting favorites to take the championship in five straight games. As of that year, and for the two following years, the series winner

THE CURE: Judge Landis' harsh tactics restored the public's faith.

was to be decided on the best five out of nine games, rather than the present four out of seven.

Cincinnati, on that bright October day, was a city swarming with baseball fans, and crawling with the top celebrities of the day. The city was also swarming with rumors all of which said that quite a few of the big bettors were putting their money on the Reds. These rumors gave birth to a disturbing question: Did the gamblers know something?

The reaction to this strategy was as might be expected: Were these Broadway characters off their rockers? Hadn't they kept abreast of the situation during the regular season? Didn't they know that even the most astute baseball men didn't give Cincinnati a ghost of a chance?

In this seething, excitement-packed atmosphere, the series opened. Cicotte was on the mound for the Sox, while the Reds countered with their ace, Dutch Ruether.

Cincinnati, the patsies, the doormats, the boys trying to vie with men, took the game by an astounding score of 9 to 1!

It was one of the greatest upsets in World Series history. It was not just that Cincinnati had played over their heads, or that Ruether—pitching brilliantly, and even getting two triples and batting in three runs—had outdone himself. The simple fact was that the White Sox had been anything but the great team they were credited with being, with Cicotte and his successors giving up a total of 14 hits, and with the rest of the team playing a brand of casual ball one might expect on a Tuesday afternoon in July, rather than in the first game of a World Series.

That night Cincinnati literally jumped with second-guessing, rumor, gossip, and dark, evil-sounding hints. Some of the talk got back to Charles A. Comiskey, the proud owner and founder of the White Sox.

At dinner in his hotel that evening, Comiskey exploded and voiced what, up until then, no one apparently had brought into the open—the suggestion that his proud Sox somehow had been fixed and had thrown this first game to the Reds.

The friend immediately scoffed at the idea. It was ridiculous. The Sox merely had had a bad day, a genuine case of over-confidence and opening day jitters. The fact that Cicotte had been something less than his usual self was no reason for alarm. All pitchers have bad days.

Comiskey—The Old Roman, as he was called—was lulled into agreement because he wanted to agree. Sure, tomorrow would be another day, a day when Cincinnati would wish they hadn't riled up the White Sox.

Comiskey had a solid reason for confidence. Claude Williams, the lefthander, was slated to pitch the second game for Chicago. He was opposed by Slim Sallee, the old Giant.

Now, although Cicotte unquestionably was the best of the Sox pitchers, Williams was almost as good, and in one particular department—control—he was unrivalled. In 41 regular season games, covering a total of 297 innings of hurling, the lefthander had allowed less than two bases on balls per game. It was a good bet that, no matter what else happened in this series, the Reds were not going to get many walks from Williams.

The game began, and for three innings Williams was all he was said to be and Comiskey and the rest of the Chicago rooters sat back and relaxed. This was more like it.

Then in the fourth inning it happened. The first man up for Cincinnati was second baseman Rath. He walked. After Rath had been sacrificed along, third baseman Groh stepped in. He walked. Centerfielder Roush then spanked a single, scoring Rath, Roush and Groh attempted a double steal and Roush was nailed at second for the second out. It looked as if the Sox were out of the inning without too much damage.

It looked that way, that is, until the next batter, leftfielder Pat Duncan, stepped in. Duncan walked.

Risberg (extreme left), Weaver (center) and Felsch (far right) with their lawyers. None of the players was found guilty.

This wasn't good, but it still wasn't any reason for panic. It was merely a momentary bit of wildness on the part of a keyed-up pitcher.

The next batter, shortstop Kopf, banged a triple and two more runs raced over the plate. Cincinnati had a good lead—and they didn't lose it. The Reds won the game, their second straight against the unbeatable White Sox.

The fires of gossip began to fan into a roaring flame. Could it be possible that the suspicions Comiskey had been hearing ever since he arrived in Cincinnati actually were founded on fact? Was the fix really on? Was that the horrible explanation for the amazing reversal of form his team had shown?

Comiskey didn't know, and when he boarded the train for Chicago that evening, where the third game of the series would be played, he was a troubled man. The things he overheard on the train did little to put him at rest.

For one thing, John McGraw, the doughty manager of the New York Giants, had been heard to comment to a friend that the play of the Sox looked mighty suspicious to him. In fact, they had played like a team that wanted to lose!

On top of that, some of the sportswriters covering the series also were voicing similar suspicions, and, what was worse, they were voicing them out loud. The celebrated Ring Lardner wandered through the White Sox players' car singing, to the tune of *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, an enchanting little ditty called *I'm Forever Throwing Ball Games.*

This was too much for Comiskey. He was convinced, suddenly and surely, that something was fishy somewhere, and it was time to do something about it. But, what? There was no commissioner dominating the game in those days; the affairs of baseball being handled by a three-man commission made up of Ban Johnson, president of the American League, John Heydler, president of the National League, and Garry Herrmann, owner of the Reds.

The man for Comiskey to have talked to, of course, was Johnson, the president of his own league. But Comiskey and Johnson had been feuding for some time. Herrmann, as head of the rival Reds, was hardly a likely candidate. The only one left was Heydler, president of the rival league.

In a wave of decision, Comiskey plowed through the train to Heydler's compartment, routed the kindly Heydler out of his berth, and told him his worst fears. Heydler reacted as might be expected. He scoffed, and kidded Comiskey, telling him his league's Cincinnati entry simply had been too good for the Sox. He agreed, however, that if it would make Comiskey feel any better, he'd talk to Ban Johnson about the matter.

Accordingly, Heydler got up, dressed, and went to seek out the American League head. Johnson scoffed even louder than Heydler had done. "John," he scowled, "Comiskey's complaint is the whelp of a beaten cur."

That, then, was that. There was nothing more Heydler could do, and, speaking of this incident later on, he justified his action, or lack of it. "What *was* I to do?" he asked. "After all, my league's club had just won what seemed to be two fine victories! If Johnson wasn't interested, was it up to me to discredit those victories?"

In this stalemated atmosphere the third game of the classic was played the next day in Chicago. By this time, of course, everyone but a few hermits and people in comas had heard the fix rumors, and the betting fans got their dough down on Cincinnati. Especially since, with Dick Kerr—considered the least effective of the Chicago big three—doing the hurling, they figured this one would be a breeze for the Reds.

As it turned out, this was bum guessing. Kerr stopped the Reds cold with a 3 to 0 shutout. He had a lot of help from some timely hitting delivered by first baseman Gandil and shortstop Swede Risberg.

The win did a lot for the Sox. It got them back into the series, it served to lull the fix rumors somewhat and it helped bring out 34,363 fans for the fourth game, the largest crowd.

But if the fans figured to see the Sox right themselves after Kerr's neat job, and go on and take the series, they were due for some disappointments. The first of these was handed them by Cincinnati's Jimmie Ring, who spun a neat three-hit 2-0 shutout in this fourth game. It put Cincinnati ahead in the series, 3 games to 1.

Disappointment number two was the fact that Cicotte again pitched for the Sox, against Ring, and, while Eddie allowed only five hits himself, he made two glaring errors which contributed to the only two Cincinnati scores.

The first of these errors involved the simple fielding of a tap to the box by Pat Duncan, Reds' leftfielder. Cicotte made the stop all right, but threw the ball so wildly to first that Duncan kept right on going and made it to second. A single by Rapf followed, putting Duncan on third, and when Jackson, fielding Rapf's hit, threw the ball home to prevent Duncan from scoring, Cicotte tried to cut it off, succeeded only in deflecting it, and Duncan came home and Rapf went to second. The latter scored a moment later on Greasy Neale's double.

It was another bad day for Cicotte.

The fifth game also went to Cincinnati, and, had the teams been playing under the present best-four-out-of-seven rules, that would have been the series.

It was all Hod Eller in this fifth contest. The Cincinnati "shine ball" artist shut out the Chicagoans 5 to 0, fanned six of them in a row, and set a World Series record during the game of individually retiring nine men in a row. For the American Leaguers, Claude Williams again was on the hill, and, as in the fourth inning of the second game, he had one bad inning.

In that inning, the sixth, a fly ball fell between leftfielder Jackson and centerfielder Happy Felsch that was anything but pretty to watch. Felsch then retrieved the ball and promptly threw it wildly to Risberg. A moment later, after a single, a sacrifice, and another of Williams' free passes, Felsch again had trouble with a booming fly—which the scorers charitably called a triple—and that pretty much was the ball game.

For the sixth game, Dick Kerr again tossed for Chicago, and again he was victorious, 5 to 4. This one featured timely hitting by Jackson, Weaver, Felsch and Gandil, and anyone suspecting any of this quartet of throwing the series would have had a tough time finding evidence of it in their play that day.

In the seventh game, it was Cicotte again, and this time the Chicago ace came out on top by a score of 4 to 1, with Sallee being charged with the loss. Again, Jackson, Felsch and Weaver distinguished themselves by their hitting, and only one questionable play—by Cicotte—developed. With a man on second, a tap to the right side of the box gave Eddie a simple play at third. Instead, he elected to make a play at first, and the man on third eventually came home to score.

Thus, with a possible two games left to play, the Sox now were just one game down and hope bloomed again in certain of the more optimistic Chicago hearts. The hope was crushed, but good, the following afternoon, when the Reds wrapped up the series by winning 10 to 5. Claude Williams never got out of the first inning, when he surrendered five hits and four runs to the Rhinelanders.

The series was over, but the real drama was only beginning.

The rumors, of course, erupted all over again, the minute the Reds were enthroned as world's champions. Immediately, the hot stove league went spiritedly into action, and selected one play after another for their barroom second-guessing. One after another, the Sox players were put on the griddle.

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The Man Who Had No Fingerprints

The amazing Robert Pitts case, which J. Edgar Hoover labelled "one of the greatest stories of crime detection in the history of the F.B.I."

by Martin Abramson

Illustrated by Tony Kokonis

On a sun-dappled fall afternoon just a few months before Pearl Harbor, the most incredible piece of news ever to come across an F.B.I. teletype exploded in J. Edgar Hoover's Washington citadel with the impact of a block-buster. The always calm technician at the teletype machine lost his composure for the first time in a long career, ripped the message paper out of his machine and ran into his chief's office. The chief stared at it in gaping disbelief, then snapped, "Ask them to double-check whatever they found. This *isn't* possible!"

But it *was* possible. The Texas police had already triple-checked. And so the fantastic news went from the message-center chief to the assistant directors, to Hoover himself, and before long every echelon of

As the bandages came off, Pitts stared, fascinated. The operation was a success! Now the five pieces of skin flapping from his torso didn't bother him at all.

Robert James "Roscoe" Pitts and three mutilated prints of his left hand as they looked when he was caught by police.

the F.B.I. was confronted with the devastating fact that down in Austin, Texas, there was a man who owned a pair of hands which betrayed not even the faintest sign of fingerprints.

To understand why this small piece of intelligence could have created such a thunderbolt of consternation, it is necessary to look behind the closed doors of the Identification Division, which is the true kernel of all F.B.I. operations—and indeed of the entire system of law enforcement in this country.

Inside this division, steel files secrete 65,000,000 sets of fingerprints. Additional files come pouring in at the rate of 100,000 a day. This stupendous collection is arranged so scientifically that a fingerprint expert can identify in four minutes time a set of incoming prints that match any one of the sets already in the file. With the help of a magnifying glass, the expert compares deltas, ridges, and cores on the new card with those on the old and comes up with the right answer. No two sets of fingerprints are ever alike. The prints of identical twins, for instance, would be just as dissimilar as the prints of President Eisenhower and Malenkov. Identification of a suspect therefore, is always immediate and infallible. If indeed it could ever be proved that this setup were fallible, the main prop of our criminal detection organization would collapse.

Because Robert Pitts, the criminal in the Austin jail, actually succeeded in doing what no criminal before, or no criminal since, has ever been able to accomplish and because the implications of his success were so fantastic, the Case of the Man Who Had No Fingerprints is regarded by no less a personage as Mr. Hoover as one of the greatest stories in the history of crime.

Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of this case was the personality of its central figure. When you latch on to a man who threatens, by means of a single gimmick, to dynamite everything the F.B.I. has built up in 30-odd years, you expect him to be a diabolical figure, as resourceful and craftiiy evil as a Fu Manchu, and as used to dealing in the big chips as a Nick the Greek or at least an Arnold Rothstein. But Robert James "Roscoe" Pitts was like none of these characters. Pitts was a nice-looking young man, clean-cut and disarming in appearance, about 5-foot-9 in height, with blue eyes, light brown hair, and a manner so pleasant that even his police antagonists still speak cordially of him. Instead of being crafty and fabulously ingenious, he kept blundering and fumbling his way into jail cells. Instead of qualifying as a real king of the underworld, he was, for the most part, a penny-ante crook who never brought off a really big job, and never found the formula for taking advantage of his one supreme achievement. When Pitts' career in crime was finally washed up, probably for good, convicts from North Carolina to San Francisco passed this word along the criminal grapevine: "Too damn bad that terrific 'no fingerprints' trick had to be wasted on a cluck like that!"

Pitts grew up in Charlotte, North Carolina, as James Robert Pitts but he showed a marked distaste for his first name and finally decided to switch the first and second names around. Although always a sort of n'er-do-well, prone to swiping bananas from fruit stands and assorted bric-a-brac from retail and department stores, he wasn't considered vicious or dangerous. At 22, the bad boy—now using the name of Robert Phillips—got tagged for the first time with one of his thefts. He "borrowed" a car and neglected to return it for no other reason, he said, than a lamentable lapse of memory. Neither judge nor jury was willing to buy this explanation and Pitts was sentenced to 18 months in jail.

He actually served less than a year, wandered off to Chillicothe, Ohio, and swiped another car. Once again he showed an abysmal ignorance of the accepted method for keeping a stolen car stolen—he didn't bother to change the plates, re-paint the body, switch serial numbers around, or take any other precautions. The police picked it up one day, found fingerprints sprinkled everywhere and promptly arranged to have Pitts jugged on a sentence identical to his first one.

He was paroled shortly after his twenty-fourth birthday,

and went back home to Charlotte. Finding himself strapped for ready cash, he broke into a private house and grabbed whatever money he found lying around. Again, his fingerprints were distributed with careless abandon. They were noted and traced, and it wasn't long before Pitts was given a return trip to the prison at Raleigh.

Turned loose after another quickie sentence, Pitts went back to stealing cars. This time he committed the bloomer of driving too long and too far. Instead of stopping at the state boundary line, he went clear across it, and when he followed his usual custom of getting caught, found himself a target for federal prosecution. The federal men were not inclined to patronize this blonde, pleasant-mannered car thief and housebreaker, so they pinned a 10-year rap on him and dispatched him to Atlanta.

Up until this Atlanta sentence, Pitts had always behaved in prison like warden's pet, but now that he was surrounded by seasoned, professional criminals, he decided it was time to act tough.

He began picking fist fights, some times with the guards, some times with his fellow prisoners. One of these fights won him a knife scar on his face as a lifetime memento. He also got the prison command down on him to the extent that they marked Incorrigible on his personnel record and had him transferred to The Rock—the isolated, gloomy fortress on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay.

Most convicts regard The Rock as something far worse than the Siberian salt mines, but Pitts showed every indication of liking his new residence. He had always been a little fish in the criminal pond but now he had the biggest sharks for company and he spent a good deal of time sopping up the advanced lessons which a small-timer must absorb if he wants to go big. His keenest tutor was Ludwig Schmidt, a notorious hoodlum and mail robber who had been born and brought up in Charlotte and therefore felt that a kid from his home town deserved the benefits of his long experience. It was Schmidt who provided the strange twist to Pitts' career that took him up out of the class of run-of-the-mill thief and made him the most unique person in the entire underworld.

"Every time you've pulled a job, you've left a trail a mile long so that even the dumbest cop knows how to catch up with you," Schmidt lectured him. "I can show you a way to get rid of your fingerprints so that you can rob from here to Doomsday and nobody'll ever be able to pin it on you."

Pitts' face lit up. This was the greatest idea ever, but was it really possible? After all, nobody had ever succeeded in having his prints removed before. During the Dillinger heyday of the thirties, Dillinger, Jack Klutas, Willie Sharkey and Gus Winkler had paid big money for surface operations on their fingers, but they'd never been able to obliterate their tell-tale fingerprint patterns.

Schmidt's upper lip curled into a sneer which said plainly enough, "If the great Schmidt tells you something, don't argue!" A friend of his had just perfected a new operation which couldn't fail, he told his protege. All Pitts had to do when he got out of Alcatraz was look up a Dr. Leopold William August Brandenburg in Union City, New Jersey, and tell him Ludwig sent him. The doctor would take care of the rest.

In May, 1941, Pitts accepted a crisp five-dollar bill from the warden of Alcatraz, and boarded a boat for the mainland. His first act as a free man was to go home to North Carolina and pick up where he'd left off in the thieving business. Despite all the lessons in higher criminal education that he'd absorbed on The Rock, he was still too timid to try a major hold-up and instead contented himself with looting a warehouse in Wilkesboro of $400 worth of cigarettes. As usual, he left his fingerprints behind, and two days after the robbery, he heard that the police were looking for him. Pitts promptly hitched a ride north—north to Union City, New Jersey. The time had come, he realized, to see if Schmidt's advice was worth something.

It turned out that Schmidt knew precisely what he was talking about. Brandenburg actually had developed a surgical technique to remove prints and he was willing to try it on Pitts if the young man would agree to bump off a radio announcer whom the doctor disliked. Pitts eagerly accepted the proposition though he apparently failed to keep his end of the bargain.

The operation and period of convalescence took seven weeks and Pitts was forced to suffer excruciating pain. Surprisingly enough, for a man of his basic timidity, he bore up under his ordeal without complaint. The flesh at the ends of the fingers on his left hand was first cut away clear to the bone. Then the hand was taped to the right side of his chest and allowed to remain in that position for three weeks, with his mangled fingers digging into the flesh of his body. Later, the same procedure was followed with the right hand and the left side of the chest. In each case, when physical adherence had been achieved on a permanent basis, a scalpel was employed to cut the fingers loose and a portion of the flesh of the body came away clinging to the tips. This flesh formed new tips which were devoid of prints. Vestiges of the operation remained in the form of five scars on each side of Pitts' torso.

Nobody has been able to pin down Pitts' movements during the next few months, but in October, 1941, he popped up in Austin, Texas. He picked a bad time because the Texas State Police was conducting a round-up of all able-bodied males who had managed to forget to register for the wartime draft. Pitts was caught up in the dragnet and was taken to headquarters to be fingerprinted. The fingerprint man automatically rolled the tips of the suspect's fingers on an inky pad, then pressed the fingers against a white pad and looked down to study the result. There were no prints!

The fingerprint man stared at the pad in shocked disbelief. Convinced he must have made some mistake, he repeated the fingerprinting process. Still no prints. The impossible had come true!

The technician called in his superiors and inside of 20 minutes, the top brass in the Texas police force had gathered around to explore this fantastic situation. Pitts' fingers were examined a hundred times, and he was grilled over and over again by the stunned police. Every grilling brought the same grinning explanation—"My fingers got burned in a fire."

The alarms went out to Washington and the F.B.I. immediately swung into action. The gravity of this "no fingerprint" phenomenon couldn't possibly be over-emphasized. If the man in Texas had really assured himself of immunity from identification and prosecution, then criminals in every state would rush to join the "no fingerprint" band wagon and the machinery of law enforcement throughout the country would be thrown into a maddening snarl. Teletype messages chattered briskly across 20,000 miles of space and in 56 field offices, F.B.I. agents studied the Texas reports on Pitts along with a minute breakdown of his physical characteristics. Then they ransacked their files and their memories for clues to his identity.

What Pitts eventually learned, to his slobbering sorrow, was that fingerprints are not the only method of identifying men, although they are certainly the most effective. The F.B.I. broke down the suspect's features brick by brick, and then matched them against features of known criminals gleaned from the astronomical number of folders in bureau files across the country.

It was exhausting, infinitely tedious work, but in the end, when the bricks were pieced together, the cool, self-confident Robert Pitts in the Austin police lockup was identified as the Charlotte crook who called himself Phillips and who was wanted for the Wilkesboro job. Confronted with the evidence, Pitts lost his boastful air and erupted in a snarling tirade. [*Continued on page* 54]

After saying she was out to dethrone Jane Russell. Simone revealed that her bust measured 38 to Jane's 37.

Her cooperation with photographers made space-grabbers like North and Monroe seem shy.

"If a Girl Has a Figure—"

"—why shouldn't she show it?" And with that provocative question Simone Silva introduced herself to the American press. The assembled writers couldn't have been more surprised if the British actress had said she hated movie producers. They'd expected a hoked-up explanation of how she happened to be bra-less when photographed with Robert Mitchum on the Riviera. But she gave it to them straight. "If I'd known what the reaction would be," she said, "I would have posed like that much sooner." Then she showed her courage matched her candor by stating, "I'm out to beat Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe. They have been on top long enough."

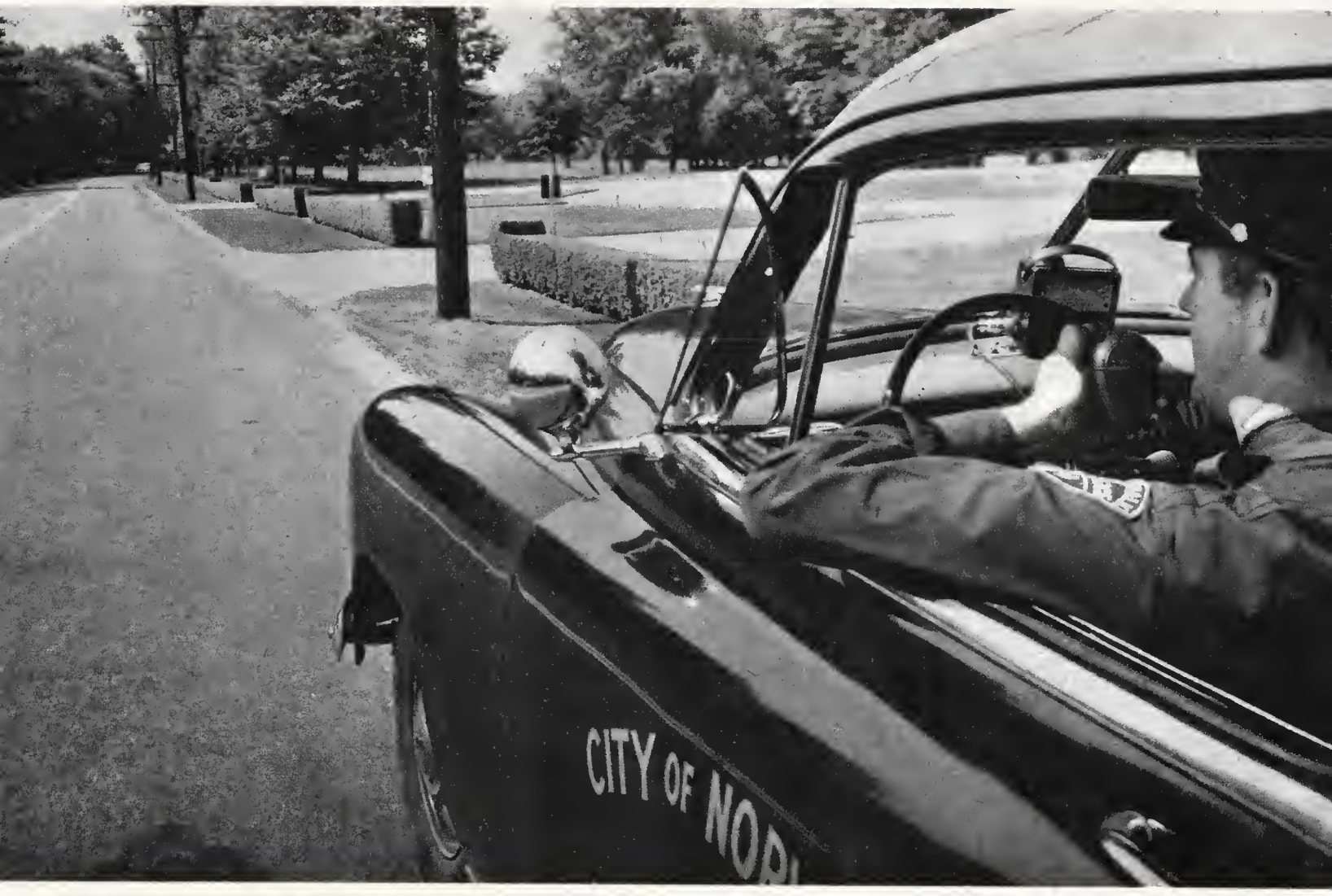
Unfortunately for Simone and her rapidly-forming following, and fortunately for the peace of mind of some garment manufacturers who were sure business would go to hell with this lass around, immigration officials refused to issue Simone the work permit foreign performers need.

As of this writing, she's back in England, disgruntled but not defeated. But it's a good bet that this publicity-minded lass will be back in the limelight again—and soon. Which brings up a point. Wonder what her *next* publicity stunt will be?

While waiting for a good word on her work permit, Simone did a lot of exercising in the gym and—

—by the swimming pool that came with her Hollywood apartment. She won the weight battle, but—

—lost the permit fight. An immigration official said she was not "a person of unusual ability or professional talent."



Here's how the system used by most police forces works. Two officers with two cars work together.

If there's radar on the road you use, you'd best learn to live with it.

DRIVE SLOW- RADAR

by Andrew Hecht

The wise guy in the sleek hot rod had his story all ready when Sgt. Bill Hamill of the Rochester, N. Y. police pulled up next to him. "I've been doing fifty since you came over that hill. And fifty I'm allowed."

"Sure," Hamill said, "but you were doing seventy a little while back."

"Says who?"

"Says our radar."

The wise guy was all smiles then. "Nice bluff, sergeant. But your radar can't touch me. My hubcaps are loaded with aluminum foil. I know your radar can't get through that."

"You don't think so? Get in here and I'll show you."

"So I let him sit and watch the radar speedometer in my car while I drove past in his souped-up car," Hamill recalls, "and that sure opened his eyes."

The wise guy had learned a lesson the hard way. You just can't fool radar. In the big war between the traffic cop and the speeder, now raging in 43 states, radar is the winner

When the first officer's radar set marks a car for pinching, he calls to his down-the-road partner who nails the culprit.

Because the only sure way of beating it is too expensive for most guys

and it sure looks as if it will continue to be the winner.

"Steady motorists—not just hot-rod kids—have tried everything under the sun to foul up our radar, but so far without success," Sgt. Hamill reports.

"It's amazing, if not amusing," he continues, "to see some of the odd gadgets they'll try. What's more, the suckers flock by the thousands to unscrupulous auto accessory stores to shell out good money for totally worthless devices. Then when they are arrested, they try to laugh us off and tell us our radar is no good against them because they are protected by some junk they carry in their cars."

Tin foil and steel or aluminum balls inside the hubcaps are frequently used devices by the believers in this most modern form of superstition. Steel drag chains and various types of "static straps" are others. All of them prove totally ineffective and all are utterly silly from an engineering standpoint. Engineers know of several means to counteract radar, but none of these is practicable for the average car owner—not unless he wants to spend about $1,000 for equipment and risk a jail sentence on top of it.

"At first it must have been some ex-GIs who tried to foul up radar with tin foil and metal scraps. They probably remembered how the Germans and the Japs threw off our radar by scattering bits of metal foil from their planes, which then made confusing blips on the radar screen. But the stuff cannot possibly work if it is anywhere inside of an automobile, including the hubcaps. All it can do there is create one awful racket," says Sgt. Hamill.

The "static straps" are just as ineffective. About a year ago, police in Memphis, Tenn., started using radar in earnest, and a sudden run developed on static straps which are fastened to the car in such a way that they ground it by touching the road.

"People were led to believe that the straps conduct the radar waves into the ground and prevent them from bouncing back to our speed meter," says Traffic Inspector Cliff Legg of Memphis. "But their theory was all wet. Why, we even checked the meter on a [*Continued on page* 48]

TREASURE OF MASSACRE MINE

"Stay off the mesas," the Indian chief had warned them. But the nuggets on the mesas were big and the prospectors were only human. The nuggets are still there. And so are the prospectors

by Horace Bailey Brown

Illustrated by Gurney Miller

Under ordinary circumstances Jim Adams wouldn't have camped at Gila Bend that late spring night in 1864. He had only a few miles to go to get to Tucson and Tucson was full of saloons which Jim Adams liked more than a little. But that night found Jim with a full supply of his own whiskey and when he reached Gila Bend he decided it would taste just as good there as it would in Tucson—and it would taste good sooner.

So the tough mule skinner turned his horses loose from the wagon to feed in the lush buffalo grass, broke out a bottle and found himself a comfortable spot on the ground. Half a quart of booze later he was fast asleep.

Three hours later Adams struggled out of a nightmarish sleep —and found himself right in the middle of another nightmare. His wagon was on fire and the brightness caused by the flames showed him all his horses were gone. *Apaches!* And as the thought

The prospectors were so busy watching their gold, they didn't see the Indians until they were at close quarters. Then it was too late.

of Apaches flashed through his mind, his hand automatically went to his head. No, the pain there wasn't a result of a scalping.

In the report Adams made later, he says he started immediately for Tucson, which was about 25 miles distant on foot. At dawn he came upon a camp of Pima Indians. Upon learning of the Apache raid, they agreed to take up the trail with the white man in an effort to recover his horses. The reward they wanted was heavy, but Adams thought that getting half a loaf was better than none. The redskins demanded half of his animals that they might be able to get.

Adams said they traveled two days eastward toward the Dragoon Mountains before they overhauled the Apaches near the San Pedro River. On seeing that they were outnumbered by the Pimas, the renegades fled, abandoning their loot.

Having only a faint idea of where he was, Adams prevailed upon a Pima brave to guide him and his four remaining horses to Tucson. After a day's journey he and the Indian encountered a group of white men who were excitedly examining some gold dust one of them had found in a creek.

With half his horses and all his freight lost, Adams was interested in anything that seemed like an opportunity to get a stake. He attempted to find out where the prospectors had found the gold, but they refused to tell him. At this point the Pima guide threw the entire group into an uproar by announcing he knew where there were gold nuggets as big as buzzard eggs.

"Where?" the men, including Adams, yelled.

"Me show you for three horses," the wily brave said when the whites had calmed down.

Since the prospectors had but one horse each, it was immediately clear that Adams' four were the object of the Pima's attention.

The group of 21 men were soon urging Adams to give up all but one of his mounts. In the end the mule skinner agreed, but not before driving as rough a bargain as the redskin himself had proposed.

"Tell you what," Adams said, "I'll give up the nags but here are the conditions. If the Injun leads us to the gold, he gets what he wants and I get a quarter share of the mine. We will work it as a group, tossing everything into a pot to be divided when we come out."

The others with nothing to give beside their time and labor, readily agreed. But Adams hadn't finished. He held up his hand for silence.

"You," he said coldly, pointing at the Pima, "will agree to be shot by me if you fail to take us to the mine."

The Indian never hesitated. "Ugh!" he replied, raised his hand. "Me make bargain."

The deal completed, the white men were anxious to get started. The Pima said the mine was a journey of about 14 days from the point where they were encamped. "In land of never never rain," he stated when pressed for more accurate information concerning its location.

In Adams' later account of the expedition, he named eight of the party beside himself whose names he remembered. They were Jay Davidson, John Brewer, also known as John Wingate, Roy Peters, a surly German known only as The Dutchman, Bill Foley, Armand Hostetter, Slim Wakefield and Curly Rodgers. The names of the other 13 never were recorded in any of the accounts of the mine's discovery.

For 10 days the party traveled northeast toward the border of New Mexico, then headed almost due north through what now is Apache County, Arizona, until they sighted the Continental Divide. Twenty-four hours later they reached a grove of cottonwoods, in the center of which was a crystal-clear spring. Here they camped and rested a full day. When they were ready to move on, the Indian told them to take all the water they could carry. "We go in land of never never rain, now," he said gravely. "Maybe two, three, come out alive. Maybe none. Very bad!"

A day later they were plodding across vast lava beds, the acrid alkali dust irritating eyes and throats to a degree that was almost unbearable. Even the horses snorted and coughed constantly and had to be whipped into action to force them on. The going was slow and tortuous; Adams estimated they made only a few miles a day.

Five days of killing travel, with animals and men suffering from fatigue and thirst, brought them out of the lava beds and to a trail that appeared to be well broken.

"Where does this trail go?" Adams inquired of the guide.

"To fort," the Pima replied, offering no other explanation.

Brewer now appeared to be the only white man who had the slightest idea where they were. A former United States Cavalry trooper, Indian fighter and scout, he told Adams he thought the trail would take them to old Fort Wingate, near what now is Grants, New Mexico, but he didn't know how far away the Army post was, except that it must be west of their position.

On the evening of the second day of travel after crossing the trail, the Pima pointed to a high, precipitous wall of rock that seemed impossible to scale. "There! The door!" he told the weary prospectors. "We go through tomorrow."

According to Adams' and Brewer's later reckoning, and theirs was the only estimate that was reliable, the party now had been on the trail for 20 days. Neither could say with certainty how many miles they had covered each day although both thought it might average 10 or 15, possibly a little more. If this was close to the actual mileage the party made, they would have been somewhat north of Grants, New Mexico, at the end of 20 days' travel from the vicinity of Tucson, a distance of between 250 and 300 miles.

After a night of fitful sleep, the party was ready at dawn to advance through the portal, to riches beyond the wildest of dreams. For most of them it was the gateway to death.

The Pima led them unerringly to a narrow gap in the barrier which was, in Adams' own words, "barely wide and high enough for a rider to pass through." The party wound single file through the cavern-like passage for 100 feet, emerging presently into a box-like canyon, narrow, short and walled in on three sides by sheer cliffs that reached upward 1,000 feet. At the opposite end to the entrance, not more than a mile distant, a small stream plunged over a precipice into a deep canyon stretching away in both directions at right angles to the smaller one, as far as the eye could see.

But Adams and his companions were not immediately interested in the geography of the place, nor in the scenic grandeur of the vast, rugged mountains that hemmed them in on all sides. Eagerly the men spread out, racing up and down the creek, examining sand and gravel for gold.

The Dutchman was the first to find it. "It's here," he shouted, holding up a huge nugget he had picked from the stream bed.

Within an hour practically every man of the 22 had retrieved handfuls of nuggets and dust and were dancing and shouting in a frenzy of gold fever.

The scenes that followed that first day of discovery were nothing short of humorous. The party had an inadequate supply of mining tools so those without shovels and pans dredged the gravel in the creek with bare hands until their finger tips were raw. Some crawled on hands and knees through the murky water, stirred up by those farther up stream, searching for nuggets and dust. They used their hats for pans, even boots to wash the sand, forgetting bare feet would be gouged painfully by the sharp rocks.

Meanwhile, the Pima who had brought them in, seemed

anxious to collect his pay and leave. "You find gold, me want horses now," he told Adams.

Adams looked at him with slight concern. "What's your hurry? You'll get 'em like I promised. But why don't you stick around and pick up some pay dirt?"

The brave shrugged. "Me go," he replied blandly. "Bad medicine stealing redman's gold."

He took his three animals and departed silently that night.

It now was plain to Adams and Brewer that something would have to be done to organize the party into a working unit so all would have a share in the labor as well as the gold. They were not unmindful of the fact some of the men already were disgruntled because they could not obtain ore as rapidly as those with pans and shovels. Nor was the Pima's warning about invading Indian territory lost on them. That night they decreed that those who did not have mining tools would build a cabin and that all ore taken would be pooled in a common cache and divided equally later on. They also set up a system of guard duty to be on the look-out for unfriendly savages, and checked their guns and ammunition.

This arrangement satisfied everyone but The Dutchman who insisted he intended to go it alone and to hell with the others. Adams quickly changed his mind for him. Whipping out a revolver, he drawled, "Look a-here, Dutchy, when we started, you-all agreed I was to have a quarter share of dust and nuggets in payment fer my horses the Injun took. So, if you feel thataway, jest hand over a quarter of what you've got."

Realizing he was beaten, the German sullenly gave in, using his mining equipment in the common cause. But Adams, who watched him constantly, noticed he frequently secreted a nugget in his pockets. When certain of his ground, Adams called the turn again. "Look, Dutchman," he said, "from now on you'll help with the cabin instead of pannin' gold."

The Dutchman agreed when he saw the others were on Adams' side, but the surly, evil look on his face boded ill for the mule skinner.

A crude cabin, large enough for all to sleep in, was soon completed. It had a rock fireplace and, on Brewer's advice, a deep pit underneath the hearth. This they walled up with rock. A huge stone slab with a small hole in it was then placed over the pit. All gold taken during the day was deposited into the pit. It was agreed that the cache would not be opened until they were leaving the mine.

It soon became evident to Adams and Brewer, who had assumed a joint command of the expedition, that practically every one of their companions was holding out nuggets, hiding them under rocks and in other places where they could find them later. But the total turned in each night was so great they decided not to make an issue of it. As a matter of fact, Adams later admitted that Brewer and he were doing the same thing.

One morning, shortly after the cabin was completed, the prospectors were stunned by the sight of a large band of Indians riding toward their camp. They came from the direction of the narrow portal and were led by a chieftain who quickly put the prospectors at ease by signalling that his mission was peaceful.

Brewer, who could speak many of the Indian languages, talked to the chief. The miners would not be disturbed, the chief said, if they remained in the canyon and did not attempt to invade the surrounding area outside and the high mesas above the cliffs. He also said they were to leave before the first snow fell and must promise that they would never return.

When the palaver was over, the miners had agreed to the terms for their safety and the Indians rode away. Neither Brewer nor Adams ever identified the tribe, but because they did not ambush and massacre the party immediately on discovery, it has since been assumed they were not Apaches but one of the smaller tribes friendly to the whites.

The first serious dissension in the ranks of the party came two weeks after the discovery of the gold when The Dutchman announced that he was leaving and wanted his share of the gold already mined. Both Adams and Brewer attempted to talk him out of his plan, but he wouldn't change his mind. "I'm gettin' out of here afore the Injuns scalp us all," he grumbled.

"You'll never make it alone, Dutchy," Brewer told him. "Better wait for the rest of us."

"I'll take my chances," he growled.

All the men were called together while the cache was opened. According to Adams' and Brewer's estimate, there was at least $50,000 worth of the yellow metal in the pit. The following day, the Dutchman mounted his gold-laden horse and disappeared in the direction of the hidden portal. He never was heard of again by his companions.

By June the camp was a well-organized unit. Game was plentiful and two hunters were assigned each week to obtain a supply of fresh meat. But other provisions were being used up rapidly and Adams feared an outbreak of scurvy if sugar and flour were not obtained.

When he talked this over with Brewer, the latter agreed to return to the trail they had crossed on their way in, find the fort to which it led and secure food and additional horses. Because Brewer had been a scout at Fort Wingate and was capable of handling Indians, he felt his chances for success were good. He chose [*Continued on page* 59]

"It's here," The Dutchman shouted, holding up a big nugget he had scooped from the stream bed.

Although boat owners are accident-prone, many neglect to protect themselves against lawsuits.

YOUR SPORTS

A bad hook costs a golfer $40,000. A skier

The sun had come out that June morning like a crimson saucer, posing the threat that anybody who got within its range by high noon would be gushing a waterfall of sweat. It was obviously not the kind of day that a man should spend pounding the pavement going from customer to customer—or so Milton Rykoff, a salesman for a shoe buckle house, decided. He phoned the office that he wasn't feeling very well, and then phoned a friend asking him to come down to the lake where he kept a rowboat equipped with outboard motor. The friend couldn't make it so the salesman went off by himself for a day's outing.

Rykoff had been hurtling up and back across the lake for hours in his boat when the hot sun began to lull him

A tumble like this could cost nothing or result in accidents involving other people that could bankrupt a guy.

CAN BREAK YOU

By Jack Shaw

falls into a $35,000 suit. It could happen in your sport—and it could happen to you

into a relaxed mood and dulled his sense of perception. The motor partially obscured his view so he didn't notice that his boat was whizzing close to a swimmer who was much farther out than most swimmers go.

Suddenly, there was an ear-rattling scream and then the sickening sound of flesh and bones being ground against onrushing boat.

The swimmer had been cut down just as if he were a pedestrian trying to scramble across a crowded highway and although Rykoff hurriedly brought his boat around, jumped into the water, and pulled his victim out alive, his troubles had just begun. It turned out that the injured man had suffered a brain concussion, among other things, and for weeks, there were operations, consultations, treatments with expensive new drugs, etc. None of this helped for the patient finally died.

Rykoff was sick with remorse, but when it came time for a financial accounting, he couldn't feel sorry for anyone but himself. Even though the swimmer had been out of the usual swimming range, the courts tagged Rykoff with the full responsibility. He was assessed with a bill of $25,000. He lost his car, his savings, the war bonds he had bought when he was an Army officer, and the boat that got him into the mess in the first place. Part of his salary will be attached for what seems like a few generations to come, thus drawing a tight curtain of gloom around his future.

The most ironical part of the tragedy is that the friend who couldn't manage to go down [*Continued on page* 51]

Lawson Little anxiously watches a girl who has been felled by a ball. Golfing accidents are very common.

Cavalier of the month

LT. COL. JOHN P. STAPP, U.S.A.F.

This heroic flight surgeon never stops trying to make his own work more dangerous—so that other Air Force men will face less danger

Now 43 years old, Stapp has eight years of deceleration work behind him, and has recently started a new sled program.

Stapp's sled is powered by 12 rockets although he used only six when he made his record 421 mph run in June.

John Stapp is a hero, but if you ever called him that to his face, he'd probably strap you to his deceleration sled and send you plunging down the rails. In his book he's a scientist. From the way he says it, you'd get the idea that he works in a nice clean safe laboratory. Actually he works in one of the strangest laboratories in the world and has made one of the strangest choices of guinea pigs ever known to science. The laboratory is a rocket-propelled deceleration sled; the guinea pig is himself. Last June Stapp got his sled up to a speed of 421 mph, a world's record for ground travel.

What he is out to find is the amount of slowdown shock the human body can take. To do that Stapp simulates airplane crashes in the rocker-propelled sled. The sled is actually two sleds—a test vehicle, which carries the driver, and a propulsion sled that provides the driving force. The vehicles are mounted on special railroad tracks between which is a water trough five feet wide and 18 inches deep. Braking is effected by a controllable metal scoop under the sled. This scoop catches the water as it goes through. The water impact provides the break. The degree of the jolt is determined by the height of the water in the trough and the speed at which the scoop goes through it. The greatest jolt Stapp has ever received was the equivalent of the jolt the driver of a car going 120 miles an hour would get if the car smacked into a stone wall. In the course of his experiments Stapp has picked up two broken arms, a fractured rib, a hemorrhaged eye retina and countless concussions.

Stapp's schedule calls for 21 more months of experiments. "When I complete the program," Stapp explains, "I'll have a perfect graph of the survivable limits of the human body." With that information the Air Force can then develop protective devices against such shocks.

And by that time Lt. Col. John P. Stapp will be deep into a new series of death-defying experiments. •

Bracing himself for the start of a run, Stapp looks like a man from Mars. During his record run, his body assumed a weight of 3960 pounds.

These pictures of Stapp's face being distorted by pressure were taken by a camera mounted on the sled.

HIGH ADVENTURE

BLOTTED

One slip when you are hunting elephants and you can end up just a smear on the ground

by Wynant Davis Hubbard

Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

The man standing next to me at the bar answered McKee's question.

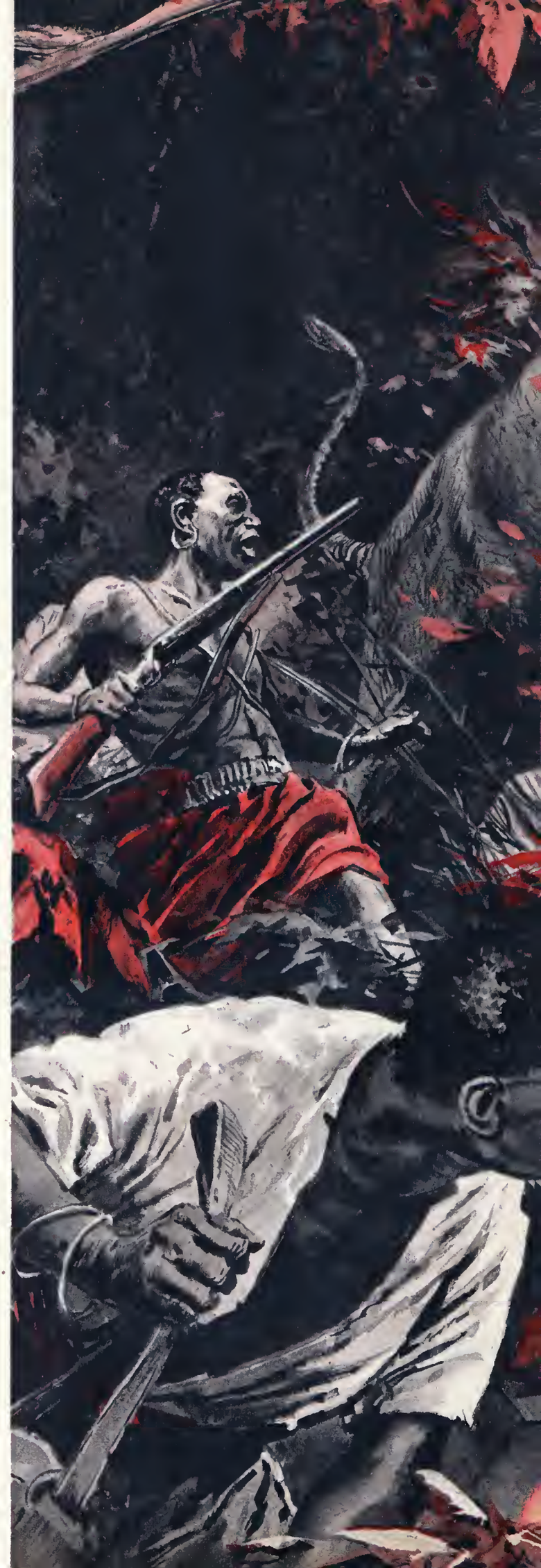
"Williamson? Thought everybody knew, by now. He was blotted about six weeks ago. Got caught down near the Escarpment."

Blotted! It is a word that sticks in your mind when you are out hunting elephants. Do you know what it means? If you had ever tangled with a massive African elephant, you would. Blotted means the elephant got you; that it trampled on you, or got you down and put its great forehead on you and crushed the life out of you; pushed you so far into the dirt that there wasn't much left to pick up. Blotted means that when they found you, you were just a smear on the surface of the ground. It's a good word—it so accurately describes what happens.

When you are creeping, crawling, inch by painful inch into the dense, tangled bush which we, in Northern Rhodesia, call a *saka;* when the vagrant breeze is tricky and blows first from one direction, and then another; when there isn't a sound to help you locate the enormous animal waiting somewhere close-by; that is the time when the word blotted takes on its true and horrible meaning. Pinned down close to the earth by the tangled mass above you, it is only too easy to understand how a hunter can be caught and be stepped on, or have his back broken by a flailing trunk and be hurled aside, a mangled wreck.

Those who hunt elephants professionally, will tell you that the first shot at an elephant is fired, on an average, from a distance of not more than eight yards. Eight yards. Twenty-four feet. About the distance which a good broad jumper can cover in one leap.

Crouched motionless in a *saka,* listening, peering, sweating with the stinking sweat of nervousness, you cannot help but wonder just how fast an elephant can cover 24 feet. For elephants, when provoked, or when frightened, can move with astounding speed.



Williamson had gambled and lost. His first shot had missed—and there was no chance for a second.

HAMILTON
GREENE

BLOTTED

The tough vines, the springy branches, the small trees and entwined brush mean nothing in the rush of an elephant. Before its ponderous weight and mighty strength, they mean less than matchsticks. But they hold you, the hunter, as tightly as would the headlock of a wrestler. Just one unnoticed vine stretching across your rifle, can prevent your getting the gun up in time to fire the shot which might turn the charging elephant.

Blotted! It can happen as easily as that.

Harry Walker, his older brother, Mackie, and I had been hunting elephants steadily for four months. Beginning early in the morning, an hour before the sun burned over the horizon, until sometimes very late at night. Day after day, week after week, we had been crawling into and through *sakas,* tracking, walking as much as 60 miles a day, hunting steadily.

We thought elephant, talked elephant, lived elephant. It was no wonder that, strong and hard as we were, we were also jittery and jumpy with nerves. The sudden, noisy flight of a francolin, bursting from its resting place under a bush or bit of dry grass, brought the sweat popping on our faces, and whirled us around, gun up and ready, the backs of our necks cold with the dank chill of momentary fear.

Even the toughest are subject to nerves. A hunter, to be successful, must be a man with imagination; a man who studies and thinks things out. Imagination is a dangerous thing. Imagination coupled with a realistic knowledge of the habits, the power, the speed, the anger of an elephant, leads to a case of nerves.

We were not just hunting elephants to kill for ivory. We were catching. Catching calves by cutting them away from their mothers and out of the herd, with the help of dogs, and then running the calves to a standstill on the flat of our feet and pushing them over by sheer manpower so that we could tie them up.

Did you ever grab a wild, four-foot-high, screaming young elephant by the tail? You dare not let go. If you do, the elephant will instantly swing around and have you under its knee. And don't think your chest is strong enough to support its weight even though the animal is only four feet high. If it gets you down, your guts will be spewed out in the dust as breath leaves your lips in a wailing shriek of pain and death. You will be blotted.

Surrounded by half a hundred yelling, screaming natives, badgered by the dogs snapping at its thick legs, and distracted by the barking, the young elephant may gather its breath and charge the circle and take off across the veldt. If you have it by the tail, you go along, trying to run, to keep your feet, hauling back, pulling, and shouting for help.

Thorns tear at your bare legs and arms, branches swipe you stinging blows across the face as they swish across and along the sides of the plunging animal which you are trying to hold. Blowing, squealing, the elephant finally slows to a halt and whirls, trying to get at the thing hanging onto its tail. Sidestep, dance on your feet, kick at the bushes and vines which try to trip you. But hang on, yell for help.

And pray. Pray every moment that you struggle with that screaming, ponderous baby, that its mother doesn't decide to come to the rescue, either alone, or bringing the herd with her. Because you can't hold an elephant by the tail and hold a rifle at the same time. And you won't have enough strength or spring left in your legs to run and dodge and get away. In the excitement of the battle, you may never even see the huge elephant when it returns. You'll just be whacked. You'll be blotted.

We had caught our third young elephant that afternoon. It had trumpeted, screamed with rage and fear and plunged about, but we had gotten our rawhide ropes onto its legs and around its chest and forcibly led-pushed it to camp. Now, as we lay stretched out, exhausted from all the running, the struggling and the excitement of the hunt and capture, the youngster stood tied between four trees, a washtub of water within its reach. It was quiet, although it occasionally moved against the ropes and tugged to test them.

About us, in two-thirds of a circle, our more than a hundred native carriers, catchers, trackers and hunters squatted at their cooking fires. The air was heavy with the smell of smoke and the odor of boiling and roasting meat—for we fed our natives generously—and the chatter of voices. In and out of the flickering firelight the dogs—we had 87—wandered from group to group, hoping for one more tidbit to stuff their already bloated bellies. The dogs were of any and all breeds. We bought them in wholesale lots from the municipal pound in far-away Johannesburg. Oddly enough, even though we took whatever breed was offered, we seldom got a dog that did not love the hunt.

The dogs, of course, could not hurt an elephant. We did not have them with any thought that they might seize and hold one of the beasts. Their teeth, even those of the most powerful, could not penetrate the hide of even a young elephant. We used dogs because they could run faster than we, and catch and bring an elephant to bay and distract its attention and give us time to catch up and surround it. Although an elephant could kill a dog easily, if it could catch it, we never lost one. The dogs could turn too quickly, dodge and reverse course too fast for an elephant to catch one.

While we had been gone from camp, the houseboys had cut fresh bundles of tall, dry grass. Laid across two eight-inch logs lying four feet apart on the ground, first crosswise and then lengthwise and then crosswise again, the grass made a springy, comfortable mattress. It was grand to stretch our weary muscles and aching joints on top of the blanket, and relax and watch the tableboy set the table and the cook work at his pots and pans.

Bone-tired as I was, I was hungry. I knew Harry and Mackie must also be looking forward to supper. We hadn't eaten since before four that morning and the chase had been a long one. It had been 10 o'clock before we had come up with the herd—20 miles of hard walking. When we had succeeded—by shots and yells and hullabaloo and the help of the dogs—in cutting the youngster away from the frightened and fleeing herd, it had taken off across the veldt lickety-split with a pack of dogs behind it. With the natives, some carrying ropes, others water-bags, axes, spears, second rifles and ammunition, we tore after the disappearing elephant. It had led us a chase. Miles and miles before it had first pulled up to fight in a small *saka.* Then on again, to stop and fight, to run some more and then to fight again. Finally, it was really blown and I, being the first to reach the scene, had gotten it by the tail.

It had been too tired to drag me far, and the others had soon caught up and surrounded us, and then swarmed all over the elephant in a rush of men and seized its trunk, its ears; wrapped themselves around its post-like legs and feverishly tied ropes around any part they could touch. In 10 minutes of frantic, squealing, cursing struggle, the elephant was so tied with ropes that we had to loosen some so it could struggle to its feet.

If nothing unfortunate happened, that elephant represented 300 pounds; roughly $1,500 because in those days the pound was worth double what it is today. Not a bad day's work. Unfortunately, such days were few and far between. In the time between, we were lucky to make what we called skin-money, the money we would get, eventually, from the sale of the hides of animals shot for meat, after we had cut them and twisted them and greased them to make the rawhide ropes used by all the farmers to control their working-oxen.

In that long, churning, exciting day, there hadn't been time to eat. None of us had even thought of food. Nor had we drunk much. Water, even though only moderately cool, is bad for the stomach under such conditions. Hits one in the belly like the kick of a mule. We had trained ourselves

to go for long hours without a drink, or if we did take water, to use it only to wash the dust and cotton-like spittle from our mouths, and then spit it out.

Gradually, watching the calf and the camp activities, we relaxed. Some of the stiffness eased and the twitching of our muscles stopped. When we assembled around the table and started on the thick, savory meat-soup, life looked pretty good and we could laugh and make fun of each other's antics during the chase. A man, swinging from the tail of an elephant, can go into some wonderful and impromptu gyrations, I can tell you.

It was early to bed. It had been a good day. Theoretically, at least, we had put money in the bank. We were drowsy with full bellies and tired bodies. As was the custom, we posted guards for the night, then each sought his bed by the fire and lay down. Harry and I smoked a last cigarette and Mackie drew on his blackened pipe.

When hunting, no matter how tired we might be, we could never sink into that sound, all-out sleep which is so refreshing. That night, each of us slept with one ear cocked for any sounds from our newly-captured elephant which might indicate that it was in trouble. The other ear was open, too, listening to the sounds of the night: the call of a nightjar, the sleepy cackle from a flock of guinea-fowl bedded down in some distant tree, the far-away yipping call of a jackal.

We dozed and half-wakened, dozed again, turned to ease the pressure from a bruise, or to stretch a cramping muscle. The cooking fires of the natives had long-since died down to coals. The main fire, about which we slept, flickered occasionally when some half-burnt bit of wood grew hot enough to release some gas and add a tiny spurt of flame to the glowing bed.

I heard no warning sounds. The dogs didn't bark. The two guards sat by the remains of the kitchen fire, one of them quietly pulling at his pipe.

Suddenly, at the edge of the dark night just beyond the faint glow cast by the remains of the fires, a stick broke with a sharp, brittle crack. Instantly the camp came awake. I was coming to a sitting position on my bed when an elephant screamed, suddenly and shatteringly. It sounded as though it was right in the camp.

It is an unwritten but closely followed rule among hunters that, in a crisis, it is everyone for himself. Except in very unusual occurrences, there just isn't time for one man to care for another.

I shot out of bed, jerking my rifle from under the top blanket as I rose. One thought was in my mind. The anthill. There were several close to camp. One, about 12 feet high and domed, with two trees growing from it, lay 20 yards or so from my bed. I made it to the top in just about nothing flat. Harry and Mackie arrived almost simultaneously. Two natives joined us, and the five of us crouched in the darkness, peering into the gloom and listening to the uproar and tumult.

The herd had returned. They had come up-wind, moving so silently that even the dogs had not been aware of their approach until one of the herd stepped on the stick and snapped it. They had come, undoubtedly, to get the calf.

How many elephants were there, that night, we never knew. If it was the entire herd, there would have been 37 adults and seven calves of various sizes. It didn't matter. If the herd had contained 100 elephants, it could not have done more damage or raised more of an uproar.

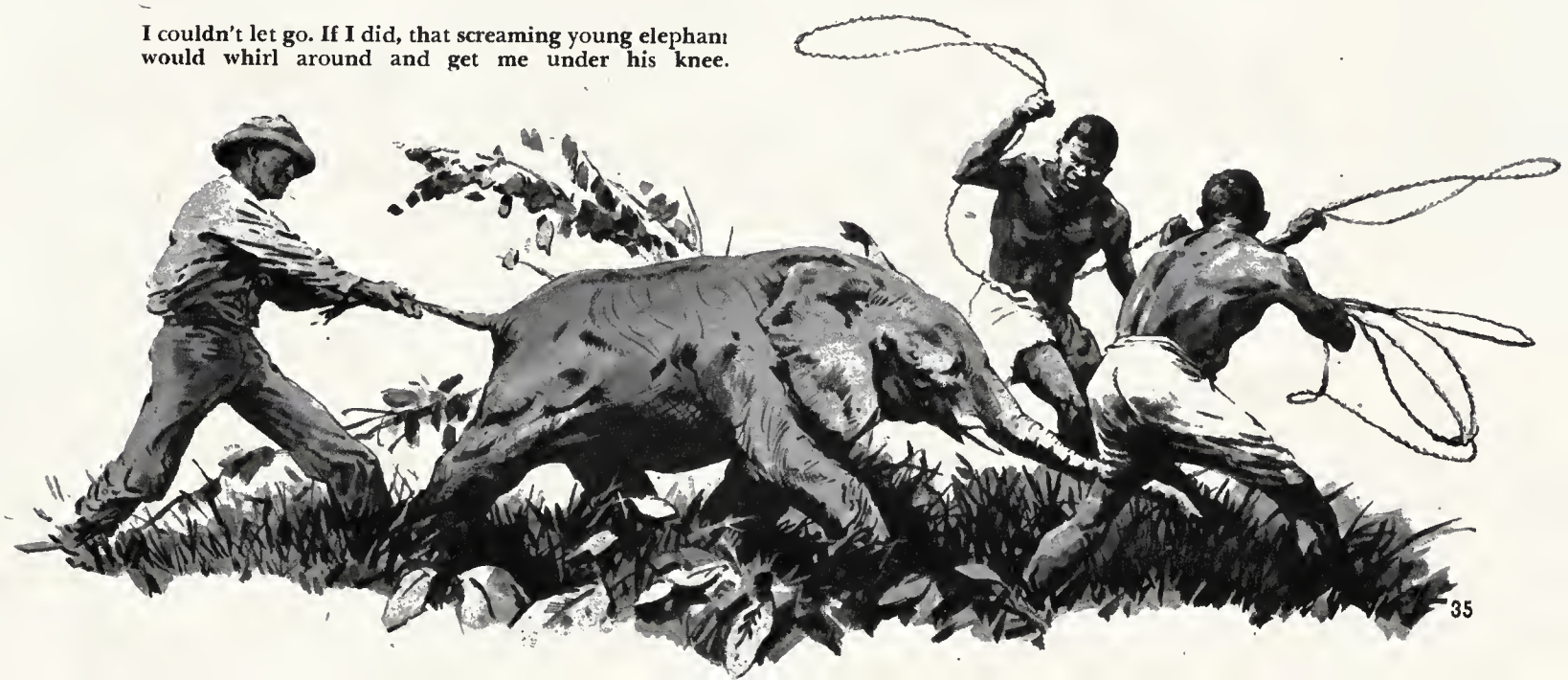
Our captured calf trumpeted and squealed. We couldn't see, but we could hear the elephants milling about it. Others rushed through the camp, stepping on the coals, knocking the table and chairs over, breaking pots and throwing things about. Trees groaned, then snapped as elephants pushed into them. Squeals and trumpets and angry, bugling screams choked the night and dust rose in clouds and drifted into our eyes. We could hear the dogs barking furiously, and stared toward the sounds, fearful that one, chased by an infuriated elephant, might decide to run for our protection and bring an elephant right up the anthill after him. The anthills were broad enough and the slopes gentle enough for an elephant to dash right up. But no dog did come, and we stood silent and motionless, hoping that we would not be spotted.

Why didn't we shoot? In the first place, it was too dark to see clearly enough to shoot with any accuracy. Shooting blind, we might have wounded an elephant and, in its excitement and anger, it might have charged. A nasty thing to have happen at night. Besides, shooting under such circumstances will not frighten elephants. Rather, it seems to infuriate them even further and drive them to wild exasperation.

The elephants were charging through the night, screaming and thudding against each other, all about us. It was frightening and scary enough without adding shooting to the turmoil. The sound of heavy feet scuffing across the hard earth, the harsh rasp of tough hides against the trunks of trees, the clatter of pots being bashed about; of trumpeting and grunts; came from all directions and flowed over us and around us so that we kept turning our heads every which way, watching fearfully for the suddenly looming bulk of a great elephant, ears out, and headed straight for us.

How long it lasted is anyone's guess. It seemed hours, but was probably less. [*Continued on page* 47]

I couldn't let go. If I did, that screaming young elephant would whirl around and get me under his knee.



During World War II the American fighting man found the machete invaluable in jungle combat.

THE MACHETE– America's Wandering Blade

Although it has won its name and fame in the far-off jungles of the world, the machete is actually as American as baseball and corn liquor

by Emile C. Schurmacher

Paco Ferrande was hacking a narrow right-of-way for seismo wires through the thick tangle of Venezuelan jungle in the Apurito River area when he suddenly encountered the big boa. The surprise was mutual as Paco froze in his tracks, machete upraised.

A deceitful combination of pale tan and dark brown almost 15 feet in length, the boa was hanging from a cinchona not more than an arm-span from his face. Except for its ugly triangular head it could easily have been mistaken for one of the thick lianas that he had been cutting all morning in advance of Maracaibo Oil Survey Unit Number Six.

"Madre de Dios," Paco gasped and mentally crossed himself. "Una culebra monstrua!"

Then and there he could have retreated prudently. Half a dozen paces backward and to the side to chop a trail safely by-passing the big snake. But less than a quarter mile behind him the blasting crew was readying its dynamite and drilling gear, impatient to push ahead. And Walt Gibson was the geologist in charge of the field unit.

A Collins worker gets some blade forms ready for processing. The Hartford company sells three to four millions knives to Central and South America every year.

In any jungle country the machete is indispensable. Army Engineers used over a million of them in the South Pacific.

He's called "Driver Gibson" around Maracaibo and he's a lad who insists on having seismo wires strung straight and fast in pushing an oil survey. So, instead of backtracking Paco tackled the snake in the same manner as his father and his grandfather had often done before him.

The boa's head was not more than three feet from his own, its beady eyes watching him with intent curiosity as Paco moved a slow step backward and quietly lowered his machete. He brought the blade across his body in a lazy arc and let it fall again. Gradually it became a pendulum swinging back and forth in front of him. Fascinated, the boa followed the movement with its head and forepart of its body.

The machete swung up to the top of another arc and then suddenly licked out. It came down with a quick, slashing blow. The boa's head with about eight inches of body attached dropped, cleanly severed.

Like a taut steel cable snapping under strain the decapitated body lashed backward and upwards. For several seconds it writhed horribly in lifeless reflex. Then the tail uncoiled from the branch above and the body thudded to the ground limply. Paco went back to his job of hacking lianas.

Walt Gibson told me about the incident afterwards. "Another one for the book," he commented. "Snake charming, Venezuelan style, with a bush knife and no music."

I nodded, only mildly surprised. Like anyone else who has ever been in the Middle America jungles, on a banana or cane plantation or a coffee finca I've seen the machete used for many unusual purposes. The one I've carried as far afield as the highlands of Ethiopia is still in service around the house in northern Westchester helping with all sorts of outdoor chores.

Whatever you may call it, machete, bolo, bush knife or long blade, or how you may use it, the machete is officially classified as an agricultural implement on the governmental customs lists of 36 countries in Central and South America, the West Indies, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies and tropical Africa. This frequently avoids international complications as far as arms embargoes are concerned and is a distinct comfort to our own Department of State.

Basically the machete is the most popular agricultural tool the world has ever known employed by millions of natives in bush and jungle country. South of the Rio Grande it is considerably more. It is the indispensable blade which has carved a continent out of the jungles and has long protected it against the onslaughts of man and nature.

With it a native can build and roof his house, fashion a wooden plow, hack a cayuco out of a log with a paddle to

A collection of the present Collins models. The blades now range from 9½ inches to 36 inches in size.

propel it. He can defend himself against bandidos, settle a family feud and make his way through otherwise impenetrable bush. No junglewise traveler would think of hiking through the chuapo palms of even suelto or 'loose' jungle without poking his machete ahead on the alert against the bushmaster, the "20-minute snake" whose lethal fangs can cause death in this time or less.

As a defensive or offensive weapon the machete is terrible and deadly at close quarters and greatly favored in jungle revolutions, guerilla warfare and village brawls. With it a peon can adeptly lop off the ears or nose of a rival, shave, pick his teeth and play golpe on fiesta days, throwing his blade at a mark on a tree for drinks or cigarettes.

The machete is as surprising as it is versatile, especially on first acquaintance. And probably the greatest of these surprises is its origin.

More than 52 years have passed since my father, then a young lieutenant in the First Regiment of U. S. Cavalry Volunteers, popularly known as the Rough Riders, proudly brought home from Cuba a wicked looking 'foreign toadsticker' which he had taken from a Spaniard at San Juan Hill. When he scraped the dirt and rust from the blade he was considerably chagrined to find the legend "Collins and Company, Hartford" stamped near the hilt. Many years later, in Central and South America I've often seen tourists fresh off a boat or plane react the same way on discovering that their newly acquired native souvenir was made back home in Connecticut.

Approximately 99 per cent of all machetes used throughout Central and South America are made by Collins in the little New England town of Collinsville, a few miles northwest of Hartford. More than four million of these long knives, from nine and a half to 36 inches are turned out annually. Down through the years they have had as many as 1100 variations.

The machete is strictly an American knife. No matter what any of our Latin American neighbors may have said in criticism of our actions, manners or habits none of them has ever had anything but praise for our machete. In some countries South of the border it is not even called a machete but 'un Collins' and Pattern No. 1, the first to be turned out by Sam Collins about 106 years ago is still immensely popular and unquestionably the world's greatest jungle knife.

As a fighting knife our soldiers first felt its terror in the hands of the enemy during the Spanish American War in both the Philippines and Cuba where the bolo-type blade, a shorter, heavier machete was used in raids and night forays.

THE DOLLAR-AN-EAR MEN

During World War II my outfit, the 82nd Airborne Division, had some pretty tough cookies on its roster. But those same hellions were the first to admit that nobody, but nobody, could hold a candle to the Goums we called "Dollar-An-Ear Men."

Throughout the North African campaign and later Sicily, Hitler's butcher boys damn near died of fright every time they heard the Goums had moved into a sector. They had good reason, too!

The least known and most picturesque of all Allied units, the Goums were native Moroccans, Berbers. During the Big Fuss there were several "Tabors" or Goum regiments getting in their licks. And they hadn't been in action long before the Aryan Supermen came to fear them even more than the deadly efficient little Ghurkas.

As those Nazis, lucky enough to be taken by our boys, so often said, "We're glad we were captured by you Americans. Those Goums, they are savages—head-hunters!"

They were right; the Goums *were* head-hunters. A Goum doesn't hold with all the fancy doodads of modern war. Just give him a koumia, a wicked 10-inch knife, capable of slicing off an enemy's head with one blow, and he's happy.

During the North African campaign, Goums attached to French outfits, used to start out on nightly prowls with their knives —and an empty sack. When they returned around dawn, their knives were bloodstained and the sacks were full. At such times those with squeamish stomachs were better off elsewhere.

Grinning triumphantly, the Goums would up-end their sacks and out would roll a collection of trophies—Nazi heads, fringed with dried blood along the severed neck. A man's dinner did not set well with him after viewing this spectacle and eventually French authorities issued a directive that henceforth such grisly relics were not to be brought back to camp.

The Goums promptly set up a howl of protest. "If we do not bring these heads back," they demanded, "how, then, are you to know we have been working?"

But the French were adamant. The result? Goum morale hit bottom. Loath to lose such a splendid group of fighters, the French cast about for a satisfactory solution. They found it.

The Goums were informed that they could bring in trophies but not the entire head; just one ear, the right ear of their foe. To further assuage the hurt feelings of the night fighters, a bounty of 50 francs for each ear was offered. It proved to be an acceptable compromise. The Goums still took the whole head, but brought back only the right ear, leaving the rest of the head and decapitated body for the jackals, buzzards and such.

Nazi forces were unnerved to the point of panic as the silent head hunters stepped up their nocturnal raids. And with a bounty of 50 francs offered for every Nazi's right ear, the French treasury took a terrific beating, although not one sou of it was begrudged. During the fighting in the Sedjenane sector, the "Dollar-An-Ear Men" earned themselves so many francs they often contemptuously ignored their regular army pay.

When the fighting moved over to Sicily, the Goums went along and raised as much hell on that island as they had in North Africa. It would take a book to list all their exploits but we of the 82nd remember the day they captured the town of Capizzi, a strategic keystone that had to be removed before the American assault on Troina could take place. So many Nazi square heads rolled in the Sicilian dust that day that Hitler climbed up his draperies and gnawed another hole in the rug.

I hesitate to say this for fear a Goum may read it and take after me with koumia in hand, but in a way, they are like the Japs. A Goum is as ready to die as he is to fight and he is absolutely without fear. Death holds no terrors for him because, as a Moslem, he believes a wonderful world awaits him once he has made the trip through the Valley of Death.

The Goum wears a pigtail for Azrael, the Blind Angel of Death, to yank him to Paradise where he will, if he died bravely in battle, be forever 30 years old, have 72 wives and 80,000 slaves.

In the event of any future war, throw away your A and H-Bombs and build up an army of Goums. These "Dollar-An-Ear Men" will do just as good a job and for a whole lot less money.

—Murray T. Pringle

In World War I, some of our engineering troops began to carry it as a superbly balanced, heavy bladed 15-incher. In World War Two it began to come into its own with our armed forces starting with the U. S. Army Engineer Corps which used more than a million of them in the tropics. It was the U. S. Marines however who used them in jungle combat in the South Pacific. Many a Marine showed a preference for a longer, lighter machete blade as a fighting knife and acquired one on his own.

In Latin America almost any native with a keen-edged machete is pretty good at defending himself at close quarters and can, if necessary, commit plain and fancy butchery up to and including the swift decapitation of his opponent. A dyed-in-the-sarape machete fighter, however, regards such lethal tactics as elementary. The true test of an expert, he maintains, is whether one can plunge a 22 inch blade through an enemy's heart 'sobre el Collins' or up to the Collins trade mark.

All this belligerency, naturally enough, has at times placed Collins representatives in a somewhat ticklish position when selling their 'agricultural implements' in countries during periods of unrest. In Chile, Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and Honduras at one time or another, veteran Collins travelers B. E. Herwig and Juan Rivas were shadowed, finger-printed and suspected of being foreign spies or arms smugglers. When the showdown came however, government officials were stymied. They admitted that in order to work their people had to have machetes. And every native insisted on 'un Collins' and no others. Even tribes in the remote hinterlands, Jibaros, Cagabas, Aymaras, Quechuas and others made themselves plain with upraised arm and clenched fist in imitation of the Collins trademark.

Nor have they ever been fooled by would be imitators. For a great many years the English, the Swedes, the Dutch and especially the Germans tried to crack the Latin American market. In some instances they have tried to palm off their machetes as 'Collins' but natives will have none of it. They can tell the genuine from the imitation by the ring of the steel and the temper of the blade when they give a new machete its final sharpening.

Every user insists upon performing this important and traditional ceremony himself and the Collins people have long humored him in this respect. A machete user either has his own whetstone for the finishing touches or goes to the 'family rock' near a stream which has been used for razor-edging machetes for generations.

When he is finished, he slashes through a four inch liana or sapling to make sure of the feel of the handle, mutters 'bueno' and cradles it in the crook of his left arm, edge outward. From then on, in any Latin American country this is the way he traditionally carries his blade. He seldom bothers with a sheath unless he does a lot of riding on horse or mule or is a cayuco hombre on one of the rivers.

Every owner expects his machete to

give him at least six months of constant use, eight hours a day no matter how tough and varied the tasks to which he puts it. Most blades average eight months of gruelling work before repeated sharpenings have honed them down to a width of a quarter of an inch and they are honorably retired for use as elongated butcher knives.

Despite all you may have heard about the 'magnificent temper' of a Toledo blade or the superior merits of English or Swedish steel for well over a century a Collins blade selling somewhere South of the border for the equivalent of from 75 cents to two dollars has never been surpassed.

Shortly before World War Two the Germans made a last desperate bid to corner the market with what they considered a pretty good blade. They began in the West Indies with a large quantity of machetes made in Germany. Accompanying the shipment was one of the oddest price lists ever issued. It announced, "Two dollars less (per dozen) than a Collins."

It was the price rather than the machete itself which worried the Collins' Cuban representative. He boarded a plane forthwith and arrived in Collinsville with several German machetes which he showed to Mr. C. L. Taylor, Collins president.

Taylor inspected them critically. Then he tested one and said: "Hmprff!" Having expressed himself, he took the Cuban representative into his office, closed the door and delivered a strategic briefing.

"Next thing you know," George W. Graham, a 50 year Collins man told me, "a large quantity of *tin* machetes were being turned out with the words 'If it's not a Collins, it's not the best' stamped on the blades in Spanish.

"Our representative went back to Cuba and walked in on the principal distributor of German machetes at a time when there were a lot of Cubans about. He had one of our own stock machetes hidden under his coat.

"He was very polite when he announced that he wished to buy a machete. After he paid for it he said that it was excellent for the use to which he was going to put it. Then, following Mr. Taylor's instructions, he held it on the counter with his left hand, whipped out his Collins with his right and cut the German blade in two with a single blow. Only bloodless machete engagement I ever heard of."

After that the representative went out to a waiting truck and began passing out his tin machetes to all and sundry. He also made a short speech to the effect that if they wanted an inferior blade their buen amigo, Collins, would be delighted to give, not sell them one.

This tickled the Cubans. German machete competition was laughed right off the island. The story, together with tin machetes spread throughout the West Indies. Today many a tin machete hangs on the walls of homes and cantinas. Mention "un machete de estaño" to any long knife user in that region and he'll howl with glee. He'll also tell you the story.

No one really knows who invented the machete. The best guess is that it simply evolved down through the years as the short handled, long-bladed knife most useful in hacking out and staying alive in the tangled bush and jungle country of the American tropics.

It was about 1840 when the first machete came to Hartford in the form of a wooden model aboard a sailing schooner. The name of the vessel and its skipper have long been forgotten.

In those days many a vessel trading in the West Indies and along the coasts of Central and South America sailed the Connecticut River all the way up to Hartford with cargoes of cane, rum and molasses. Before starting off on another voyage trading sea captains usually dropped in at the foundry where David and Sam Collins had been manufacturing axes for domestic and foreign trade since 1826.

Prior to that, the axe head had been entirely a local blacksmith proposition, each owner having his made especially for him. The Collins were the first to make them commercially and were already doing a flourishing business in Central and South American countries.

One day a sea captain arranging for a cargo of axes showed Sam Collins a crude wooden pattern of a short-handled, straight, 21 inch knife with a pointed tip.

"Sam," he said, "the poor ignorant heathrens down along the Caribbean will trade anything they own for old ship's iron to make these knives. They're called

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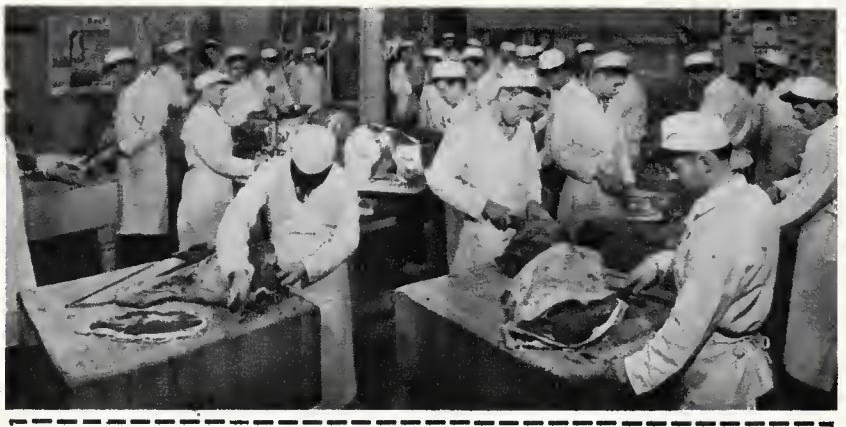

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machetes and you just can't take a step into the jungle without one. How about making some up for me out of honest Yankee steel?"

Sam Collins examined the model and agreed, partly as a favor and partly because as an expert steel man he was interested in the technical problems involved. He turned out several dozen in his foundry which the skipper took with him to Cartegena, Colombia on his next voyage.

They proved to be an immediate success. On his return the skipper wanted a great many more. He also brought another wooden pattern with him. This one had a curved, 22 inch blade.

"Funny thing, Sam," he said, "while the poor heathren along the Colombian coast just love that straight 21 inch machete those up the Magdalena prefer 'em a bit longer, curved and without points."

Sam Collins made up the machetes without realizing what he was getting into. Before long other trading sea captains were ordering quantities of machetes and taking them to Central and South America. On their return they too were bringing wooden patterns or crude iron native long knives with them.

Pretty soon Sam Collins discovered that each Latin American country and each region of that country had a strong individual preference and a decided opinion as to the best style of machete. Sam, and his heirs after him made a determined effort to be obliging until they reached the point where they were carrying 1088 distinctly different machete patterns in stock in square, tapering and curving shapes ending in points, curves, rounded and wide squared-off ends. In addition there were length preferences, some models being made in three or four different sizes.

Diversifying still further were the handles. In addition to horn, rosewood or mahogany, or twine-wound handles were the fancy-headed handles demanded by overseers and local dignitaries for their straight bladed 18 inch 'dress machete.' Of these four were most popular, the Gallo, or cock's head, the Lobo, or wolf's head, the Aguila, or eagle's head and the Elefante, or elephant's head.

Curiously enough of all the hundreds of models turned out in Collinsville only one was directly inspired by an American and that through chance. The history of the wicked, fighting 'little machete,' long popular in Latin America may come as somewhat as a shock to students of Western lore.

Sometime before the Civil War, no one in Collinsville knows just when, a trading sea captain was having a friendly drink in a cantina in Puerto Cabello, Venezuela when he chanced to show the proprietor a deadly-looking nine-and-a-half inch, wide-bladed, double-edged sheath knife he wore on his belt.

"Como se llama?" asked the proprietor, greatly impressed.

"It's called a Bowie knife. I picked it up in Texas," explained the skipper.

"Un machete pequeño," exclaimed the other enthusiastically and wanted one immediately.

So did several other of the local citizenry. With an eye on trade the skipper took orders. When he put in at Puerto Cortes, Honduras, he took more orders. A lot of them. Then he sailed back to Hartford and went to the foundry.

Collins agreed to turn out the 'little machete' and they've been doing it ever since. It's the shortest, although one of the most formidable knives in the whole line. Comparing the Collins blade to Jim Bowie's original in the museum in the Alamo in San Antonio. I've found the copy to be faithful.

Collins people are proud of this 'little machete' and claim it is the only authentic Bowie produced in large quantities anywhere. But this is sort of off the record. That is, they don't like to talk about it much because a machete is an 'agricultural implement' and a Bowie isn't used to chop cane or bananas even in Latin America.

As a fighting knife it has figured impressively in several Central American revolutions. And just to keep the record straight, wherever you chance to read "they came at the enemy with their machetes" just add to yourself "and Bowies" and you'll get a more authentic picture of the situation.

Along about the turn of the century with transportation South of the Rio Grande becoming a bit better natives started getting around more and trying out machetes used in other localities. Cautiously they began to admit that there were other styles of machetes as good as their own. This was a welcome boon to Collins which slowly began cutting down on its staggering number of shapes and sizes.

Thousands of stories have been told and written about the long knife which has carved out a continent but the most amazing of them all still has no ending.

It began in the desperate days following Pearl Harbor when the Japs cut off our rubber supply and government agencies were frantically trying to do something about it. Collins, with all its steel know-how was slated for special war production until several Central and South American countries discovered that this didn't mean machetes.

They immediately sent representatives to our State Department and pointed out that machetes were pretty special and without them we could go whistle for the rubber, quinine and other urgently needed supplies from Middle America. The U. S. State Department saw the light and Collins went into extra high gear making the long knives for both Latin America and our armed forces.

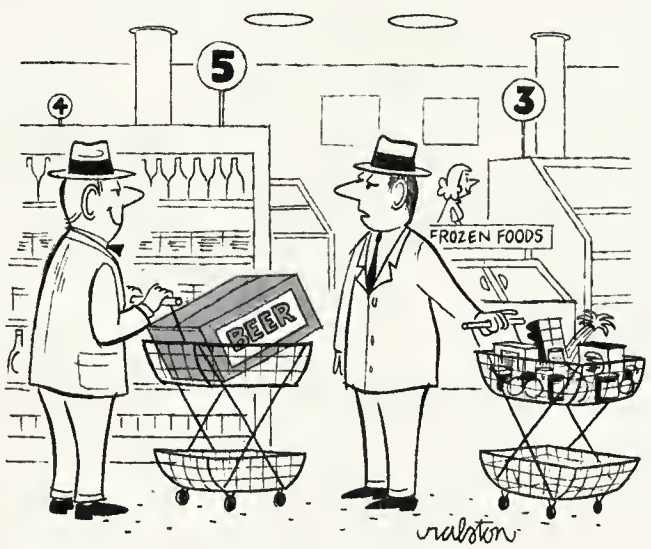
Then Brazil, with our sponsorship recruited a "rubber army." It gathered together 50,000 seringueiros or rubber workers, supplied them with machetes, sleeping equipment and food. They were sent up the Amazon to Manaos in river steamers and then by cayucos into the rubber region of Amazonas, northeast Matto Grosso, Acre and Para where, according to reports, 300,000,000 rubber trees were waiting to be tapped.

In the course of time some rubber did begin to trickle down to the Coast. By the time it did we had lost interest. We had developed our own synthetic rubber. Then, with the crisis past, Brazil began looking for its rubber army. It accounted for about 3,000 seringueros. The other 47,000 had simply vanished.

Our country became gravely concerned for the United States had sponsored the army. To this day officially the disappearance of the 'rubber army' is an inexplicable mystery to Brazil, the United States and to Peru and Venezuela which also has searched for it.

Unofficially Brazilian officials are less concerned. "With an initial supply of food, a sleeping hammock and a good Collins," they shrug, "what more does a seringueiro need to make a home for himself in the jungles?" •

CAVALIER



"So your wife's still visiting her mother?"

WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES?

Continued from page 11

this. A clash of temperaments was one, and the other probably dated back to their childhood. Frank was the favorite of his mother, and even as a child she called him "Mister Frank." She paid little attention to Jesse, and young Jesse is said to have resented this favoritism.

The clash of temperaments was probably more serious. When sober, Frank's better instincts rebelled against Jesse's ruthless brutality and sadistic killings, and on several occasions he gave up bank robbing, only to be forced to return because he was a marked man and couldn't get honest work. Because of these desertions, and because of his inability to hold liquor, Jesse never fully trusted him or confided to him the inner workings of the gang, the fact that probably accounts for Frank James' dying in bed.

Al Gilmore had this to say about those newspaper stories: "People got to thinking after this question was raised. It did seem funny that the James gang could have operated for sixteen years. A great many other bank robbers appeared on the scene and didn't last more than a year. It seemed that every job the James boys went on worked out with amazing precision. There was always money in the bank or on the train when they staged their robbery. The police never seemed to push themselves too much to catch Jesse and Frank. It did look like somebody was greasing the way for the boys. On the rare occasion when they went out of the state, to rob a bank or a train, their attempts always ended in a dismal failure."

Fate seemed to have ordained that Al Gilmore would be a part in all the strange developments of the Jesse James killing. In the winter of 1882 his father moved the family to Richmond, Missouri, which was, more or less, the headquarters for Bob and Charley Ford. Because of the newspaper stories, their stock took a downward skid, while Jesse James was fast becoming a legend, which probably would not have developed that way if it hadn't been for this unanswered question.

The popular song of the day was:

Jesse James had a wife,
She's a mourner all her life,
Her children they are brave:
O! The dirty little coward
Who shot Mister Howard
And laid Jesse James in his grave!

The words had a catchy tune and everybody was either humming or singing it. A play, *Outlaws of Missouri*, had been written and Bob and Charley acted their part in killing Jesse James.

The matter of the $10,000 reward became a moot question. Bob and Charley Ford claimed it, but said they had only received $250 each. A search of the records at the Missouri state capitol shows that the reward was paid, but there are only two checks showing the endorsement of Bob and Charley Ford and these are for $250 each. There are no cancelled checks for the balance, although the money is recorded as having been paid.

Some months after the Gilmore family moved to Richmond, the father came home rather late one night in an excited and worried state of mind. "Charley Ford is drunk," he said. "He says he's goin' to talk if the reward isn't paid to him and Bob within twenty-four hours."

The next morning Al Gilmore was looking at another body. It was Charley Ford's. It had been found at dawn in a weed patch on the outskirts of Richmond. The news traveled fast and within an hour most of the town was gathered around that weed patch.

In some mysterious manner the report was sent out to the newspapers that Charley Ford, depressed by the public feeling against him, had committed suicide. Al Gilmore, who saw the body, said this to me, "Charley was the only man in history who ever committed suicide by shooting himself in the back with a .30-30 Winchester."

That day Bob Ford disappeared from Missouri and never was seen in the state again.

The years passed. Bob Ford disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. In his grave on his mother's farm near Marysville, Jesse James remained the center of a controversy that showed little sign of abating. It changed the political complexion of Missouri. Candidates for state office were overwhelmingly defeated if the slightest suspicion connected them with the Fords or Jesse James' death.

Al Gilmore left home to go West to seek his fortune, and as he moved from one town to another, Fate was still holding his hand, leading into the final chapter of that story that started on the morning of April 3, 1882, in the white cottage with the picket fence where Mr. Howard lived.

On January 19, 1892, Nick Creede, an old-time prospector, stumbled on the vein of silver in Mineral County, Colorado. Within two weeks the town of Creede was a booming metropolis, with over 10,000 inhabitants living in tents, in dugouts, on the cold and barren ground.

Creede was destined to become the Bagdad of the old West, largely because at the time Nick Creede discovered the silver vein, the respectable citizens of Denver had tired of the presence of one Jefferson "Soapy" Smith and were in the process of running him and his gang of bunco steerers, shillabers, cappers, and boosters out of that city.

So Soapy and his boys journeyed to

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THE BIGGEST BANG ON EARTH

There are various ways to discover a dangerous rock in an ocean channel. Captain Fredrick Beechey, R.N., discovered Blossom Rock in 1826 by the simple method of ramming the sloop *Blossom* onto it so hard the bottom was ripped off. After that this obstacle in San Francisco Bay took its regular toll from shipping that tried to make the passage off Yerba Buena Island. San Francisco, a city whose citizens have never been able to brook obstacles, was understandably annoyed.

Finally in 1869 Major R. S. Williamson of the Army Corps of Engineers was saddled with the task of eliminating Blossom Rock from the arteries of international commerce. He faced a neat problem. The rock was of sandstone, some 190 by 100 feet in area, and at low tide it lay invisibly just five feet below the surface.

Major Williamson called for bids on the task of removal. In time the bid was awarded to a civil engineer of some prominence, one Colonel A. W. von Schmidt, whose engineering feats were already famous around the Bay area. Colonel von Schmidt offered to eliminate Blossom Rock for $75,000. His method was simple. A cofferdam was sunk to the rock's surface and drillers went to work cutting a shaft that extended thirty feet down into the heart of the obstacle. When that was finished, lateral tunnels were chewed out until the inside of Blossom Rock was a vast room with a roof made up of fifteen feet of solid rock. Into this immense cavern went 43,000 pounds of high explosives.

This work took months that drifted into a year. Finally, on the first day of April, 1870, it was announced that Blossom Rock would be eliminated forever at 1:30 in the afternoon on April 22nd. Colonel von Schmidt issued a solemn warning. The explosion resulting from the electrical firing of 43,000 pounds of high explosive would cause the biggest bang ever known on earth.

San Francisco reacted with characteristic timidity. People began to pour in from the whole Pacific Coast to witness the grand spectacle. Space on Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill and North Point was sold at fantastic prices, to people who wanted grandstand seats for the blast. Every boat in San Francisco Bay offered itself for charter to people who wanted to cruise around the boiling waters afterward and skim off the tons of fish that would naturally be stunned by the explosion. The firms dealing in window glass rushed orders East, knowing full well that a blast that intense would unquestionably break every window in the Bay area.

The government stepped in to establish scientific listening posts every fifty miles clear to San Diego to measure the intensity of the shock waves generated. Their only problem was whether or not their instruments would be disrupted by the concussion.

By mid-morning of April 22nd every space around the Bay that gave a view of Blossom Rock was jammed with eager and frightened onlookers. Under the tension of expectation, the more timid had fainting spells. The rougher crowd pre-empted the hilltops and took barrels of beer with them. As a barrel was emptied it was sent rolling and booming down the hillside, clearing a path or leaving it strewn with battered and dazed victims.

By noon a crowd estimated at 60,000 jammed the heights to watch the great event. Out in the Bay the boat bearing Colonel von Schmidt and his staff chugged away to a safe eight hundred feet from the rock and anchored there. Behind it trailed the shining threads of wire that had been so carefully connected to the igniters deep inside the rock. In the boat was the generator whose whirling crank would send the explosive spark into the mass of suppressed violence that waited below the surface.

Boats cruised back and forth along the shore line, keeping a safe quarter to half a mile from the scene of the blast. On board were crowded all who could afford the $50 to $100 charter fee charged for that afternoon. They clutched dip nets, rakes, shovels, anything and everything that would aid in scooping up the treasure trove of stunned fish that would shortly litter the surface.

At exactly 1:28 p.m. the warning cannon boomed from Alcatraz Island, its white smoke blossoming as its sound rocked the hillsides. Two minutes to history. A deep and frightened silence fell on the crowd. Many who had paid vast sums to be there regretted their rashness. Who knew but what this terrible blast might shake the very foundations of earth.

At precisely 1:30 those who possessed field glasses saw the commanding figure of Colonel von Schmidt bend over the firing panel. They saw his arm move as he closed the switch and spun the crank on the generator.

Nothing happened!

After a time, as the crowd sucked in its collective breath, a megaphone announcement boomed across the water. "There appears to have been a broken circuit in the ignition wiring. There will be a slight delay until this is found and repaired."

Breaths hissed out and taut nerves relaxed. The crowds swayed forward, seeing a small boat approach the rock, seeing a diver descend from sight. Eventually he reappeared, removed his helmet and signalled. Tension mounted again as the boat whipped away and Colonel von Schmidt again bent to his panel.

At exactly 2:05 he repeated his movements. His hand closed the switch and spun the crank. Some 60,000 onlookers held their breaths.

Suddenly there was a faint and far-off *thud*. Out in the Bay, off Yerba Buena Island, a column of water estimated at 200 feet in diameter hoiled up a hundred feet in the air. It began to subside and a second, blacker column shot 70 feet up.

That was all!

No shock waves rocked the ground underfoot, not a single window cracked. Out along the road to San Diego, scientists waited in vain to register the blast. Boats puttered out in a hopeless search for even one stunned fish.

The crowd waited in frozen expectancy until slowly the awareness came to them that it was all over. Then the voice of a Market Street saloonkeeper broke the silence with a stentorian bellow. "Well, by God, if we can't have the biggest bang on earth, we can at least throw the biggest celebration on earth. First drinks are all free at Tim's Taproom."

The crowd took up the cry and a surge of the thirsty began moving downhill. Other saloonkeepers caught the spirit and echoed the offer. In a matter of minutes a sadly disappointed populace was roaring down into San Francisco to drown its disappointment.

That night the city saw one of the most colossal drunks in its violent history.

In the roaring, roistering celebration of frustration, nobody bothered with the basic fact—that big or not, the blast had ripped Blossom Rock down to a safe twenty-four feet below low tide and San Francisco Bay was open at last to the commerce of the world.

—Joseph Millard

Creede to take over. When Soapy became the king of crime in any town, sin was there in glaring colors. There killers in abundance, a busy burial squad and bunco artists by the score—everything to successfully separate the suckers from their gold. Soapy had many strange facets to his amazing character. All such towns always had a flourishing church where Soapy was a regular attendant and all his men had to go with him each Sunday morning to bellow the hymns with a vibrant fervor.

Soapy is important to this story because he was the magnet that drew every crook to any town where he reigned supreme. They came to Creede in droves, every type of criminal in those days, and among them was a frail-looking man who didn't weigh more than 140 pounds for all his six feet and whose face was pallid and eyes had a hunted look.

He introduced himself as Charles Fay, but his real name was Bob Ford. In the ten years of seclusion Bob Ford had apparently done right well for himself. He had a very beautiful woman on his arm, Ella Mae Watterson, his common-law wife, and he wore a hand-made hat with an enormous brim and a well-tailored blue serge suit. His pockets were filled with gold and the same day he arrived he hired 10 carpenters to start building a saloon and gambling hall.

The name of Fay didn't last very long. When the building was completed, Ford got drunk, quarrelsome and conceited. He proudly proclaimed that he was Bob Ford, the man who had killed Jesse James. This brought crowds to his place to see the famous Bob Ford, and thereafter he called his place "Ford's Exchange" and dropped Charles Fay completely.

But he was jittery and nervous, not sure the 10 years had brought him safety. When he sat at the gambling table, his back was always to the wall and his six gun lying on the green velvet in front of him. Walking down the street, he sidled close to the buildings and his pale blue eyes darted nervously in all directions, his right hand on the handle of his six gun.

As the weeks passed and nothing happened, he gained more confidence and with this confidence he began drinking. He was something of a problem to Soapy Smith, who was the ruler of the underworld. Ford would stagger down the street, shooting the lights out of the other saloons to prove he was a great gunman. Soapy remonstrated with him, and then, not having any success, let the Vigilantes handle the matter.

They ran Ford out of town. When he arrived in Pueblo he was chastened and contrite and wrote the Vigilantes a letter, begging for the privilege of coming back. They agreed, with the admonition that he would be ridden out of town on a rail the first time he started acting up. He returned and stopped getting drunk and the gold flowed into his pockets.

On June 5, 1892, a catastrophe hit Creede. Fire broke out in one of the saloons and swept over the town, consuming the tents, shacks, and most of the

business buildings. Soapy Smith rose to the occasion with a magnificent grandeur. He sent out word over the West for carpenters to come to work at wages of $50 a day to rebuild the town. They came from all parts of the West and within a week the gambling hall, saloons, and dives had been rebuilt.

Al Gilmore was among those who responded to Soapy Smith's plea for carpenters, and the same day he arrived in Creede another man sauntered casually into the town. He wasn't a carpenter or a worker of any kind. He looked like a typical cowpoke just off a ranch. He wore a cowboy hat, chaps, high-heeled boots, and two six-guns on his belt. He was a rather small man, with a thin face and very sharp nose, and crafty eyes.

He walked slowly, just one man in the milling hundreds. At Ford's Exchange, he stopped, adjusted his gun belt, and then walked inside and up to the bar where he ordered a drink. The bartender was Bill Hagen, one of Bob Ford's bodyguards.

The cowpoke said, "Where is Bob Ford? I want to see him."

Hagen eyed the man suspiciously. "What you want with Bob Ford?" he demanded. "He ain't here now and won't be back this afternoon."

"My name is Ed O'Kelley," the customer answered. "Bob and me are friends and I want to see him."

"Well, he ain't here," Hagen answered.

"All right," O'Kelley downed his drink. "He ain't here. I'll be seeing him."

He tossed a silver dollar on the bar and sauntered casually out of the saloon. Hagen watched him leave and then turned and walked into a rear room which Bob Ford used as an office. Ford was there with Ella Mae Watterson, who was sitting on the arm of his chair.

"Boss," Hagen said, "there was a cowpoke to see you. Said his name was Ed O'Kelley."

"Ed O'Kelley," Ford repeated. "Never heard of him. Probably some cowboy I met who wants help. Throw him out the next time he appears."

Al Gilmore told me what happened that night and the next morning.

"I was amazed to find that Bob Ford was in Creede," Al said. "I had almost forgotten about him and the killing of Jesse James because that had happened when I was only a kid. I got a job as a carpenter and managed to get a bed in an old shack that hadn't been destroyed by the fire. Sometime during the night I was awakened. It must have been close to morning because everything was still as a tomb. Then I heard it, a low whistling of the old-time tune, 'Jesse James had a wife, she's a mourner all her life.'

"That was the first time I had heard that tune in years and it made me feel funny all over. I suppose Bob Ford must have heard it, too, and if he did, he didn't sleep much.

"The next morning I was up early. It was a clear sunny morning and everybody was out to start the day. I was working with the crew that was building the Thompson and Simpson Keadville Club. It was close to Bob Ford's place, which had been completely rebuilt.

"It must have been around eleven o'clock when Bob Ford and Ella Mae Watterson appeared. I was on the sidewalk, supervising the relaying of lumber to carpenters on the second floor. It was the first time I ever saw Bob Ford face to face. I wasn't greatly impressed. He was slim as a beanpole and his face was weak and very pale, but he was dressed well, and Ella Mae Watterson, clinging to his arm, was clothed in the colorful finery of the day.

"I saw the sharp-faced cowboy coming, hurrying down the street. He was carrying a double-barreled shotgun. As Ford and his common-law wife got near the Ford exchange, I heard this cowboy say, 'Hello, Bob.'

"Ford turned quickly, his right hand bringing out his six-gun. He never had a chance to use it. The double-barreled shotgun in the cowboy's hand roared and Bob Ford went down with eighteen slugs in his neck and head. He hit the sidewalk in a crumpled heap and didn't move, because he was dead."

What happened next almost brought an abrupt end to Ed O'Kelley. The lawless elements in Ford's Exchange, and in other nearby saloons, took the shooting of Bob Ford by Ed O'Kelley to mean that O'Kelley was an angered customer who had been fleeced out of his roll, and having such customers resort to shooting was something the crooks couldn't tolerate.

They led the cries of "Lynch the killer!" and mob psychology being what it is, they would have been able to carry this out on the spot had not Soapy Smith appeared. Soapy wasn't exactly unhappy that Bob Ford was dead because Ford had been something of a competitor to him. So Soapy exhorted the crooks in the following language, "Let this man alone! We're going to have justice done here and he's going to be locked up in jail."

So strong was Soapy's influence that the crowd backed away and Deputy Sheriff Dick Plunket escorted Ed O'Kelley safely to the jail. Ed O'Kelley refused to discuss the reasons for his killing of Bob Ford, and he seemed unconcerned about his fate.

The jail was small and not jailbreak-proof, but O'Kelley made no attempt to escape. Al Gilmore was a regular visitor to the jail at nights as he was an old friend of Deputy Plunket, the two having worked on the same ranch in Wyoming. He and Plunket would play cards in the jail during the evenings and, as O'Kelley was the only prisoner, he sometimes took a third hand.

"Don't worry about me trying to escape," O'Kelley told Plunket and Gilmore. "I ain't serving any time for killing that skunk. I got big boys behind me who will take care of me."

"Friends in Missouri?" Gilmore asked.

"I got no friends in Missouri," O'Kelley shot back.

Sometimes, when Deputy Plunket would be called away, O'Kelley and Gilmore played two-handed pitch. O'Kelley seemed lonely and wanted a friend and he took a liking to Gilmore.

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Strange Peacemaker

Probably the strangest coincidence in Western history is that concerning Wild Bill Hickok's single-action Peacemaker Colt, serial number 139345. Wild Bill killed 14 men with it in the two years he owned it. But it is the strange circumstance of the 15th death that made this the most famous pistol in history.

Men had long speculated on the outcome of a pistol pulling party between Wild Bill and Billy-The-Kid. The Kid's notoriety as a pistol artist had spread across the West like wildfire, taking some of the edge off Wild Bill's fame. Wild Bill didn't like this.

"From what I hear of that yellow-livered little monkey," Wild Bill said, "he prefers to shoot a man while his back's turned."

The Kid resented the fact Hickok had dominated the "fastest gunman in the West" category so long and, having never met his match, believed he was just the man to blast Hickok off his throne as king of the pistoliers.

"That long-haired son-of-a —— is the one that's yeller," The Kid sneered, "otherwise he wouldn't wear them trick holsters of his'n."

The bloodthirsty citizens of Deadwood and Fort Sumner were bored with watching local amateurs slap leather. They wanted to see a professional shoot-out featuring the West's two foremost gunslingers.

Then, like the answer to their prayers, word fell that Billy-The-Kid was headed north. Wild Bill took the news calmly, saying, "I'll be a-waitin' fer 'im when he gets here."

The citizens began laying bets. It was the custom in those days to "bet on a man's gun." Wild Bill's friends put their money behind his gun, but many skeptics of the famed marshal put their bets on The Kid's gun. The Kid was a homicidal neurotic who killed for the fun of it. His gun hand was like a striking cobra . . . so fast he had to aim with his eye before drawing. Wild Bill, on the other hand, was conservative, sometimes hesitant, during a shoot-out. His hands, although fast, were slower than The Kid's, and he had to aim after his gun cleared leather . . . but he seldom missed, whereas The Kid had a tendency to shoot wild at times.

Bets down, everybody in Deadwood sat back and waited for the arrival of Billy-The-Kid.

An avalanche of bad luck hit Wild Bill. His gold mine in the Black Hills petered out and he lost heavily at poker until he went broke. He fell into a state of depression, which everybody attributed to his fear of The Kid . . . but this wasn't the case.

"My luck has just plum run out," he told a friend.

Wild Bill's hunch was right, for the next day, August 2, 1876, Jack McCall sneaked up behind him and shot him through the back of the head while he played poker.

They buried Wild Bill and sent his gun and personal effects to his sister, Mrs. Lydia M. Barnes of Oberlin, Kansas.

The Kid, now the undisputed king of the six-gun, didn't turn up in Deadwood. A rumor circulated that The Kid showed yellow and turned tail back to New Mexico . . . without knowing Hickok was dead. The Kid was ridiculed behind his back for running from Wild Bill after he was dead, and the ghost of Hickok haunted him until the end of his days. However, history has now disclosed The Kid never had any intention of going to Deadwood and shooting it out.

A period of six years elapsed that Wild Bill's famous pistol wasn't heard of. Then on the night of July 14, 1882 in a darkened room at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, the gun made a new bid for fame. There was a burst of gunfire and a man fell dead on a ranch house floor. The dead man was Billy-The-Kid. Sitting in a chair by Pete Maxwell's bed and holding a smoking gun was Pat Garrett, sheriff of Lincoln County. The gun he held was the one made famous by Wild Bill Hickok himself . . . the gun all men had feared . . . the gun men had bet would some day end the life of Billy-The-Kid.

As it turned out, Wild Bill's sister, Mrs. Barnes of Oberlin, Kansas, had given the old Peacemaker to Sheriff Pat Garrett, a friend of the family. Pat had worn the gun in memory of Hickok. It was only natural that Garrett was wearing it the night he got The Kid.

Later, Pat Garrett retired as a lawman and gave the Peacemaker to the late Fred Sutton of Oklahoma City, owner of a collection of historical firearms.

Since then, this ordinary looking old Peacemaker with the colorful past has been passed from one gun collector to another. Its killing days are over at last, and the gun is content to be one of the most sought after collectors' items in America.

—Wayne Mote

O'Kelley, why did you kill Bob Ford? You weren't mixed in that mess to Missouri. You didn't know any of the Jameses or the Fords."

O'Kelley had a way of laughing with his belly, and he laughed at Gilmore's rather pointed question.

"You're a good kid, sonny," he answered. "I'll put it this way. A man has to make a living and when somebody tells him he's going to get a good price for a job, he takes it without asking too many questions. Especially when it's killing a skunk like Bob Ford."

"So somebody in Missouri wanted Bob Ford killed?" I questioned.

You're good at guessing, sonny," O'Kelley countered. "I kinda got it figured this way: the James boys were getting a lot of help in their robberies and that is why they kept going for sixteen years. Jesse figured things were about up when this governor comes in office. So he makes a deal with the governor. The big boys behind him don't want him in a position to talk so they hired the Fords to bump him off. Then they got scared of the Fords and had them bumped off. It makes sense, doesn't it?"

"We figured that way in Missouri ten years ago," Gilmore answered. "But we don't know who was behind it and who hired you to kill Bob Ford."

O'Kelley laughed again with his belly and picked up the deck of cards and looked at them.

"Funny about these big shots," he spoke slowly. "They don't show their face when they have a job done."

He cut the cards, laid the cut deck on the table. "The St. James Hotel must be an important place in Kansas City. The expense money I got to come here was in an envelope from that hotel."

O'Kelley's boast that he would never serve time didn't pay out that way. He was taken to Lake City by Sheriff Jim Hedden and tried for the murder of Bob Ford. The jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Colorado state penitentiary at Canon City. The gates of the prison closed on him late on the afternoon of July 12, 1892, a little over a month after he had killed Bob Ford.

The gates had scarcely closed before pressure came from Missouri on the governor of Colorado for a pardon for O'Kelley. The sentence was cut to 18 years. The pressure didn't stop. In January of 1902, O'Kelley walked out of the prison with a full pardon in his hand. Fear apparently sealed his lips, because he never divulged the secret of who hired him to kill Bob Ford.

Two years later O'Kelley went down in front of Jim Barnett's gun. With him died one of the last answers to the question: Who killed Jesse James?

At present there seems little chance that the question will ever be completely answered. But who knows? Perhaps there are other men with stories to tell.

I am sure of one thing. The whole truth about Jesse James is still not known. •

BLOTTED

Continued from page 35

From the noise at the spot where we had tied the calf, we guessed that it was still there. Those rawhide ropes were tremendously strong. Elephants kept milling about the spot and trumpeting, and we thought we could hear what were the answering squeals of the calf as the others tried to get it away.

Suddenly, cutting through the turmoil, a shrill scream sounded. It was an elephant, but the scream was different from the others. It sounded as if the elephant was in terrible pain. It is hard to describe such a sound, but each of us recognized it as different from any other we had heard. At the same moment there was a squeaking, tearing sound, and we could hear a tree groan as its trunk was bent far over. Another pain-filled scream and then the tumult and the turmoil of the herd took over and swallowed up other sounds.

As suddenly as the attack had begun, it ended. Abruptly, soundlessly, the herd vanished into the night. We stood for some minutes listening, then gingerly made our way down and to what remained of the camp. Our first thought was for the calf. We walked swiftly to where we had tied it. One of the trees had been pulled, or been pushed over. The others had had branches ripped from them, but the calf was still there. All the ropes had held. The washtub was missing. We found it in the morning, 50 yards distant, and smashed flat.

In the morning we also found the cause of the terrible scream. By the side of camp, a tree had been split about eight feet up from the ground. In the split was stuck a bloody tusk.

Somehow, in the rushing of the herd, one elephant, probably a cow, because the tusk was thin and light, had been jostled in her rush and had hit the tree squarely with her tusk and had driven it in so far that when she backed away the tree had gripped the tusk and pulled it from her head. I have never heard of anything like this befofe, or since.

We cut the tree down and cut out the section of the trunk which held the tusk. Several weeks later, when we returned to the railway line with the elephants we had caught, and with our hides and skins and other results of the hunt, we took the piece of tree trunk with the imbedded tusk with us. When Christopher Schultz came to inspect and buy the three young elephants we had caught, we told him the story and showed him the tree with the tusk to prove it.

Schultz bought the tree and tusk and we made a crate for it. We heard later that he sold it to a museum in Berlin.

If we had stayed out longer, after that night attack, we might have added another calf to our collection. But we quit. Enough was enough. There would be another season the next year.

I have written this so that you will understand why using the word 'blotted' can make an elephant hunter mighty nervous and unhappy. I didn't say 'blotto.' Sometimes, after too long a hunt and too much thinking about what 'blotted' means, a hunter will hoist a few and get blotto.

But 'blotted' is the word that makes you shiver when you hear it. Believe me. •

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DRIVE SLOW—RADAR

Continued from page 23

moving freight train and it counted every car. And trains are perfectly grounded on steel rails."

A few months later, the same static straps made their appearance in Cleveland. Thousands were sold, until the Cleveland Press ran some tests and exposed them as dismal failures insofar as counteracting radar is concerned.

"The only way really to throw the radar speed meter out of whack is to install in your car a transmitter using the same frequency as the radar apparatus," explains Martin J. Reimer, an engineer for the Automatic Signal Division of Eastern Industries, the largest makers of police radar. "Then you have to flip the sending switch as you pass the radar station. But the game would hardly be worth the candle."

A transmitter of this kind would cost you in the neighborhood of $1,000. You would have to get an FCC license, just as the policemen operating the radar must have one. And finally, you would have to see the police radar in time to turn on your transmitter. Usually it would be too late, for the radar would have picked you up before you could either flip the switch or got a chance to slow down.

Surrounding your car completely with a shield of lead may counteract radar, according to one engineer, while another, Ralph Nottingham of the Brush Electronics Co., says that if you placed a maze of antennae around your car, all of them tuned to the police radar frequency, 2455 megacycles, they might prevent measurement of your speed. But for obvious reasons, neither of these methods seems practicable.

First of all, the police would not look kindly on such attempts. And even if their radar failed, they could always revert to the old-fashioned method of following your car with a motorcycle or police cruiser.

True, there are no laws against trying to evade radar, but the police usually know how to take care of smart apples. For instance, last April John E. Schelpfeffer of Toledo, Ohio—who had been once caught speeding by radar—wound up with a $50 fine in return for what he considered his good deed for the day. He led a string of cars past a radar check point on U.S. 23, waving a hand-made sign "Speed Trap Ahead." The cops nabbed him for "displaying an illegal sign."

On the other hand the police could do nothing against a Memphis, Tenn., taxi company which had a license to operate a short wave radio transmitter and was overheard warning its drivers, "Attention! Police radar spotted on Airways south of Lamar!"

If you are like most drivers, you'll cut your speed the minute you see a sign announcing "Radar Speed Control Zone." There's an eerie quality about radar that gets under most people's skins. You don't know just where the set might be mounted, in a police car, on an overhead bridge, or sitting inconspicuously on the side of the road.

This purely psychological effect accounts in a large measure for the success of the radar speed checking system. The other, more unpleasant and very real factor is the vastly increased number of speeding tickets handed out by the police throughout the country. "With radar, each policeman can do three or four times as much work," says George S. Pavol, city traffic engineer of Gary, Indiana.

The police have actually measured the effect of radar warning signs on heavy-footed drivers. "It's nothing short of amazing," declares Capt. Ralph C. Buckley of the Connecticut State Police who was the first to introduce radar, back in 1947. "We've made tests on various roads, unknown to the drivers, and figured the average speed. Then we set up our warning signs and computed the average speed again. It always would be fifteen or twenty miles lower," Capt. Buckley reports with satisfaction. "That gives us a lot more pleasure than handing someone a ticket. We'd rather scare them into safer driving than arrest them for speeding."

But of course there are always those who don't believe in signs. When the Ohio State Highway Patrol first introduced radar, they had only two sets which they kept moving to different locations. In the beginning, motorists paid little attention to their warning signs, but after the police had handed out 7,700 tickets in 18 months, things changed. This was even more surprising when court figures revealed that only 700 of the speed violators were brought into court. Impressed by the electronic monster, all 700 pleaded guilty and were fined.

"Radar speed violators are easier to handle than other speed violators," reports Akron Municipal Judge Thomas M. Powers. "It seems that the public regards radar speed detection as more scientifically accurate. A common complaint among speeders apprehended in the 'pursuit'—conventional style—was that the reading on the speedometer of the pursuing officer was obtained while accelerating to catch up with the defendant and not while traveling along at an even distance behind the defendant. This complaint of course is entirely eliminated with radar."

The same judge notes that radar "works like a charm in catching the rear-view mirror speeder." With a chuckle he cites the case of Arthur Wynn who told a Detroit traffic court that he couldn't have been driving 40 miles an hour. "Besides," Wynn said, "I have three rear-view mirrors and didn't see a cop." Judge Rollin Shull fined him $25 and told him, "What you need is more foresight and less hindsight."

When radar was first introduced, quite a few lawyers tried to discredit it and questioned its legality as evidence. But the courts have uniformly overruled them. "The most they could show in the cases I had before me was that radar equipment might or could be wrong," says Judge Powers.

That is why the police take utmost care to prove that their radar is in perfect working order. Usually, at the beginning and at the end of each day they check their radar sets against the mechan-

"Mind if I play through?"

ical speedometer of a police car, which in turn is frequently checked against a master speedometer.

When it comes to testimony in court, it's always the officer's word against the defendant's that counts in the final analysis. Whether it is a radar speedometer or the mechanical kind, whatever speed he claims to have read on it is generally accepted by the courts.

The only exceptions to this rule are the latest types of radar sets automatically coupled to a camera. They measure a car's speed, record it, and at the same instant photograph the rear end of the car showing the license plate. In this way the evidence presented in court is untouched by human hands, minds, temperaments and moods. No driver can claim that the cop "had it in for him."

That brings up the somewhat tricky question of just how radar speed meters work. Translated into simple terms, a small transmitter sends out a continuous stream of radar waves across a road. The waves are focused in a cone which blankets about 175 feet of the road.

Whenever an object moves across the radar waves, they are reflected to the radar set at a frequency which is different from the original waves, and which changes according to the speed of the moving object. The machine then automatically figures out the speed of the object and shows it on a speedometer which is calibrated in miles per hour. The readings are accurate to within two mph.

The system used by most police forces requires two officers and two vehicles. The radar set is mounted in one car in which an officer observes the speed of passing vehicles. While he reads the speedometer, a recording device marks the speed on a strip of moving graph paper.

If a speeding car is to be pinched, this officer gives the description and license number of the speeder by radio-telephone to his partner down the road, who then intercepts the culprit. He can do this by merely flagging down the speeder, instead of giving chase and endangering his own life and the lives of other motorists.

Another method of operation requires only one officer. The radar transmitter-receiver unit is set up in a suitable spot and connected by cable to a speedometer some 500 feet along the road. Reading the speed of an approaching car on this meter, the officer has several seconds time to step out in the road and stop the speeder. Incidentally, if several cars cross the radar beam at the same time, the device always measures the speed of the fastest one.

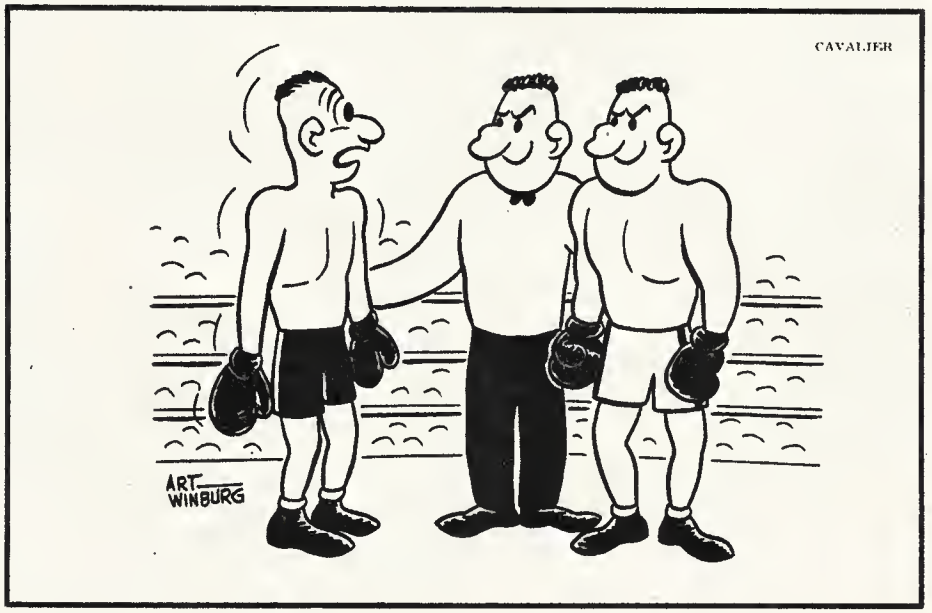
A still more formidable gadget is the automatic radar-actuated camera mentioned before. It can be set to photograph the license plate of every car traveling above any given speed. The machine skips slower cars. One load of film in this devilish instrument can account for something like 2,000 speeding tickets.

Luckily for the vast majority of motorists, the Automatic Radar Camera is so far not in actual use. But in a test run for the Westchester County Parkway Police in New York State, the formidable device gave a good indication of what it could do. Set up on a parkway to photograph cars driving in excess of 50 mph—giving them a margin of 10 miles above the legal speed limit—it incriminated 450 of the 750 drivers who passed the checkpoint in two hours.

Oddly enough, it is this deadly and impartial efficiency which stands in the way of adopting the Radar Camera. Certain state and municipal governments are run by politicians who are worried that really strict law enforcement would lose them votes.

That answers the average motorist's objections to radar as a "speed trap." The states and the vast majority of towns have no intention of operating speed traps, with or without radar. All they are trying to do is to enforce the traffic laws to a degree which will help to reduce accidents.

Radar is a tremendous aid to them in this respect. For example, the State of Washington recently put on a three-month drive to curb speeding. They clocked and warned 43,600 law breakers, but they hauled only the "low-flying" maniacs into court. Yet the drive reduced



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THE MISSING MOUNTAIN

Somewhere among the vast uncharted regions of Tibet is a prize any self-respecting explorer would gamble his wife to reach. It's a mammoth mountain known as Amne Machin, reputedly towering 1,000 feet higher than 29,000-foot Mount Everest. There's only one catch. Map makers don't know where to put the mystery mountain because no one has been able to tell them for certain just where it is.

Even though a number of explorers and adventurers have flown close to it and nearly reached its base by hacking their way through unmapped wilderness only to be driven back by bloodthirsty natives, no one knows enough about Amne Machin's geography to say with conviction that it belongs right *here*, and point to the spot on the map.

Closest estimates put the illusive peak some 1,300 miles west of Shanghai and 1,200 miles north of Rangoon in the neighborhood of several 20,000-foot knife-edge peaks.

White men are not the only ones who swear that 30,000-foot plus Amne Machin exists. Tibetans themselves for years have handed down legends describing the mountain as the dwelling place of a Tibetan god. But to date, no one has ever set foot on even the lower slopes of Machin.

Ever since the first rumors of its existence reached the Western world, adventurers have attempted to find it. In 1895 Roborovski, the Russian explorer hacked his way toward the Amne Machin range from a northern route, but just when he thought he was hot on the missing mountain's trail one of the Nomadic tribes attacked his party and chased them back beyond the distant Mangum Pass.

The next notable expedition, in the early 1920's, was somewhat successful. It was led by General George Pereira, a British explorer who managed to outwit the Nomadic tribes long enough to get a good look at Amne Machin, even though it was from a distance of 100 miles. When he returned home, Pereira swore he had seen the mountain and estimated its height to be greater than that of Everest.

During a 1927 to 1930 expedition to China, Joseph Rock, leader of a National Geographic Society team decided he'd take a fling at Machin. After being stripped by robbers and attacked by hostile Ngolok tribesmen, he managed to reach the peaks of Amne Druggu and Shachu, about 60 miles away from Machin. Standing at an altitude of about 16,000 feet he claimed that Machin, shining clear and bright, towered a minimum of 12,000 feet higher.

Although the Chinese-Japanese war discouraged further expeditions into China and Tibet, the outbreak of World War II again made Amne Machin a conversational topic for explorers. American pilots of B-17's, B-29's and P-38's flying across the Tibetan ranges brought back stories by the carloads. Scores of these men claim to have been flying along at 30,000 feet when they suddenly spied a peak looming into the clouds at an altitude greater than their own. ATC shacks and briefing rooms buzzed constantly with talk of the super Everest.

The Air Force's stories together with previous accounts of Amne Machin were enough to spark pen manufacturer Milton Reynolds into action after the war; but Reynolds' trip was brief and unsuccessful. With $250,000 worth of equipment, he took off for western China in a made-over B-24, preceded by volumes of press releases. Publicity-conscious since the war, China's national honor was disturbed. That an American should prove the existence of the legendary Amne Machin was unthinkable. So the Chinese chased Reynolds out of the country, but not before he made a sneak flight in the vicinity of the Machin range. Unhappily, Reynolds saw nothing even resembling Machin so flew home, defeated.

Immediately, the Chinese launched an aerial expedition of their own. Explorer Moon Chin, armed with 14 newspaper writers and photographers combed the controversial range, but with no more success than Reynolds. Chin's is the last known expedition attempting to locate the mysterious mountain, and it's highly doubtful that the Chinese Communists will tolerate any outsiders snooping around their mountains in an attempt to settle the Amne Machin question once and for all.

In view of all the evidence—Roborovski's, Pereira's and Rock's expeditions, and the Air Force's testimony—plus Tibetan legends of the peak, why hasn't Amne Machin been pin pointed? There's one plausible explanation:

Even as late as World War II, maps and air charts of the unknown uplands were far from complete or accurate. And early explorers entering these wilderness regions had to rely heavily on directions and distances provided by ignorant native tribes. Possibly it was in this region, the unknown uplands, and not in the Amne Machin range at all that groping explorers and pilots blown or chased off course by enemy planes saw a gigantic mass looming into the sky and stretching into the thin clouds at 30,000 feet.

Perhaps one day not too far off, Amne Machin will be pinned down and its record-breaking altitude confirmed. If and when it is, Hillary and Tenzing, the conquerers of Mount Everest, will have another and perhaps tougher job cut out for them.

—Roy A. Gallant

traffic deaths and injuries by 45 per cent. On one Mississippi highway radar helped cut speeding by 70 per cent.

"Speed traps" are operated mostly by small towns and villages as an easy source of revenue. They don't need radar to soak the out-of-town motorist. Their constables simply arrest an arbitrary number of hapless drivers—regardless of whether or not they were really speeding—and fine them on the spot or haul them before a local magistrate. In many cases the cops and the local justices share in the proceeds, so they really don't give a darn about evidence. Why should they shell out $800 for a radar unit, plus another $400 for a graphic recorder?

It's different in towns and states where justice is administered properly. Here a complaining officer has no personal advantage from issuing a ticket and must back up his complaint with evidence. It is true, of course, that even in these spots radar is more than "paying its way." On a single day recently the city of St. Louis cashed in $3,424 from radar speeding tickets. So the temptation is definitely there to use radar for the sake of revenue, and that is why the American Automobile Association says there is "grave danger" in these devices. But so far almost 100 per cent of the nabbed motorists have pleaded guilty, leaving little room for argument against radar. And the National Safety Council points out that radar enforcement has had a definite effect on reducing high speeds which, according to all statistics, are the main cause of most accidents.

Insurance companies operate their own radar "police" systems with the aid of the little black box. The Farmers Truck Insurance Group, for example, which covers some 500,000 trucks, has 16 radar cars on the road. Woe to the driver who goes above the 50 mph limit allowed by the insurance contract. His employer will have a report the very next day. If the driver is caught a second time; he must be docked for 30 days. A third offense means automatic dismissal. There is no love lost between the truck drivers and the insurance inspectors but the owners welcome these speed checks—they make for better mileage and lower maintenance costs.

In view of all this it may surprise you that radar is quite often used to exonerate innocent motorists accused of speeding. Police departments get frequent complaints from residential neighborhoods—mostly from over-anxious parents—claiming that the speed limits are being exceeded. They set up their radar to catch the alleged fiends, "but we find that most drivers are not as dangerous as they are claimed to be," says Sgt. Albert Kimball of the Connecticut State Police.

Still, there are more radar units being installed every day clear across the country. It's getting so that a fellow can hardly ever drive more than 60 in a 50-mile zone without a cop hanging a ticket on him.

So what are you and I going to do with our new 185 hp Olds, our 235 hp Chrysler, our souped-up Ford? When are we ever going to see that speedometer needle hit the end of the dial?

Well, there's always Utah and the Bonneville Salt Flats.

YOUR SPORTS CAN BREAK YOU

Continued from page 29

to the lake with Rykoff was Norman Nagel, an agent of the Travelers Insurance Company. Nagel had sold the shoe salesman his life insurance policy, his hospitalization policy, and his automobile liability policy, but had been trying unsuccessfully for months to sell him another policy that would have underwritten just the kind of disaster that finally caught up with him.

Rykoff's case is not as unusual as it might sound. This has become the heyday of the personal damage suit, the era in which you can be pauperized for life if you engage even casually in any one of the countless participant sports. Your dish may be golf or skiing, ice skating, hunting, fishing, tobogganing, bowling, canoeing, baseball, touch-football, tennis, basketball or even archery. But no matter what the sport is, you are running the risk of a financial earthquake every time you limber up for your exercise. You don't have to be a patently negligent person to find yourself at the tag end of a personal damage suit. In many cases, careful and reasonably prudent sportsmen are adjudged legally negligent simply because, as presently constituted, the cards are heavily stacked in their disfavor.

How come the floodgates have suddenly been opened wide for this torrent of legal haymakers? Well, one important reason is the marked upsurge in the number of Americans who are trying their hand at participant sports.

"Men aren't content anymore just to go to the hockey rink or the ball park and watch the professionals perform," an official of the National Safety Council points out. "In the last few years, there's been a great increase in the number of men who want to provide their own good time. As a result, golf links are jammed, ski slopes that used to be semi-deserted now have to expand to take care of excess business, and in the woods it's getting so you can't see the game for all the hunters. When things crowd up like that, and with everybody getting in his neighbor's way, there's much more danger of accidents than there used to be. We try to teach extreme carefulness, but when a fellow's out for a day of sport, he's full of get-up and go, and impulsive about getting in as much action as fast as he can."

The amazing increase in "claim consciousness" on all social levels of American life has helped make participant sports a financially risky proposition. "Ten years ago if you were chasing a ball in a pick-up ball game and you bumped into a spectator, chances are he'd pick himself up, brush his clothes off, maybe call you a name, and go on his way," observes Dr. Herbert J. Stack, director of New York University's Center for Safety Education. "Today, the same person would be very slow about getting up, he'd look around for witnesses attesting to the manner in which he was knocked down, then go calling on a lawyer. We've become lawsuit-conscious and even lawsuit-happy."

The $25,000 verdict which the jury brought in against the shoe salesman with a yen for outboard motoring exemplifies the inflationary trend in damage suits of this kind. Judges and juries are now placing infinitely higher values on lost hours of work, injuries, the degree of suffering, and the recuperation time required. The records of the Los Angeles Superior Courts for instance, show that the average verdict for the plaintiff in cases of personal injury have shot up by more than 160% since 1940. Judge Richard Hartshorne of the Court of Common Please in Newark, N. J., noted in a recent issue of the American Bar Association Journal that the nation-wide boom in monetary verdicts for plaintiffs has reached "unprecedented and often illogical heights." As the awards keep growing in size, more and more negligence lawyers are attracted to this field, which in turn engenders the vicious circle of still more suits and still fatter damage payments. "The old ambulance chasers are now all hanging around the golf courses, waiting to grab the first guy hit with a ball, and sign him as their client," one New York judge told me.

The great rush of American males to buy golf clubs, stimulated by the inauguration of a golf-happy President, has made the links the choicest arena in the sports world for the personal damage suit. Sometimes the suits can be settled for a few hundred or a few thousand dollars (still a sky-high price for a day's game), but often they reach incredible proportions. The classic case involved a textile executive named Arnold McAuliffe, who would probably be inclined to mortgage his soul to the first devil that came along if he could only get back one golf ball he drove off a Wisconsin tee.

McAuliffe's drive zoomed high off the ground, but it hooked sharply to the left. It sailed across the fence that marked the edge of the course and kept right on going until it hit the windshield of a car purring along the highway. The driver lost control of the wheel, and the car careened crazily into a tree. One passenger in the car was killed and four others were critically injured. When they got around to suing, the amount they demanded was $60,000. A jury cut only $20,000 from that figure so that the total cost to the golfer for one bad swing was a staggering $40,000.

The plaintiffs also sued the golf course on the grounds that their links had been constructed too close to a public highway. It turned out however, that the course had been there long before the highway, that responsibility for the accident was pinned solely on the player.

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Though decisions in cases of this kind vary from court to court, the legal rule of thumb is that the defendant is responsible to the extent that he must exercise "due care and reasonable caution." Most journeyman golfers would consider that a man who is heavily penalized just because he happened to hit a ball off the course is the victim of a legal foul, but the decision was allowed to stand and no doubt will set a precedent for future cases.

Golfing accidents sometimes happen on the practice green in the backyard as well as on the links and the insurance files even list one case of a freak mishap whose locale was New York's Broadway. Two over-zealous golfers were heading for the subway and a trip to one of New York's public links when one of them insisted on demonstrating his swing right on the sidewalk. Instead of tapping the ball, the driving fever infected him and he slammed it right through the window of the Californian Restaurant. While broken glass showered on three women diners, the ball bounced giddily around the restaurant, finally hitting owner Arthur Maisel in the head. Maisel, a golf nut himself, let the offender off easily, but the women went to court and collected $3,000.

It isn't necessary to hit somebody with a ball to get hit with a lawsuit. A frequent golf accident occurs when you swing without checking to see if there's anyone near you. An old man was killed by the impact of a follow-through on a Miami course and even though he had no business breathing down a golfer's neck, a suit filed on behalf of his estate clipped the player for $5,000. In another case, on a Texas course, a duffer got so enraged over a bad slice, that he smashed his club against a tree. Part of the club broke, flew off at a tangent, and conked another player in the eye. The price for this understandable burst of temper was $2,000.

Even when there are no physical injuries resulting from a sports accident, the new gimmick of the "emotional injury" may be used to pry loose a huge settlement. "It isn't hard to get a doctor to certify to disturbances of an emotional or a psychological nature, when there are no serious physical injuries to show," a negligence lawyer told me candidly. "The doctor wouldn't be sticking his neck out, because he's attesting to something that's almost impossible to disprove. What with the new awareness of psychology and pseudo-psychiatry on the part of the people who make up our juries, you can get a neat settlement from them where once they wouldn't have given you a cent." In one recent case in Omaha, golfer Fred Haggar hit a ball which glanced off a spectator's temple. The ball wasn't hit hard, there were no visible injuries save for a small bump, and three doctors couldn't find any physical damage. Yet by claiming "emotional damage, dizzy spells, and migraine headaches," the spectator was able to nick the golfer for $3,000.

Here's a rundown of common accidents in other participant sports which can result in ruinous lawsuits:

SKIING. The most frequent accident comes when a skiier careens out of control along a hill, and bowls over another skiier or spectator. Recently, at a Far West ski resort, a visiting Chicago businessman lost his footing, tumbled off the slope and crashed skis-first into two women. One was knocked over on her head, and rolled for 30 feet, she suffered such severe injuries that she may be an invalid for life. The other came up with multiple head and facial injuries. The tab came to $35,000, and the businessman had to go into bankruptcy, and sell his house and most of his wife's jewelry, in order to meet the payment.

ICE HOCKEY. The flailing sticks and flying pucks that break bones and bash heads in the organized professional sport can be just as devastating in the friendly game you play on a chill Sunday morning. Witness the case of Ivin Manley who scored three goals in an informal game on a frozen Minnesota pond, then spoiled his day by walloping a puck squarely into a spectator's face. Result—a suit for $6,000. In a game on a makeshift North Dakota rink, one boy poleaxed another with his stick. Result—settlement out of court for $2,000. Professional players can't be sued for accidents of this kind because they're covered by special laws applied to pro sports. But if you're a sport-for-sports sake enthusiast, you're wide open for all the assorted legal jabs and hooks.

BASEBALL. "Watch that bat!" That old warning cry to the bat-thrower takes on even more importance these days when a man's job, his life's savings and all his possessions may depend on just where the bat lands when it obeys the laws of gravity and comes down. During a ball game played on a Brooklyn lot, a cab driver named Sheldon Ackerman took a vicious cut at a slow curve, missed the ball, and hurled his bat 10 feet in the air. It landed on an old man's head, and knocked him over backwards so that he struck his head on a cement pavement. It cost Ackerman $10,000 before he could wriggle off the legal hook.

Foul balls bouncing off the playing field often hit passers-by, resulting in accidents and lawsuits. Wild pitches and high throws are equally dangerous. A pregnant woman, strolling along a quiet street in Louisville, Kentucky, was conked by a baseball heaved clear of the playing field. She was knocked unconscious and subsequently lost her child. This ballooned the size of her damage suit against the unlucky thrower.

BOATING. Motorboat owners buy marine insurance as a matter of course. This compensates them in case their boat explodes in the water, or is consumed by fire. Yet they never seem to protect themselves against cases of personal injury, which can easily be more catastrophic from the viewpoint of financial damages. There's always the danger of running over a swimmer, as our friend with the outboard did. Other common accidents occur when a visitor aboard the boat slips on a wet spot on deck, topples over some equipment or gear, or falls on his head when the boat makes a sudden start or stop.

Canoeing is fraught with even more danger, because of the canoe's notorious susceptibility to a tip-over. If the dunking is caused by wind or waves, you can charge it up to an Act of God, but carelessness or over-eagerness on the part of a paddler will leave him wide open for a damage suit. The parents of one New York youngster drowned in a canoe acci-

". . . And you're *no Joe DiMaggio!!"*

dent successfully sued the parents of his companion, on grounds that companion's faulty paddling had caused the tragedy.

ICE SKATING. Ice skating suits provide thick folders in insurance offices. The skater who trips over his own skates and falls on his face can't sue anybody but himself, but if another skater bumps him, he's got a ready-made case. Falls on the ice can be disastrous. One skater was killed on an Indiana pond last year when his skull was split open as he crashed against the frozen surface. When the inevitable lawsuit came up (with an asking price of $20,000) the defendant argued that the deceased had been negligent because he'd been standing flat-footed in the middle of the pond instead of moving over to the sidelines. The jury wouldn't buy it, and the verdict went for the plaintiff.

ROLLER SKATING. This isn't as risky a sport because there's no ice around to act as a rock-pile pillow, but there have been any number of lawsuits cropping up from collisions on the turn, or falls caused by skaters tripping over one another's skates. The most dangerous kind of accident, financially speaking, comes when a skater accidentally lurches into a group on a crowded roller rink, scattering them all over the floor and inviting lawsuits from the whole crowd.

COASTING. This may be only for kids, but if an accident happens, it's the father who'll be hauled into court. Six-year-old Eddie Soppening was belly-whopping down a Philadelphia gutter one Sunday morning when his sled crashed into a woman and bowled her over. Result—spinal injuries, months of hospitalization and treatment, and a legal bill to the elder Soppening for $11,000.

HUNTING. Hunting accidents have been with us since man carved out his first crude gun, but there have never been as many as in the last two years, due to the increase in the number of hunters. These accidents are invariably serious and invariably carry an expensive price tag. A quick check of some of the cases recorded in recent court files turned up these representative samples: "FARGO, N. D.: $19,500 awarded to hunter for loss of eye in shooting accident; BUTTE, MONTANA—"Man shot in head files suit for $30,000! ATLANTA, GA.—"$20,000 awarded to widow of guide killed in accident during quail hunt." Hunting accidents can also occur at a safe distance from game areas. Two sportsmen who were returning from a hunt in New England rode back to town in a wagon. The wagon struck a rut, jarred one of the guns, and it went off. The bullet went right through the heart of one of the hunters, killing him instantly. Later, police found that it was his sidekick's gun which went off. The widow sued and collected $20,000 on the grounds that the sidekick should have unloaded his gun when he left the shooting grounds.

FISHING. The over-eager angler, who is multiplying in the nation's streams these days much more than the trout, doesn't realize what a dangerous weapon a fishing pole can be. Two old friends were fishing an Ohio stream not long ago when one caught his pal in the eye with the fishhook. The eye was virtually ripped from its socket and friendship ceased immediately. Result—out of court settlement for $6,000. Another fisherman, casting in a California stream, caught a girl's cheek with his hook and gouged through it until it was a mess of shredded flesh. She went to Dr. Robert A. Franklyn, the famous Hollywood plastic surgeon, had her face completely done over, and billed the fisherman for a few thousand.

BOWLING. Cartoonists have a field day drawing funny pictures of people whose toes act as targets for dropped bowling balls. It isn't funny to the man with the sore toe and it isn't funny to the man responsible for it, particularly when he starts getting lawyer letters. Broken toes can keep a man away from his job for a long period of time and thus inflate the damage toll. In one New York alley, a bowler had the misfortune to drop his ball on the toe of a professional dancer. The dancer was able to prove that he lost $8,500 in scheduled bookings and the bowler who had lost control of his ball had to make good the loss in income.

SWIMMING. Usually a swimmer creates his own accident in the water, but sometimes horseplay on the part of a friend makes him legally liable for the damages. Witness a recent incident in Louisiana where one college student playfully held his pal under water. He maintained the stranglehold just a little too long, and the pal died before he was allowed up for air. They're still trying to settle this case, but it's sure to be expensive.

BICYCLE AND HORSEBACK RIDING. There's always the chance of knocking over a passer-by when you're rolling along on your bicycle or even astride Old Dobbin. You'll argue that the passer-by had no business being where he was, but you'll probably become the fall guy for whatever damages result. Horseback riding suits also crop up when one rider slams into another, or causes a horse to bolt in fright, upending the man in the saddle and tumbling him on his back or head.

The most pernicious kind of personal damage suit in the sports filed goes by the legal name of the "attractive nuisance." An ancient law, practically unknown to the general public, makes you liable for damages if you create an activity which is presumed irresistible to the over-curious child and entices him into trouble. No matter what the mitigating circumstances, no matter the fact that the kid is a brazen interloper, no matter that it is nobody's fault but his own that he gets hurt—legally, you're the villain in the piece.

A tennis game played on a private court in Wilmington, Delaware, makes a frightening case in point. One of the players was rushing toward the net when a dirty-faced kid came scooting across the court. The player, intent on hitting the ball, never noticed the pint-sized visitor, and wound up for a walloping forehand drive. Instead of meeting the ball, the racquet knocked the kid for a row of ninepins. There were contusions, lacerations, and an assortment of fractures to contend with, all adding up to a full-blown legal case. In court, the tennis

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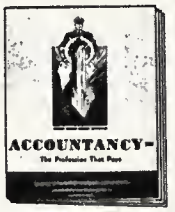

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player was able to prove that the boy had been trespassing and that he didn't even live in the immediate neighborhood. No matter, said the judge and jury. Your game attracted the boy, and that makes you responsible for everything that happened to him.

Even if you build a huge fence around your property, you're not free from liability so long as the boy is able to climb it and pop in. One kid in Chicago was "attracted" by a wading pool in the back of a neighbor's house. He climbed the fence, tested the pool, found a way to drown in it, and eventually made the unsuspecting and unknowing neighbor legally responsible for it all.

In a somewhat similar case, a Trenton, New Jersey youngster, vaulted a fence into a backyard, found a contingent of young men and women trying their hand at archery, and wandered into an errant arrow. This tragedy was also laid smack at the door of the "attractive nuisance" and the young man who shot the arrow was tagged with the legal responsibility.

The loosely drawn interpretations of our current laws point up the fact that any informal baseball of softball game, any ice hockey game organized on a pond or a public rink, any touch-football game, any backyard basketball game, or even any soccer game, can be officially adjudged an "attractive nuisance," with disastrous effect to even the most cautious participant. "If your victim is a small child, then no matter how guiltless you are, the law will probably be interpreted to underwrite him and his and soak you and yours," one lawyer explains it.

How to protect against the atomizing financial repercussions of a foul ball, a wild swing, a high throw, a fall off a ski slope, or the sudden appearance of an uninvited kid? One way is to lobby for legislation that would give the sports participant a better break in court and increase the responsibility of spectators who wander too close to a sporting activity. But legislation, particularly on state-wide levels, is a slow and tortuous process, and even at its best will never afford a complete safeguard. The only sure way to protect yourself is through insurance.

Up until recently, it took a covey of separate policies to insure the sports lover against all the legal birdshot that could conceivably be fired at him. Small wonder then that nobody bothered to sit down with an insurance agent long enough to hash them over. Times have changed. All the casualty companies have come up with what they call a comprehensive personal liability policy. This one will buy you and the members of your family $10,000 worth of protection for as little as $10 a year. Throw in another $5 premium, and the protective fence around you will be increased to $25,000.

Since the comprehensive policy covers the insured in *all* personal liability situations—including those that develop around the house or in the street as well as out in your sporting arena—it would seem to make the most attractive buy since the Marilyn Monroe calendar. Yet the stark truth is that it is widely, almost callously, ignored. Less than one per cent of the entire American population has taken out these policies so far, and the percentage applies proportionately to the sports-happy males.

Hundreds of thousands of men pay about $200 a year for collision insurance on their cars, but only an infinitesimal number are willing to pay the $10 or $15 for protection against personal damage suits. The worst financial loss covered by collision insurance would be the total loss of the car. The worst that could happen in a plaintiff's verdict in a personal liability case has no limit, except for the azure sky.

"People think first of accidents that seem more likely to happen to them," explains Raymond N. Caverly, vice-president of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York. "It's easy for them to imagine a fire, a robbery, an auto collision, a sickness. Yet the large, really catastrophic losses that may occur through what the law calls personal negligence seem far away in their minds. Some quirk in their thinking makes them insist that these losses are the kind that happen to somebody else—somebody they read about in the papers."

The fact is, of course, that "somebody else" can easily mean you. No game of sports, no day's outing, no challenge on the links, in the woods or the trout stream, will ever be worth financial bankruptcy. Are you one of the select few who has decided to come in out of the rain, with an insurance lid over your head? Or are you, too, being sued today? •

THE MAN WHO HAD NO FINGERPRINTS

Continued from page 19

"Why, that dirty butcher!" he swore. "He said this thing would be foolproof!"

Who said that? Who had promised him immunity and now had to eat a large helping of crow? Who had done for the penny-ante Pitts what couldn't be done for the big mobsters like Dillinger and Capone? Week after week, they badgered Pitts with questions, but he wouldn't break. They took him back to North Carolina, convicted him for the warehouse robbery and sent him up for 16 years. Still he wouldn't talk.

J. Edgar Hoover and his staff remained on tenterhooks—they couldn't get back to an oiled routine until they nabbed the brains behind this fingerprint magic.

On the face of it, the man they had to find seemed as difficult to trace as a pebble on a rocky beach. There were 160,000 doctors in the United States and it was always possible that it had been done abroad or even performed by a layman. Agents began systematic interviews of all known cons and ex-cons who had associated with Pits and tried to pick up scraps of relevant information. Finally, one former cellmate volunteered the information that Pitts had once blabbed the name of a New Jersey doctor named Brandenburg. The telephone directory listed Dr. Leopold Brandenburg at a Hudson Boulevard address in Union City and the F.B.I. put a tail on him, while simultaneously studying his record.

"Brandenburg was a mountain of a man, nearly six feet tall, gusty, obese, tremendously broad," Mr. Hoover points out. "His huge body lumbered as he walked and his clumsiness was accented by a limp, said to be due to infantile paralysis. Brown, buttony lips peered out of deep indentations in the flesh of his face, which elsewhere hung in heavy folds from almost invisible cheeks and jawbones. He wore small, rimless glasses, the bowed kind for ordinary circumstances, the prince-nez for show. One would hardly say that his manner, bedside or otherwise, inspired confidence. He seemed to lean too heavily on the theory that all the world loves a fat man. At the same time his appearance was genial and smiling, rather than sinister."

It turned out that the obese doctor had quite a dossier. As far back as the late twenties, he'd been arrested twice on charges of criminal abortion, but the first charge had been nol prossed and the jury failed to indict on the second. In 1934, he was arrested for writing prescriptions for narcotics without having registered under the Harrison act, but was let off with a small fine. What really intrigued the government sleuths was the fact that he had also been convicted as an accessory in a mail robbery which had been master-minded by the omnipresent Ludwig Schmidt. A few days after the robbery, Brandenburg had deposited $10,000 in a Rutherford, N. J. bank, using the alias of George Scofield. The money turned out to be part of the mail robbery loot. Schmidt, "Ice Wagon" Commos, Basil Banghart and Ike Kostner were shipped off to Alcatraz for their part in the crime, but Brandenburg's luck held. His conviction was reversed on the grounds that the government hadn't proved he knew the money he was handling was stolen property.

On the surface at least, there was an iron thread tying Brandenburg, Schmidt, and Pitts together. But even the most callow law school graduate could tell you that the government didn't have sufficient courtroom evidence to hold the doctor for as long as five minutes. Schmidt was put on the questioning griddle in the warden's office at Alcatraz, but he kept his upper and lower plates of teeth glued firmly together.

The kid on the non-stop merry-go-

round had nothing on the F.B.I. for ring-around-the-rosy frustration at this point. They had their man but they couldn't even read him a stern lecture. Then Pitts jumped back into the act. Tired of the dull life at the Raleigh pen, be banged out a note to Brandenburg, demanding immediate payment of $800, presumably to allow him to buy special privileges. The note was mailed to a Bob Everett of Beach Haven, N. J., who turned out to be Pitts' contact with the doctor. Instead of reaching Everett however, it fell into the hands of a disinterested female who remembered her obligations as a citizen and hollered for the gendarmes.

For the first time, Hoover's relentless G-Men had direct evidence linking the man without fingerprints with the strange doctor from Union City. Working in cooperation with F. N. Littlejohn, Charlotte's shrewd chief of police, they induced Pitts to tell the full story and to appear as state's evidence when Brandenburg was tried for concealing a fugitive from justice. Pitts bared the gory details of his operation at the trial, and even flaunted the five open flaps of flesh on both sides of his torso.

Brandenburg was convicted and sentenced to three years, but he still managed to escape a jail term. On appeal to the U. S. Circuit Court, his three year sentence was set aside on the grounds that he had been convicted for an act not listed as an offense under the federal statute!

This kind of luck couldn't go on forever, of course. In 1947, the mountainous doctor was finally clapped into a federal jail on a narcotics conviction to be served concurrently with a state sentence for abortion.

This took care of the practitioner of the infamous operation, but what about his patient?

Well, Pitts' testimony against the doctor inspired a parole board with the sublime idea that maybe Charlotte's bad little boy was now going to behave, and they let him out of jail at just about the time that Brandenburg was going in. Pitts promptly married a childhood sweetheart and for two years settled down into the role of solid citizen.

The old itch hadn't deserted him, however. Late in 1949, he moseyed down to Salem Crossroads, S. C., and found a general store run by an old-timer who didn't believe in banks. Face covered with a mask, Pitts raided the store late one night, tied up the old proprietor and emptied a cash box containing 30 years' savings.

It was foolproof, Pitts told himself. He'd made his heist in a section where the police didn't know him, the mask had covered his face, and of course, there were no fingerprints left behind. He was still crowing over his success when the police swooped down on his hotel room, caught him with part of the loot and had him dispatched for a firm 20-year term which may well turn out to be a life sentence.

What had gone wrong? Simply this. Ever since Pitts' release, he had been the No. 1 suspect in virtually every crime in the South where there were no prints left behind. It was inevitable that following this one crime he actually did commit, his whereabouts would be instantly checked.

"He got rid of his fingerprints to hide his identity," says Police Chief Littlejohn. "As a result, he was no longer a small-time crook—but just about the best-known and the easiest-to-find criminal in the country." •

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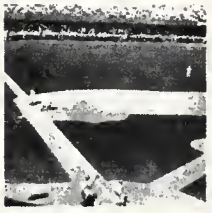

BASEBALL'S BLACKEST HOUR

Continued from page 15

The rumor would not down that a syndicate of eastern gamblers had "gotten to" the Sox, and for fabulous fees—reportedly running well into six figures—had persuaded them to throw the series. It set Charles Comiskey to stewing and fretting all over again.

Comiskey was being needled in print, by Hughie Fullerton, the first newspaperman to come out openly and suggest that the series had been fixed. In fact, prompted by Fullerton's barbs The Old Roman announced that he would pay $10,000 to anyone who could give him evidence that the World Series of 1919 hadn't been on the level. He got no takers.

Meanwhile, with the season over and the team disbanding, Comiskey delayed the departure for home of his manager, Kid Gleason, the old Baltimore Oriole, long enough to ask Gleason's opinion of the fix rumors. Gleason was dubious.

It would be almost impossible to fix a ball game, Gleason insisted, since no one player or group of players could possibly know in advance that they'd be able to control the play enough to assure an outcome to their liking. In short, unless the whole team were in on it—and this was an unlikely situation—a fix virtually was impossible.

And that was that, and there was Comiskey, with Fullerton jabbing at him and his team in print, and with rumor piling atop rumor.

One of these told of a known gambler having been seen during the series coming out of a Chicago hotel where many of the Sox were known to live. Another—more fact than rumor—told of Gleason's having met Cicotte wandering in the street late on the night before the fourth game of the series, a game Cicotte was slated to pitch. A third put the eastern gambler in the picture as the notorious Arnold Rothstein. A fourth said the amount paid the Sox was $100,000. And a fifth—also later established as fact—had certain of the Sox, notably Cicotte and Gandil, squandering large amounts of money after the series was over on automobiles, expensive jewelry, and similar gewgaws not deemed possible on a loser's share of the series take.

In desperation, Comiskey went before the district attorney of Chicago's Cook County, with the idea of bringing the whole ugly mess out into the open. The district attorney, however, even though he too had heard the rumors had nothing to offer the White Sox owner. It would be virtually impossible to prove a fix in court with the evidence at hand, he told Comiskey.

Comiskey decided to change that. Before the first snow hit Michigan Boulevard, he had a battery of private eyes on his payroll, and these sleuths roamed far and wide in search of the evidence the prosecutor felt he'd need. They found nothing. As 1920 roared in with a blast of horns, it was time to start training for the new season, and the World Series of 1919 apparently had gone into history as nothing more than a fall classic with more than the normal amount of form reversal.

Meanwhile Chicagoans settled down to heaving the matter back and forth across their dinner tables, and to debating the pros and cons of the whole situation.

There were many, of course, who said that, if there'd *been* a fix, Comiskey had no one to blame but himself. Well, maybe he did have a few other people to blame—his fellow magnates in the fraternity of big league baseball club owners. These latter gentlemen were not noted for their fabulous wisdom, and, in at least several instances, they were known to have pulled some gigantic rocks.

One of the latter came as a result of the first World War. With the Armistice a month old, the owners had their December meetings of 1918. The wheels decided that 1918 had been a bad year at the ticket windows, but that 1919 would be worse, since people would be too busy tidying up after the war to worry their heads about ball games.

It was a colossal blunder, of course, the usual postwar sports boom making 1919 one of baseball's best years to date. But in the meantime, specifically at those December meetings of 1918, the owners had decided to tighten their belts. They started first with the 1919 schedule, cutting it from 154 games to 140. Next they agreed to shorten the spring training period. They pared squads from the normal player limit of 25 to 21. And, finally—secretly—they voted to whittle player salaries to the bone.

The last was the boner to end all boners.

For, as a result, some of the greatest stars of the game were working for almost coolie wages when the 1919 season began. Joe Jackson, for example, the White Sox leftfielder, and said by many to be one of the five greatest players the game ever has known, reportedly drew approximately $5,000. Cicotte, the mainstay of the pitching staff, who was to duplicate his 1917 record of winning 29 games, had to settle for a salary of $6,000. And the other players received amounts farther down the financial scale.

But, in the cases of the White Sox, the lean pickings of 1919 were not the only cause for gloom. Comiskey had reportedly told them back in 1917 that, if they won the pennant that year, they all would be paid bonuses, just as he had paid bonuses to his previous pennant winners, the "Hitless Wonders" of 1906. But the story went that Comiskey had failed to keep his word when the 1917 team came out on top, and this broken

promise still rankled in the hearts of most of the veterans.

Even worse, in addition to getting no bonuses for their work in 1917, the 1918 Sox in most cases were asked to take wartime salary cuts, and this addition of insult to injury to a team which, the year before, had won a pennant and a world's championship often has been mentioned as enough to make a man throw something a good deal more substantial than a ball game.

In any case, there were those debating the fix rumors in that winter of 1919-20 who held that, if the White Sox *had* sold out to the gamblers, they had good reason to do so. But, while debating that phase of the puzzle, there were others who insisted that, even if they'd wanted to throw the series, in order to augment their dreary pay checks, the Sox were just not a team who could agree on *anything* long enough to have evolved a conspiracy.

For as Chicago writer Warren Brown points out, in his history of the club, *The Chicago White Sox,* the Comiskey players were anything but a great big happy family. Even though they were so good that they were accustomed to coming out on the field before a game, asking their pitcher how many runs he'd need to win, and then going out and getting them, still, that didn't mean they were at all chummy about it. In fact, considering their feuds and enmities, they had to be the really sensational players they are credited with being in order to win the pennant at all.

For example, second baseman Eddie Collins supposedly hadn't talked to first baseman Chic Gandil in the two years prior to the 1919 series. On his other side, Collins wasn't exactly adored by shortstop Swede Risberg. Risberg had no love for catcher Ray Schalk. And neither Schalk nor Collins passed much time exchanging pleasantries with outfielders Jackson and Felsch.

As Collins has said since, if he wanted to have someone throw the ball to him in fielding practice, he had to wait until Schalk somehow got hold of it. Yet this was the team that had dominated the American League in that season of 1919, and which was so good that no one had given the Reds even a ghost of a chance to take even one game, much less the championship.

But hot stove arguments, dinner table debates, and sessions with district attorneys don't solve mysteries as complex as the one involving the question, did or did not the Chicago White Sox of 1919 throw the World Series, and, as a result, the spring of 1920 found the Sox once more assembling for another diamond campaign.

There was one exception. First baseman Chic Gandil, based on his 1919 accomplishments, which had made him the best fielding first sacker in baseball, held out for a whopping raise, didn't get it, and failed to report for the 1920 season.

All the others were back in uniform, however, and the 1920 season became almost a duplicate of the 1919 one, with the Sox getting just enough runs to win, and coming up to the September stretch drive with the pennant virtually in the bag for the second year in a row. True, they'd taken plenty of bench jockeying all season—based on the still-active rumors of their 1919 sell-out—but they didn't let that affect their play. They appeared to be well on their way to another World Series.

Then came the explosion.

Oddly enough, its beginning had nothing to do with the Sox, stemming instead from their crosstown National League rivals, the Cubs. According to the reports, an attempt had been made during that 1920 season to fix a game between the Cubs and the Phillies. Unlike the White Sox charges, however, this one was based more on fact than rumor, and the Cook County (Chicago) Grand Jury decided to launch an investigation.

From Philadelphia, Jimmy Isaminger, a Chicago baseball writer who had watched the collapse of the Sox in some amazement the previous autumn, wired a story to his paper which he based on an interview with one Billy Maharg, a gambler whose name had been linked with Arnold Rothstein's in the rumors surrounding the supposed fix of the 1919 series. According to Isaminger, Maharg had talked.

Talked! Judging by the interview, Maharg had sung like a canary, and his revelations, hitting Chicago in the midst of the investigation of the National League scandal, pushed this latter mess off the front pages and back somewhere near the want-ads.

According to Maharg, he had been summoned to New York the previous September by Abe Attell, the former featherweight champion, and Bill Burns, an ex-ballplayer now dabbling in gambling. The two needed him, Maharg said, to help them "fix" the Chicago White Sox in the event the latter won the 1919 American League pennant.

While in New York, Maharg revealed, he called on Chic Gandil and Eddie Cicotte in their hotel room, during their last eastern swing of the 1919 season. Cicotte and Gandil were fed up, they were alleged to have told Maharg, with their pitiful financial situation. They would like to do something about it, and if the price were right, they supposedly told Maharg, they could guarantee the cooperation of six other Sox players in a fix of the World Series.

The price was right—$100,000, just as the rumors had hinted, to be paid $20,000 at a time, before each game of the series.

Following this, Maharg said, Burns contacted Arnold Rothstein, in order to get the latter to put up the hundred grand, and Attell later told the others that Rothstein would go along, stipulating only that the money be paid *after* each game rather than before, so that there'd be plenty of cash on hand for bets before the games.

According to Maharg, that then was that, and he didn't see the players again until the night before that first game in Cincinnati—October 3, 1919—when the gamblers met with Cicotte, Gandil and Claude Williams to make the final arrangements for the fix. According to the gambler, the first game went off as scheduled, with the Sox blowing it by that horrendous 9 to 1 score.

Following the first game, Maharg went

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to Attell's Cincinnati hotel room and was greeted by the sight of a huge pile of money. Of this, $10,000 was counted out, given to Burns, and the latter supposedly took it to Cicotte's room and placed it under the pitcher's pillow.

The second game also went according to the gamblers' plans, this being the one Williams pitched and amazed the customers by his unaccustomed generosity with bases on balls. But it was after this second game, Maharg said, that he and Burns became convinced that Attell was doublecrossing them. As they saw it, Rothstein wasn't in on the deal at all (subsequently borne out by Rothstein's own testimony), and Attell was, instead, using the winnings from each day's game to finance the plot on his own.

In addition, Maharg told Isaminger that he and Burns had come to the conviction that Attell also wasn't keeping up with his agreed payments to the players, and that this was the reason the Sox refused to cooperate by dropping the third game—the one Kerr pitched—to the Reds. In any case, Maharg and Burns dropped their shirts on this third contest, while suspecting that Attell had crossed them up by switching his bets to the Sox rather than the Reds.

As Maharg saw it, some $500,000 was the take for the gamblers on the first two games, but he had no idea how much of this was lost on the third game. He felt pretty sure, though, he said in winding up his story, that at least a couple of the players who'd been in on the fix never got a dime from Attell.

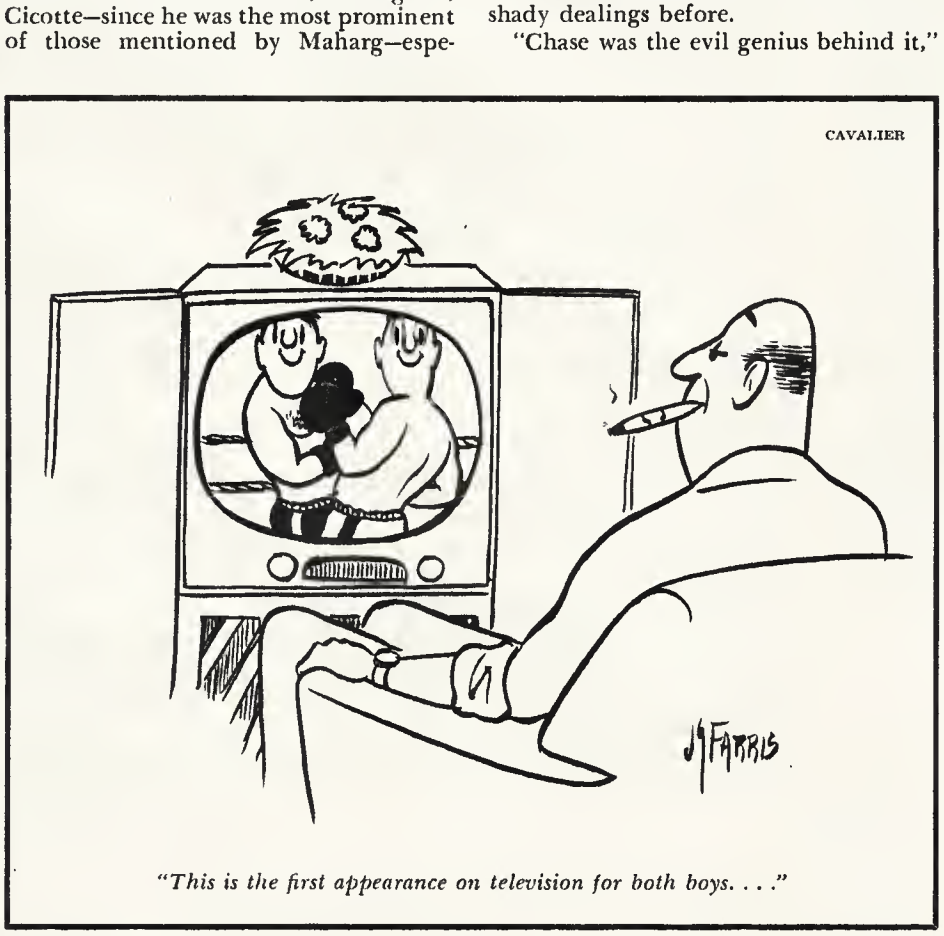
As can be imagined, this story hit Chicago with the impact of an H-bomb. The players, in the midst of a hot pennant fight and with less than a week to go before the end of the season, were aghast, Cicotte—since he was the most prominent of those mentioned by Maharg—especially so. The pitcher went immediately to his manager, Kid Gleason, and asked the latter what he should do.

Gleason in turn handed Cicotte over to Comiskey, and, according to the reports, Cicotte confessed the truth of Maharg's charges to the White Sox owner. Comiskey, crushed by the revelations, is said to have advised Cicotte to go before the Grand Jury and tell the full story, which Cicotte immediately did, taking Joe Jackson, Hap Felsch, and Claude Williams with him. All four testified, and, though the hearings were held in secret, supposedly identified Gandil, Risberg, third baseman Weaver, and utility infielder Fred McMullen, as the other Sox players in on the plot.

It was after one of these Grand Jury hearings, incidentally, and not outside a locker room, that one famous anecdote stemming from the scandal supposedly originated. As the peerless Jackson (who hit .375 in the disputed series, by the way) was leaving the Grand Jury room, a small boy in the crowd outside was said to have raised a tear-stained, pleading face to his hero and begged, "Say it ain't so, Joe." In later years, Jackson denied the truth of this fanciful bit of malarkey, claiming it had originated entirely in the mind of the reporter who'd written it.

What is rarely mentioned in connection with the story, however, is the fact that, in addition to indicting the eight Sox players, the Grand Jury also handed up an indictment against Hal Chase, the former New York Giants first baseman, who was charged with being one of the fixers. According to veteran baseball writer Fred Lieb, writing in his book, *The Baseball Story,* one of the Sox players laid the entire blame for the scandal on Chase, who'd been involved in similar shady dealings before.

"Chase was the evil genius behind it,"



"This is the first appearance on television for both boys. . . ."

Lieb was told. "Other players knew he'd gotten away with murder . . . so they argued that if Chase could get by undetected for years, there was nothing to it."

Regardless, Cicotte, Williams and Jackson signed confessions, and Felsch made one to reporters covering the story. All these confessions later were repudiated by the signers; and, in fact, when the case eventually headed toward a trial, it was discovered that not only were the confessions missing from the files, so was most of the other evidence. In view of this, the D.A.—there'd been a change in administrations—now saw he had no case, and he moved for a dismissal of the indictments.

This time it was Ban Johnson, head of the American League, who hired the private eyes, and he sent them scurrying all over the country, and even into Mexico, in search of new evidence. Eventually, Johnson's efforts paid off in the form of a bale of incriminating papers his sleuths wangled out of Bill Burns, and once again the eight players—now called the Black instead of the White Sox—were indicted. But, after a trial during the summer of 1921, a jury, on August 2 gave its verdict—not guilty.

With one exception. With baseball back on its heels as a result of the sordid revelations of the Black Sox mess, the game's magnates knew full well that strong measures would have to be taken if the entire game were not to be permanently wrecked. Accordingly, as their first move to restore public confidence in the sport, they scrapped the old three-man National Commission which had been running the game, and hired in its place Judge Kenesaw M. Landis as the game's first complete and autocratic czar.

And it is to Landis to whom much of the credit is given for saving the game. As one of his first steps in that direction, the flinty-eyed Chicago jurist made a move which, although seemingly drastic, was the only one he could under the circumstances—he banned all eight of the indicted White Sox players from the game for life.

It made no difference to Landis that the players never had been found guilty, or even that one of the eight—Buck Weaver—was cleared by several others of any complicity in the plot. Because his name had been connected with the scandal, even though apparently innocently, Weaver was forced to join the others in obscurity. To this day, though, the third baseman never has given up his fight to clear his name of the dark blot left on it by the scandal, a scandal in which there is no evidence he even knew of the plot, much less took part in it.

Such was Landis' strength during his reign. That he still might not have succeeded in saving the game, however, is believed by many, had he not had the aid of a surprising helper.

The latter was a slick Boston Red Sox pitcher and part-time outfielder named George Herman Ruth. Sold to the Yankees in 1920, Ruth employed a weapon of his own to bring the fans back to baseball and restore their confidence in it. This weapon was the home-run, a device the Babe employed so successfully that, in a short time, the Black Sox scandal was pushed into the background by the hordes who acclaimed this new hero and urged him on to greater and greater glory.

Today, baseball is a game rarely connected with even a trace of scandal or wrong-doing. That a great deal of the credit is due to Landis and Ruth, and the many other great stars the game has produced in the past 35 years, goes without saying. That also, in a curious, left-handed measure, it is due to the fact that the game had a past in the first place is sometimes forgotten.

For, if there had been no Black Sox scandal, if the 1919 series had gone off as expected, who knows what other blows—infinitely more disastrous—might have been struck, and which would have accomplished what a few twisted minds failed to do, such a long time ago? •

TREASURE OF MASSACRE MINE

Continued from page 27

five men to go with him, including Peters. He figured he should be back within 10 days, if not sooner.

In the meantime, several of the men had left the canyon one day when they were supposed to be panning gold, and had gone to explore the mesa above. When Adams learned of it, he flew into a rage. "You damn fools," he bellowed, "do you want the Injuns to kill us all? We told 'em we wouldn't go up there if they would leave us alone down here. They've kept their bargain, but you skunks break ours."

Slim Wakefield, a hot-blooded young prospector who had been one of the three violators, got up from a rock where he had been squatting. "You wouldn't be callin' me a skunk, would you, Jim?" he snarled, making a move toward a six-shooter that hung at his hip.

Adams hadn't been fighting off road agents and Apaches for years along the trail from Tucson to Los Angeles, without learning to shoot first and argue afterward.

Instantly his gun barked. Wakefield pitched to the canyon floor, dead.

"Any others want to discuss the proposition?" Adams inquired, looking around at the startled group.

None of them did.

This first death among the prospectors brought a pall of gloom over the camp. Men talked in whispers, some apparently taking sides with Adams, others sympa-

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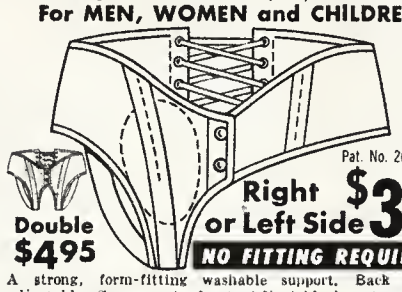

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thizing with the dead Wakefield who had been popular with his companions. The more thoughtful remained silent, realizing their leader was right and wondering if the Indians would attack, now that the peace pact had been violated.

But when two days passed and nothing had been seen of Indians, the fear of a reprisal was overcome by the greed for larger nuggets which Wakefield and his two companions had brought with them from the mesa. One by one they sneaked away until one afternoon only Adams and Davidson were left in the canyon.

"The fools," Adams grunted, "they'll have us all scalped yet."

Davidson nodded. "Maybe we better go see what they're up to, Jim."

Presently the two men rode out through the gateway and along the rocky trail, watching for any signs of their own party or Indians. Suddenly Adams reined in his horse and pointed. "What's that?" he whispered as Davidson pulled up beside him.

He needed no answer for a hundred feet ahead the body of a white man, neatly scalped, and with an arrow in his back, lay in the trail.

They quickly identified the dead man as one of their party. "I knew it," Adams said bitterly as they moved on. "If we don't get out of here we'll all be in the same fix."

A little further on they came upon two more bodies, similarly scalped and slain with arrows in the back.

Returning to the canyon they found the rest of the men had returned from the mesa. They had narrowly escaped an ambush and were all terrified. That night guard posts were set up and no camp fires were allowed.

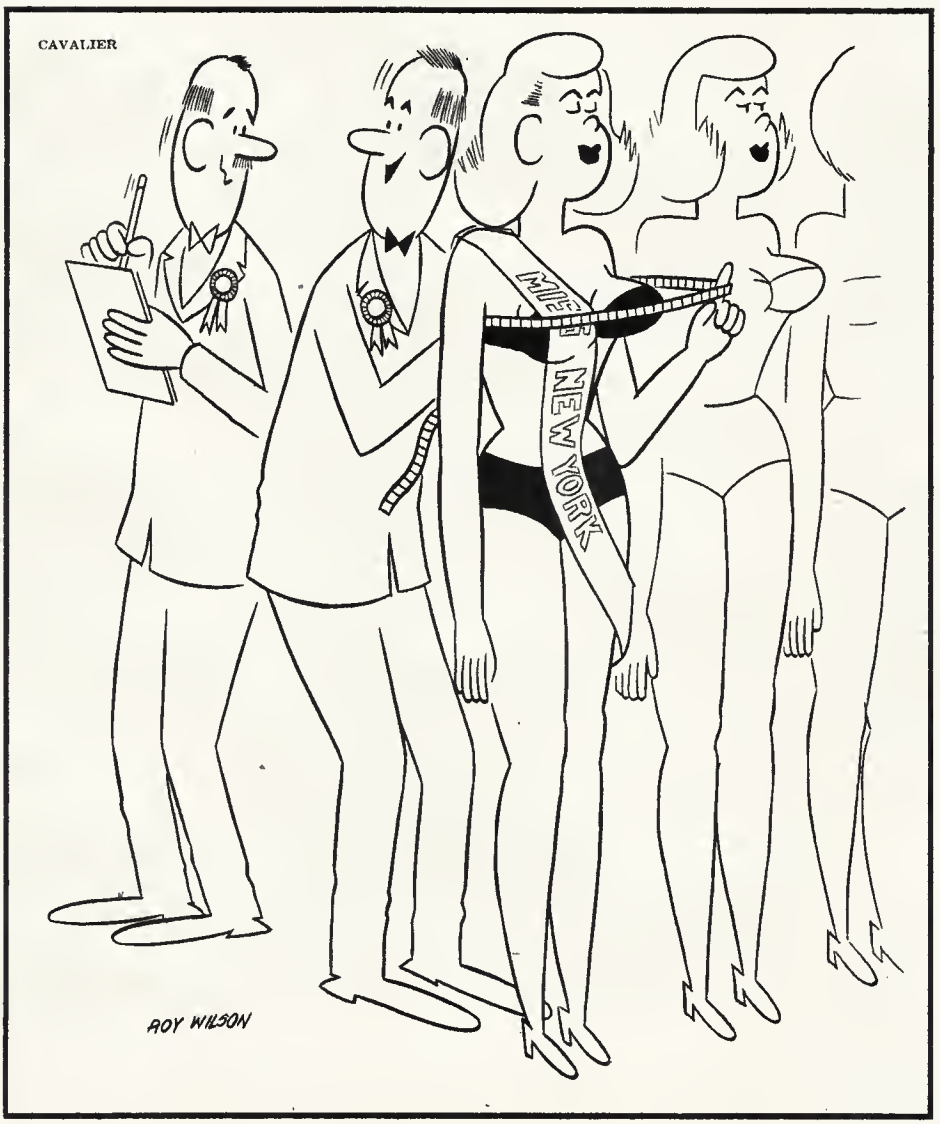
Adams now was alarmed about Brewer and the five men who had gone with him for supplies. It had been nine days since they had left. There was a very good chance that the infuriated redskins had ambushed Brewer's party.

The following morning Adams, Davidson and the others held a council of war. It was decided that they'd pack up their gold on the horses Brewer had not taken with him and head out of the wilderness. There were now 11 men in the party.

Leaving Hostetter in charge of the loading operation, Adams and Davidson started out to search for Brewer, hoping to head him off if he was nearby and perhaps save him being ambushed.

Several miles from the camp they came upon a dead horse. An arrow was sticking out of his side. A little further on they found Peters' scalped body. He had been dead several hours. A little farther on, they found four more men, all dead and scalped. There was no sign of Brewer.

Realizing their own situation was desperate, Adams and Davidson started back



toward the gateway to the hidden canyon. A mile away they were startled by the sound of gunfire. Within a short time the wild yells of redskins forced them to abandon the trail and hide in the dense thicket.

They remained there until dark, then made their way to the rocky door and advanced cautiously toward their camp. Long before they reached it, they saw the glowing embers of the burned cabin.

The two men tethered their horses near the gateway, and began to creep toward the camp. There they found nothing but death. Of the original party only Adams, Davidson, Brewer and The Dutchman had escaped the Indians. And for all Adams and Davidson knew, Brewer and the German also were victims of the murderous Indians.

Long before dawn the two men had gathered up as much gold as they could carry. When they attempted to put the rest back into the cache, they found that the stone slab was too hot for them to touch. Adams was in favor of leaving it there, but Davidson had a better plan. "If we try and get out now," he said, "the Injuns will be watching fer us. So why don't we wait a day until they think we are all dead. Then we can hide the stuff under the stone, cover it with ashes and come back for it later." Adams had no desire to travel alone, so he agreed to the plan. They lay hidden throughout the day, and saw no signs of the Indians. The stone slab was cool enough to move that night. They dumped the packs of gold back into the cache, covered it with the stone and scraped ashes and earth over it. Then they went back to their horses and rode out of the valley of death.

Adams said there was at least $150,000 in dust and nuggets left behind when they departed.

Meantime, Brewer, who had been wounded with an arrow when his party was ambushed while returning with supplies, had escaped with his life and made his way back on foot to the camp. From a high cliff he watched the massacre of his friends, the burning of the cabin and the departure of the Indians. Later, when he recounted the strange tale, he said there were at least 200 redskins in the raiding party.

Unaware that Adams and Davidson were hiding nearby and believing that he was the sole survivor of the ill-fated expedition, Brewer abandoned the idea of going down to the camp. He turned and started back toward Fort Wingate. But his wound made him so sick he soon lost his sense of direction.

How he survived, he never knew. He said he remembered eating berries, nuts and occasionally coming across a stream from which he quenched his burning thirst. Eventually, when he was all but exhausted and dying, a party of friendly Indians found him and nursed him back to health. Weeks later they took him to the headwaters of the Rio Grande River, gave him a canoe and food and started him down the river toward Santa Fe. When he told his story, no one believed him. He was regarded as a mad man.

In telling the story of his ordeal, Brewer wrote, "When I got out of the canyon the terror and horror I had felt when I escaped came back to me. I realized I had no matches, no gun, no food. I didn't know where I could find water. My wound was painful and showed signs of infection. I was afoot, four days journey on horseback from the nearest human habitation or fort.

"It was dark and as I stumbled along the rocky ground, my legs were torn with sharp thorns. Suddenly, as the hopelessness of my predicament sifted into my brain, I started running and yelling 'Adams . . . Davidson . . . Adams, where are you!' I thought I would go mad."

While Brewer was escaping in one direction from the canyon, Adams and Davidson fared little better heading out in another. Adams' horse broke a leg and had to be shot. For a time the men toted their packs on Davidson's mount, but soon the animal became sick and died.

Afoot in the wilderness, they carried as much gold as they could and pressed on. As the days passed Davidson's mind began to play tricks with him. He took a violent hatred to Adams and tried to kill him on several occasions. One day he ate a handful of strange berries and became seriously ill. For a week he hovered between life and death, finally recovering sufficient strength to go on.

As hardship piled upon hardship, Adams lost track of time. Starving, emaciated, and near exhaustion, his boots in shreds and his feet cruelly cut by the rocky trails, he had all but given up in despair when a party of United States Cavalry troopers from Fort Apache found the two wanderers.

When Adams told his story and displayed the gold he had with him, the soldiers at the fort were interested but the commandant said he had no orders to go on a treasure-hunting expedition. As a matter of fact, Adams couldn't tell them how to get to the canyon by this time. So he went to Santa Fe, and eventually to Los Angeles.

Davidson, his mind gone, was cared for by the post doctor. As soon as he was able to travel, he was sent to Fort Whipple where he said he had friends. He died there, regaining neither his health nor his sanity. But his mental ramblings made some sense and, when compared years later with the accounts of Brewer and Adams, they helped substantiate the overall story of the expedition.

With Davidson dead and Brewer apparently satisfied to talk about the gold mine instead of attempting to relocate it, Adams was the only survivor who made any serious attempt to go back. He spent a year dissipating the small fortune he had brought out with him, retelling the tale so many times and with such astonishing variations that he undoubtedly confused himself.

When his money was gone he went back to freighting. He knew that only a well-financed and organized expedition to relocate the hidden canyon could succeed. But no one believed him at the time as he had little evidence of the existence of the mine.

It was not until nine years later, in 1874, that Brewer was heard of again. By this time he was bitten by the gold bug once more and wanted to make another try at the vast fortune hidden behind

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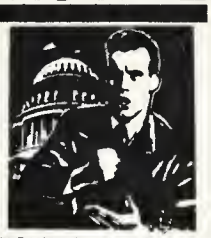

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the rocky gateway in Never Never Land.

Eventually, the stories of Brewer and Adams were heard by the same people and an investigation was started. This led to the account of the fate of Davidson.

Learning that Brewer was alive and was planning an attempt to relocate the mine, Adams got busy and succeeded in interesting Captain Charles Shaw, a retired and wealthy Army officer, in providing backing for an expedition.

This proved a failure almost before it was started. Led by Adams and Shaw, 14 men went as far as the lava beds before being turned back by the Apaches.

A year later Shaw, who was satisfied Adams could lead him to the treasure, started again. This time they got to within a few days' journey of the canyon. Adams pointed out landmarks he had told of but as they got closer, he appeared to have lost his way. The upshot was that Shaw accused Adams of using him to get back to the area, then refusing to take him to the hidden portal because he wanted to claim all the gold for himself.

Adams had one more fling at it, this time with two companions. The Apaches had been moved to the San Carlos Indian Reservation and no longer were a menace in the vicinity of the canyon. Further evidence that the mine actually existed was found when several braves told of having been in the war party that massacred the miners. They told how they had surprised the men, who had been so busy watching each other and the gold that they hadn't seen the attackers until it was too late. But they refused to tell where the canyon was located or how to get there.

Adams finally gave up.

As the years passed, however, and more information concerning the hidden valley accumulated, others became infected with gold fever and conducted expeditions in search of the mine. One of these was Dr. James Spurgeon, who had been a post surgeon at Fort Apache. He had heard the stories of Adams, Brewer and Davidson and had interested several friends in attempting to find the lost door with him. The first attempt failed, as had all others.

In organizing his expedition, Dr. Spurgeon wrote, "Adams and Davidson were in a very serious condition both mentally and physically. Being the post doctor, I was called upon to care for them. I felt Davidson would not live long. They told me, not very coherently, what they had been through. They both showed me nuggets of gold they brought out and gave a description of the country. I wanted to organize an expedition and go back with Adams, who responded to treatment and I felt would be sound again and ready for the trail within a short time. But there were only some soldiers around and the commandant said he had no orders to send his men on a treasure hunt.

"I was under orders, too, but I decided that when I was out of the service, I would try and relocate the mine. But when my service expired, I went to Ohio to live and never got around to looking for Adams' gold mine until too late.

Like all the others who had preceeded him in the vain quest for quick riches, the doctor failed on his first attempt to find the lost mine.

Spurgeon was not satisfied even though his health was failing. So he employed Bill Dowling, an old prospector and desert rat, to continue the quest.

Dowling carried on the search for several years with various companions. One afternoon, while he was ahead of the others, he came upon a break in the rocky wall. It was almost closed by slides but he managed to crawl through into a small box canyon. Below he saw the stumps of trees, a spring surrounded by cottonwoods, a stream, the ruins of a log cabin that had been burned, and bleaching skeletons of men. There was no question in his mind. This was the lost canyon. He returned to his companions and slyly led them away in another direction.

Later Dowling made a crude map of the area, marking landmarks and directions. Because the others were watching him closely, he was forced to do a makeshift job.

Eventually, the party gave up and returned to Los Angeles. Dowling reported to Dr. Spurgeon he did not believe any such canyon or mine existed.

A short time later Dowling was badly injured in an accident in Los Angeles. When he recovered, he had lost his sight permanently. Thereupon he confessed he actually had found the gateway to the canyon and agreed to lead an expedition back. But his map was so inaccurate it proved worthless and he could not tell his party how to reach the canyon or the gateway he had found.

There is little doubt Dowling actually did find the mine for his descriptions of numerous things he saw near the ruins of the cabin both Adams and Brewer had forgotten or never mentioned until they were revived in their memory by the blind man's statement, convinced investigators he was telling the truth.

In the 90 years that have passed since Adams, Brewer and the others found the mine countless attempts have been made by adventurers and fortune hunters to locate the hidden gateway to the lost canyon in which lies a vast hoard of gold. Hardly a prospector or desert rat in the West has failed to have a go at it. None has been successful. Several have located landmarks and trails mentioned by the four men who saw it and came back to tell stories of unbelievable wealth. But that narrow gap in the rocky wall has always eluded them.

It is the belief of mining men that the gateway was long ago closed by landslides, which have sealed the lost canyon forever. No one knows how many of these small box canyons exist in the Rocky Mountains. They are always difficult to find, almost inaccessible, many times impossible to locate by any known method of surveying or inspection by land or air.

Perhaps, some day, a lucky fortune hunter will solve the riddle of the lost gateway to the canyon in Never Never Land. Maybe a helicopter will drop down between the perpendicular walls to the spot where a vast treasure lies in a creek bed and under the hearth stone of a burned cabin. It's there, all right. The trick is to find it. •

THE GREAT NORTH POLE SCANDAL

[*Continued from page 7*]

"astonished at the indifference to his plight by an ungrateful world."

On the very same day, Einar Lundborg, of Sweden, piloting a two seater, spotted the camp on the vast expanse of white waste. After several tries, he made a landing.

Nobile, still wearing his dress sword, hobbled to the plane. Biagi and Mariano were lying listlessly on the board pallets they had crudely fashioned from the wooden cases. Nobile, Lundborg said later, appeared beside himself, chuckling and grinning and felicitating the pilot on his landing. "You are to be congratulated. I never had any doubts I would be found," Nobile said.

He hobbled back to his two crew members, pumped their hands and said, looking down at them, "We will come back for you, never fear." Then with Lundborg's aid, he clambered into the plane.

In several hours, he was in King Bay at his brother's side. He looked rosy-cheeked and healthy. He immediately sent a message to the Duce, then ordered one sent to the two men remaining at the floe. "Keep of good cheer. You will soon join me," that message read. It was the last message he bothered to send. Eagerly, he awaited the great receptions he was sure would follow.

The news that Nobile had been rescued brought great headlines. No one talked of anything else. Then a follow-up story told that Nobile had elected to go on the rescue plane and had left his surviving two men on the floe.

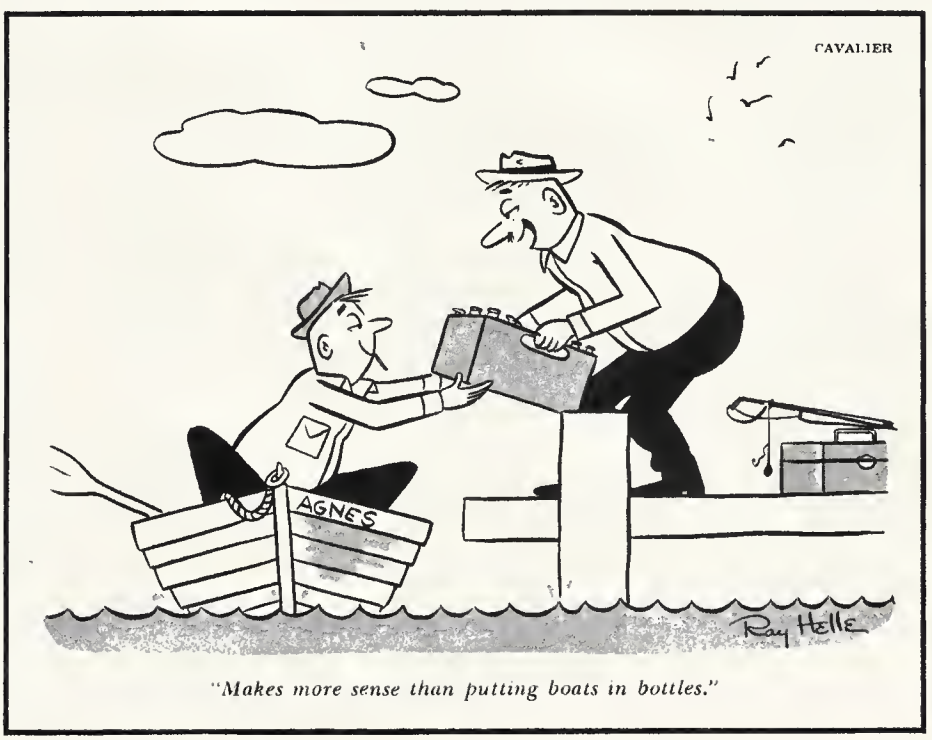
The world was shocked. It was the first time in the memory of man that a captain of a vessel had nominated himself as the one to be taken off first. The story did not sit well and criticism was severe and sharp. Mussolini canceled several receptions he had ordered. Nobile was stark amazed at the impudent queries which came in from the press associations of the world. "Why did you leave your men and choose to save yourself?" was the gist of the messages.

A special plane flew Nobile to Narvik, Norway. There, awaiting him, were reporters from a world combined pool. Within an hour after talking to Nobile, the newsmen filed stories which intimated how miraculous it was that Nobile looked so well-fed after his grueling ordeal and his hardships without food while being marooned for more than three weeks without ample rations.

The sensational story began to blow up now. Ugly suspicions reared their heads. Nobile was roundly condemned for leaving his men and the curious press insisted upon knowing why he looked so splendid. "What happened to the other three men who died so conveniently?" the press asked in almost editorial headline.

Mussolini foamed at the mouth and angrily refused to see foreign correspondents.

On June 22, while Nobile was marking time in Narvik and sending frantic messages to the Duce, two Swedish seaplanes sighted the two men on the floe and dropped a rifle, medicine, food, whisky,



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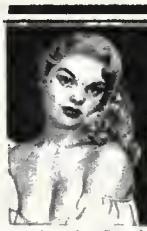

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cigarettes, a tent, and blankets. It was merely a fluke that the seaplane had sighted the men for the floe, since Lundborg had landed on it and noted its location, had drifted several hundred miles in the Greenland Sea.

That very day, Lundborg crashed in a take-off when for the seventh time he essayed a mercy flight to find the two remaining men. He died a few days later of injuries and burns.

On June 27, Biagi and Mariano were taken off the floe by the two Swedish seaplanes and were landed at Kiruna, Sweden. There, after two days, they were able to talk to the wire services which in the meantime had charted their own planes and had flown reporters to the areas where the big story of the day was breaking.

Biagi and Mariano were emaciated. Each had lost more than 50 pounds in weight. Tests showed that the extreme cold had worn them down to the point where to all purposes they should have been dead. The severe cold, coupled with the lack of body heat because of no food, had brought them to the point of permanent invalidism for the rest of their lives.

The press compared the physical state of Biagi and Mariano with that of Nobile and the ugly rumors about the three dead men again cropped up. Why did Nobile look so robust? Why did he send just one message to the two men on the floe? Did he hope they would die so that they could not talk? Why did Nobile suffer no permanent effects from the cold and the lack of food? "Even if no other unsavory suspicions are true," said one editorial in a newspaper, "Nobile is to be condemned for not allowing one of his men, each of whom were in far more perilous state than himself, to be taken off by Lundborg. Moreover, one cannot but keep asking why Nobile looked so well fed. The rumors will not be downed and the suspicions are well founded."

On June 30, on the advice of the Italian Ambassador to Germany, Nobile entrained for Italy in a sealed train. All of Europe and much of North America was aroused. In almost every language in the world, the word "Cannibal," was used. As Nobile's train passed through Germany and Austria, it was stoned by townsfolk and villagers. Curses were shouted at the man lurking behind the windows and peering through the blinds.

When Nobile reached Rome, he was whisked away to a hideout. Mussolini refused to see him. The Italian press was forbidden to mention the story but the world press kept it up for months.

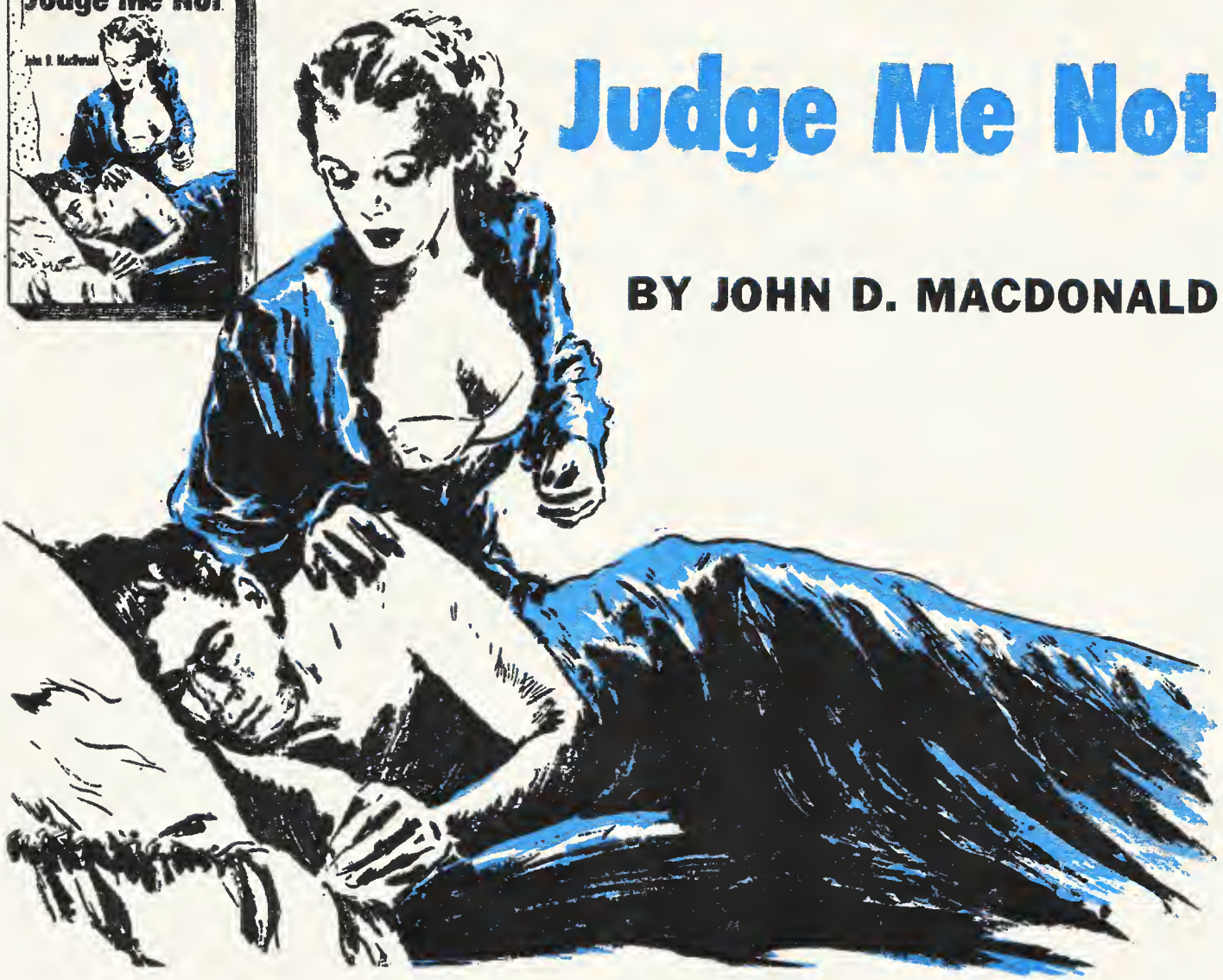
Nobile died in 1939, an embittered man who continued to write letters to newspapers, explorers, politicians, and publishers. Few of these letters were answered. Each was a hysterical explanation of why he allowed himself to be taken off the floe and how it happened that he looked so healthy when he was rescued.

No one ever looked for the three bodies. They would have been hard to locate even if they were still in the ice. •

BEST-SELLING NOVEL IN THIS ISSUE

Judge Me Not

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD



CHAPTER ONE

When the woman left his side he turned, in his sleep, toward the window.

The late October sun slanted across West Canada Lake, rebounded from the locked shutters of the other camps, shone with faint warmth through the open window of Teed Morrow's rented camp, shone red through his closed eyelids as he let himself drift slowly up from a nap of pure relaxation. He lay naked on the red and blue Indian blanket, a rangy, deep-chested man, with muscles laced tightly to the angular bones. The brown hair on his arms and legs was bleached lighter than his summer tan. He yawned and sat up slowly, stretching his left arm until the shoulder popped, scratching his chest with the knuckles of his right hand. His features were heavy, and his eyes were chronically sleepy, and his hair was a tight cap of brown-blond wire, thinning just a bit on top.

He squinted appreciatively across the lake at the fading fire-colors of autumn on the slopes of the Adirondack hills, and felt sad that this was nearly the last of the week ends before the camp was taken over by winter.

The distant hiss of the shower stopped and the water pump chugged on for a few minutes before it stopped too. He flipped a mental coin and decided on a swim. His trunks were still beside the bed where he had dropped them. As he stood up to pull them on he noticed how neatly the mayor's wife had arranged her clothes on the cane-bottomed chair at the foot of the bed. Nubby fall suit, with coat fitted over the back of the chair, skirt folded neatly. High-heeled alligator pumps standing side by side, an inch from the hanging toes of the empty nylons.

A very neat woman. Very careful. Very calmly and carefully sensuous, a quality making this little affair quite safe while at the same time robbing it of the spice which recklessness would have sharpened.

The door of the tiny bathroom swung open and she came out with her faintly, intriguingly knock-kneed walk. She had her head lowered so that the dark hair, damp from the shower, had fallen forward over one eye. She was biting her underlip and her arms were craned up behind her, fastening the bra. Her breasts were small, her hips tautly narrow, the sheer whiteness of the bra and panties startling against the almost mahogany tan.

Reprint of the Gold Medal Novel, JUDGE ME NOT. Copyright 1951 by John D. MacDonald

"There," she said. She tossed her head, flinging the dark hair back, standing smiling at him with measured warmth, with only a trace of consciousness of self.

He knew that her pride was in her girl's body, in her unsagging tautness, in nut brownness that the years—she would not tell him how many, though he guessed thirty-four—had not touched, and so he always felt a strong obligation to make a small salute in the general direction of that pride.

He shook his head, clucking. "Not over seventeen, miss."

"Great fool! What woke you up? I was going to sneak out."

"Sun in my eyes. And you floundering and splashing around in there."

She picked up shoes and nylons and sat on the edge of the bed. She pulled the stockings on, her face intent on this small task and he stood and watched her, trying to gauge within himself the extent of renewed desire, because this was the measure of how long this thing would last. And, instead of desire, he saw a meagerness about her body. In her face there was a touch of something simian.

Felice slipped the pumps on, stood up and walked away from the bed and looked down and backward around her hips, curving her shoulder out of the way. "Seams straight, Teed?"

"Straight. Say, how about your hair?"

"You mean wet? I'll leave the top down. It'll be dry by the time I get back to Deron."

She took her purse off the high bureau, turned and smiled at him. "If you're going to kiss me, better do it before I get my face on."

He tilted her chin up, kissed her lightly, quickly.

"And is that all?" she pouted.

"For the nonce, Mrs. Carboy."

He sat on the bed and watched her apply the careful make-up, then don blouse, skirt, tailored jacket. She had brushed her hair into shape. The last thing she did was take a pair of tilted glasses with heavy dark frames and put them on. It was the last touch which always seemed to turn her into a reasonably prosperous librarian. She looked at her watch. "Lots of time."

She sat beside him on the bed. He took her purse, dug out two cigarettes, handed her one. She detested having her cigarettes lit for her, then handed to her.

He struck the match. He lit hers and then, as he was lighting his own, she said, "What do you think of me, Teed?"

"I think you're the poor man's chameleon. Twenty minutes after you leap out of bed, you look ready to be speaker at the luncheon club. Unflattering, I call it."

"Teed! I don't mean that way. I mean when you met me." She swung a crossed leg and pouted.

"Let me see. That was in hizzoner's office. There I was, a clean young civil servant, looking lustfully at the mayor's wife."

"Be serious, Teed."

"O.K., so I saw a gleam in your eye."

"Other men haven't seen it."

"Oh, I'm always alert for a gleam like that. And frankly, hizzoner didn't strike me as the sort of old party who could do very much about that gleam."

She gave him a cool look. "So the perceptive Teed Morrow decided then and there that I was a loose woman. Now who's unflattering?"

"No. Not then and there. That was just a preliminary survey. I rechecked it that night I bummed a ride home with you after the late work."

"Rechecked!" she said scornfully. "Masterful type, aren't you? The subtle approach. Fat chance I had to say yes, no, or maybe."

"People usually say no to hesitant people just because they think they should say it."

She looked down and drew crosses on the back of his hand with a pointed fingernail. From his angle of vision he could look into the curve of her throat, see the slow beat of a visible pulse.

"What's the matter with me, Teed?" she asked softly. "I ought to feel rotten, all the way through. And my conscience doesn't hurt a bit. I just don't want to be caught, and that's all I care."

"What are you working up to, Felice?"

She lifted her eyes slowly to his. Her lips were not far from his. Her mouth trembled, and he felt almost certain that she had made it tremble.

"Would I be too terribly silly if I sort of . . . kid myself, Teed?"

"In what way?"

"Well . . . thinking that . . . doing this with you might help Mark."

He stared at her and wanted to laugh. "Now wait a minute, Felice! Let's get back on where I fell off. Item—Mark Carboy is the Mayor, and your husband. Item—Mark Carboy is a slightly stupid man, a figurehead for the Raval mob. Item—my boss, Powell Dennison, is the new City Manager who is very frankly out to take the city away from Raval. What am I supposed to do? Go up to Powell and say, 'Please, Mr. Dennison, you got to take it easy on Carboy because I'm sleeping with Mrs. Carboy?' "

She winced. "Damn you, do you have to say it that way?"

"Then tell me what you mean."

She shrugged. "Everybody calls you Dennison's hatchet man, ever since he sent for you six months ago. If you wanted to help Mark, you could find a way."

"If I wanted to."

She looked down again and ran her fingertips up the back of his wrist. "Do you want to take my silly little rationalization away from me, darling?"

"And if I did?"

"I just really don't see how I could . . . let myself go on with this. I mean I love you and need you so dreadfully and all that, but . . ."

"You'd like to think you were really doing it for Mark, eh?"

She didn't look up. "Don't be cruel to me, Teed."

"I suppose you want me to promise."

"Oh, yes, Teed. Just a little promise. And it won't hurt anybody. Mark isn't dangerous." He saw her mouth twist. "He's just a fool."

He felt remote, apart from the two figures sitting on the bed, almost as though he were a third person—judicious, objective, slightly scornful. No matter how soulfully they could manage to look at each other, no matter how suggestively her fingertips nibbled at his arm, it was still a tired little scene that did neither of them any particular credit. He wondered if his sudden desire to humiliate her arose simply from a feeling of revulsion at this trade she wanted to make.

"That's something I ought to think over."

She gave him a wide-eyed stare. "Think? For heavens sake, why?"

"I should promise, eh? Like that. Because you ask me to."

"No. Because I mean something to you, Teed."

"Sure you do, kitten. You mean a lot to me."

She took off the heavy-rimmed glasses, leaned back, bracing herself with her arms, looking at him with a shy, inviting smile.

"It isn't really as late as I thought, Teed," she said. "Tell me what I mean to you."

"A near miss, Felice."

She stiffened. "What does that mean?"

"All along it's been a good try. But your love-making, my sweet, has been under very precise control. Your little frenzies have been so very exact. Like you have an outline in the back of your mind, a sort of picture of Felice enjoying herself, and you follow it right down to the last semicolon."

For a few moments her face was utterly expressionless. He felt as though he could actually hear the tiny click as the decision dropped into place in her mind. She pivoted suddenly, kicking her feet up, falling back across his lap, looking up at him.

"Of course it was that way, Teed," she said. "But now it will be better. I didn't realize I had that . . . reserve. Now you've explained it to me. Now that I know you'll help silly old Mark, the . . . last barriers can drop, Teed. The very last. I'll be the most perfectly wanton thing. Hold me, Teed. Hold me tight. Maybe now I can really completely forget myself. Please, Teed."

No, baby, he thought. You've never forgotten yourself and you never will. You are a trim, tight, controlled little package, and in your little blindnesses and incoherences, your little love-cries, you've been reading your lines off a script in the back of your mind. I've heard the pages rattle as you turned them.

He let her wait. He made no move. Something quite close to hate stirred behind her eyes, even as she was making them heavy-lidded. He could sense her surprise that he did not plead for a continuance of this time-tabled, double-spaced, rigorously-outlined affair in which each posturing, each body juxtaposition had been as curiously impersonal as the complex figures of an ancient dance with stern rules and forgotten significances. Her little excitements had been doled out by the cc., and her rapt functions had been performed with the practiced economy and elegance of the expert.

He was a little surprised at the relief he felt that it was now over, as though the shame had come, not from the necessary subterfuges of adultery, but from a sense of misdirected functioning, as though he were an adolescene now giving up forbidden solitary experimentations.

So he shook his head sadly and said, "All for Mark, eh? My lamb, the merchandise is attractive, but the markup is too high."

He caught her wrist when her curved nails were inches from his eyes. She tore herself free. He sat placidly and watched her pace in restless anger.

"A truly astonishing vocabulary," he said mildly.

She suddenly fought for control, achieved it quickly. "All right, Teed. I'll mark it up as a waste of effort." She gave her flashing simian grin, and he liked her for it. "An enjoyable waste, but a waste."

"I could ease the blow a little for Mark, but what's the point? He's in deep. People generally pay for their deeds."

"Aren't you a little righteous, Teed?"

"That business about pots and kettles isn't written into the statutes yet. We are going to have to see each other around town, Felice. Let's not end it on too bad a note. Would it look too silly if we shook hands?"

"Like the old joke about the monkeys? It would be silly, but there's no one here but us chickens." She walked over to him as he stood up. He had always liked her walk. A taut, brisk little walk, feet coming down firmly. It called attention to the cleverness of assembly of the joints and tendons of ankle, knee, and hip. He handed her the glasses and she put them on, put on at the same time the little earnestness that went with the glasses, a social-worker, Wellesley-graduate, only-the-best-books earnestness.

She shook hands a bit uncertainly, like an actress who discovers that the last sheet of her radio script is unaccountably missing.

There was nothing to gather up, for in

"Eat some grass, beautiful," Raval ordered. So the leggy brunette got down, picked up a clump of grass and began to chew.

Then Raval turned toward Teed. "You and your racket-busting boss stay in town long enough, and I'll own you too. I tell you to eat grass and you'll eat grass."

And with that statement, the criminals of Deron declared war on the men who had sworn to clean up the crooked city.

all previous visits to the camp she had left nothing. She took her purse and tbey walked out to the slightly shabby convertible whicb was tbe second car of the Carboy family.

I shall never forget you, Teed," she said seriously.

"Take it easy on the way back. The roads are tricky at dusk, Felice."

"You won't ever . . . oh, hint or anything to anybody, Teed?"

For one moment her mask of precision and calmness slipped, and tbere was something naked and afraid in her eyes. She sat behind tbe wheel, jacket unbuttoned, breast tilted sbarp against the blouse fabric. And looking at her, he knew how he had missed in the beginning, how he had never thought of the very obvious device of extreme roughness, of hands careless of the softness of her. And in the moment of ending all of it, he knew it was possible to begin it again, and on a different and better basis.

So lie patted her shoulder very lightly and said, "Take care, honey," then stood and watched the car bounce on the ruts of the short lane, turn sharply onto tbe highway. The motor drone faded away down the two-lane asphalt that half circled the lake.

Teed wandered back into the camp, oddly restless. There was little left of her. A towel, still steamy, on the shower rail. Four cigarette butts, red-smeared, in the flat brass tray. Two long black hairs caught in his brush. An indentation in the pillow where she had napped. He hung the towel out on the line, emptied the ash tray into the chunk stove, fluffed out the pillow. He pulled the hairs from the white bristles of the brush and, remembering a childhood trick, held them tightly as he ran thumb and fingernail down the length of them. They sprang into black, tight-coiled springs, and that was supposed to mean that you were healthy.

The last of the sun was gone when he walked down to the dock. He went off in a flat dive, came up snorting, lifting his arms in a slow powerful crawl. A hundred yards off-shore he rolled onto his back and floated, thought about Felice. She probably loved Mark Carboy, the fumbling old fool. Felice was a second wife. Tbe children of the first marriage were grown, living far away.

There was prestige in being the wife of the mayor. Even, under the brand new City Manager Plan, a figurehead mayor. But Felice hadn't saved him, couldn't save him.

Teed Morrow felt a hard excitement as he thougbt of how be and Powell Dennison were going to break the city of Deron wide open.

Powell Dennison had been his faculty advisor when Teed had majored in political science. There had been mutual respect, friendship. Then during the occupation years, Colonel Dennison had wangled a transfer of Captain Morrow to his AMG command in Germany. Together they had broken the hold of the ex-Nazis, given tbe people a measure of trust and faith and hope, set up a town tbat later became a model for all military government in the western zone.

And after five years of infrequent correspondence, Powell Dennison had sent for him again, brought him to upstate New York from a job as director of a taxpayers' research bureau in western Pennsylvania, crammed his appointment as Assistant to the City Manager down the throats of the Common Council.

"This," said Powell Dennison, "is going to be a toughy. That's the way you like them, Teed, isn't it?"

"With minor reservations."

"Two hundred tbousand people here. A slick little bastard named Raval has been city boss since before he was old enough to vote. Not only does he wax fat on the horse-room take, whorehouse row, kickbacks from cops and firemen, punchboards, slots, dope . . . in fact, the whole usual line of racketeer arrangements, but he owns tbe city government, lock, stock, and barrel. His companies bid against each other for the privilege of paving the streets, building the scbools, digging the sewers. On the surface it looks like a two-party system, but actually nobody gets into office who isn't willing to play ball with Lonnie Raval. His goons control the wards which swing the balance of power one way or the other. There was a big yen for reform last year among the better citizens. So Lonnie threw tbem a bone. He let this City Manager thing go through. He figured lie could handle anybody who landed on the hot spot. That means me. I am going to be a serious surprise to Mr. Lonnie Raval."

"Sounds like fun."

"More than tbat, Teed. It's dangerous. Lonnie Raval is tied in with the Eastern Syndicate. He can import his hard boys when he needs them. The dope setup ties him in with the Maffia, and you know what playmates they can be. If we take a bang at things as soon as we uncover them, he'll pull our cork. So we work hard, do a lot of digging, and explode things all at once."

"That takes sources, and sources take money, Powell."

"Some local businessmen who don't want their names to enter into this thing have put up a secret fund. It's substantial. And cheaper for them In the long run if we can swing it."

He shivered suddenly, rolled over, and headed back for the dock. It bad been a rough and exciting six months. The affidavits were beginning to pile up in the safe-deposit box. Enough had leaked out so that a lot of people were nervous. Felice had been nervous, and wlth cause. Mark Carboy's name appeared on some of those affidavits. Powell Dennison hadn't set the date for dropping the whole mess in the District Attorney's lap, with copies to the one of the two daily papers with enough guts to spread the slime all over the front page. Teed hoped it would be soon. The tension and suspense were beginning to be a bit wearing.

Once he had showered and toweled himself dry, be wondered whether he'd stay or head back for the city. It was Sunday night. He padded into the kitchen and inspected the larder. Couple of cans of soup, one of beans, one of spaghetti. Sunday, October what? Last Sunday was the twenty-first. Tbat would make it . . .

He grinned and snapped his fingers. His grin was a bit shamefaced. Today was his birthday and it was the first time he had thought of it. Thirty-one today. Oddly, it

made the larder look most inadequate. A man owes himself a steak on his birthday.

Once upon a time birthdays had been part and piece of the long warm years of childhood. A dollar in an envelope from Aunt Marian. The BB rifle you weren't sure you'd get. The deep insuck of air and the hope that every candle would go out. Every last one. And a birthday made a difference in the world, in the whole world.

And then a birthday becomes like a milepost that you see from a train window, and if you forget to look at the proper moment, it is gone. And nobody in the wide world gives a damn whether you happen to notice that milepost or not, so any celebrating is like the whistling you do on a narrow lane at night where the trees meet overhead, forming a fearful tunnel. You have buried your people, and your kid sister was in that WAC queue outside the London theatre when the V-1 found them. And the lovely Ronnie who was everything to you married a dark trim little man who is doing quite well in the insurance business out in Dayton, and the last Christmas card, forwarded three times, was a heartbreaking cartoon of the lovely Ronnie and the dark man and the toddler and the baby and the two dogs.

But a man owes himself a steak and a few drinks and, afterward, a pleasant muzziness wherein he can sit and smoke with slower gestures than usual and think long pseudo-philosophic thoughts of time and life and how very dead you will eventually be when at last there are no mileposts and no window to see them from and no train clattering endlessly on.

Since it was his birthday, Teed Morrow dressed with special care. French linen shirt, the Shetland jacket, tawny gabardine slacks. He locked the camp, and the faint starlight made metallic glints on the gleaming black of the Ford convertible. White headlights cut a shocking hole in the night, and, leaving the top up, he drove without haste toward Deron, the radio barely audible, and he told himself that he was not the least bit lonely. He told himself one time too many, and became sourly amused. Spectacle of a man kidding himself.

CHAPTER TWO

For the sake of privacy, he had moved from the Hotel Deron during his second month in the city, had found a so-called garden apartment on the north edge of town, a new development on Bannock Road just off the main east-west highway. The red brick units contained four apartments apiece, each with its private entrance. The units were so placed that each apartment looked out on a reasonable amount of open space and greenery rather than onto other windows.

Had he been living entirely on the rather meager salary Dennison had been able to swing for him, the apartment would not have been possible. But, in a period of conservatism following his father's death, he had tied up the rather substantial inheritance so that he could not touch the principal. It brought in approximately two thousand dollars a year, and this made the difference between living carefully and living with a certain style.

The development had the advantage of having a central switchboard and messenger service, as well as maid service for those who wanted it.

He pulled in by the office and went inside. Mrs. Kidder, the slim, shy, overworked wife of the manager was at the switchboard, behind the high counter.

"Mr. Dennison called you three times this afternoon, Mr. Morrow. The last time he left the message you should come out to his house if you got back before ten."

Teed frowned and looked at his watch. A little after eight. He smiled at Amy Kidder. "Thanks, honey."

She blushed. "Now, Mr. Morrow!"

"As long as your husband doesn't catch on, we're safe, aren't we?"

It was an old game between them, one that he knew delighted her, and never failed to make her blush. He winked solemnly at her, and went out and got in the car. There was annoyance at having to run out to Powell Dennison's house just because the man happened to whistle for him, but the thought that it might be something hot, something new, muffled the annoyance.

Powell Dennison had rented a large, ugly frame house in one of the older sections of Deron. It was zoned residential, yet surrounded by areas that had been rezoned commercial. Teed parked in the narrow driveway beside the high front porch.

As he went up the last step onto the porch, the front door swung open silhouetting Powell against the hall light.

"Glad you decided to come back to town, Teed. Come on in." The voice, like the man, was slow, warm, sincere. He was a big man in his early fifties. Hard fat had larded the athlete's body. In the firm, florid flesh of his face, the gray eyes were level, honest, and unafraid. This man, Teed knew, had a mind so quick and so certain that, as an administrator, he could have scratched high on the tree in either private industry or state or federal government. Yet his passion was city government, his skill the rejuvenation of weary cities, his creed the potential grass-roots impact of awakened citizens. It was not his fault that he lived in an era where such dedication was poorly paid. Teed had long since decided that Powell would have continued with his work, somehow, even if it were without any salary at all.

Powell led Teed into the high narrow living room with its ugly rented furniture, brown floral wallpaper, shallow unusable fireplace. Marcia Dennison, the elder of the two daughters, sat in an overstuffed chair, one leg pulled up under her, a book in her lap. She was twenty-three. She did the marketing, and the cooking, in addition to working five mornings a week in a local secretarial school, teaching typing classes. Though it would have been extremely simple for Powell Dennison to have found part-time work for her with the city government, it was the sort of thing that he would never do.

Though she had never shown it, Teed had the strong feeling that Marcia disliked him. She was a lithe blonde, firm-lipped, with her father's gray eyes, with his air of calmness. Wherever she sat, however she stood, she seemed to be carefully posed, as though awaiting the pop of flashbulbs, yet he knew she was not vain. He always thought that the women of the Vikings had probably been like Marcia. Lithe grace concealing the essential sturdiness of thighs, the lioness loins. She sat there, in a cashmere cardigan that was not quite right for her because the shade of yellow took luster from her hair.

Jake, the other daughter, the dark, flashing, eighteen-year-old, the one most adored by Powell because she was like the wife who was now dead, was another matter. Entirely another matter, with her gawky ripeness, wide-lipped breathlessness, and hero-worshiping mind which had not yet caught up to the bright lushness of the woman-body. She had been reading a paper spread on the floor and as Teed came in, she bounded up, came swinging toward him in jeans and T shirt, eyes bright with the ever embarrassing worship, lips smiling for him, dark hair rumpled, smoothing it now with the back of her hand, with a woman-gesture not quite right for the child mind.

She caught his arm. "Oh, Teed. Teed, it's your birthday!"

Jake hugged his arm, cheek against his shoulder. It was good to know that someone else had remembered.

"And there's a cake," she said.

Marcia smiled faintly. "Under pressure. I said you wouldn't want one."

He met Marcia's level glance. "But I do. And thank you."

"I would have made it, Teed," Jake said, "but my cakes are awful." She let go of his arm and made a face, comically forlorn.

"You can have him back in a few minutes, girls," Powell said. "Come on into the study, Teed. I've got something to show you."

Teed had suspected for a long time that Powell had hopes of his one day marrying Marcia. Teed knew that Powell had no illusions about him, about his private life, and he guessed that Powell reasoned that, after marriage, Teed would settle down. Maybe Marcia's coolness was the result of having guessed what her father dreamed.

Powell Dennison shut the door of the small study and pointed to a box on the table. "Have a cigar, Teed."

"Never use them. Thought you knew that, Powell."

Powell gave him an enigmatic smile. "Take a look at the contents."

Teed looked at the open cigar box. One cigar was missing, and through the gap where it had been, he could see the green gleam of currency. He picked some more cigars out of the top row.

"Don't bother," Powell said. "I counted it all and replaced it. Five thousand in cash. I went down this morning to get in a little work. It was on my desk, wrapped in brown paper. My name printed on it in pencil."

Teed grinned at him. "We've got them worried."

"It looks crude, but it's pretty smooth, Teed. No proof. No receipts. No demands. I'm supposed to quietly pocket the dough. That puts me very gently on the hook."

Teed ran his thumb along the edge of the box. "It will be a pleasure to take them back."

"I thought you might enjoy it, Teed."

"I'll go out in the morning."

"Fine," said Powell in the tone that meant the subject was closed. He opened his desk drawer, took out a small package, gaily wrapped. "From the Dennisons," he said gruffly.

"Now, Powell. You didn't have to . . ."

"Have to? Listen to the man. Come on out where the girls can see you open it. Had your dinner?"

"Not yet."

"Marcia'll fix that. And I'll fix a shaker of stingers—a personal shaker for you, Teed."

Because the dining room was more than grim, the Dennisons had a snack and Teed had a pickup dinner in the big light kitchen, the present, still wrapped, by his plate. Jake shouted from the next room and Marcia turned off the lights. Jake came in bearing the cake, the light of the candles shining on her smiling lips, dark glint of eyes. They sang in the traditional way and Teed gathered in his breath and whoofed at the thirty-one candles, seemingly getting them all until, when he had no breath left, one of them flicked back into pallid life. Marcia walked to the light switch again and they blinked at the sudden brightness. He opened the package. It was a silver lighter, a good one. He took the old battered one from his pocket, leaned forward in the chair, and flipped it into the metal wastebasket beside the sink.

Marcia came to him where he sat and put a hand lightly on his shoulder and leaned over to kiss him lightly. "Happy birthday, Teed," she said. Her lips were cool and soft.

Jake had walked over to the other side of him. "Happy birthday, Teed," she said, and her voice was shaky and something had gone

wrong with her eyes. Her arm went strong around his neck and her lips came down on his, lips that felt swollen and seemed to pulse against his mouth. He knew at once that this kiss was wrong, that this kiss would spoil the mood so carefully constructed. He knew that he should force it to end without being too obvious about it, and her lips had parted against his and already the kiss had lasted too long, had become too intense.

He forced her away gently, heard Marcia's nervous laugh. Jake stood and looked down at him, with that wrongness still in her eyes.

"Better put it to bed, Jake," Powell said, with too much joviality in his tone. Marcia's eyes were watchful.

"Yes," Jake said, never taking her eyes from Teed's, "there's school tomorrow, isn't there? And there's a hell of a lot of candles on that cake, isn't there?"

"Jake!" Powell said sharply.

She walked with too much casualness, too much hip-sway, to the kitchen door, standing for a moment, looking at them, posing in a way that was comic drama and pathos at the same time. "Good night, all," she said, looking only at Teed.

They were silent until the stair creak had ended, until her bedroom door had banged shut.

Powell sighed. "A handful, that one."

Marcia put her elbows on the table, rested her chin on her fist. "She thinks she's in love with you, Teed. Been mooning around lately. She's never been—quite this obvious about it before."

It was a relief to have it in the open. "It puts me on a spot," he said.

"I know," Marcia said.

"What spot? What kind of spot?" Powell demanded.

"Don't you see it, Daddy?" Marcia said, almost impatiently. "If he laughs at her or brushes her off too hard, she'll do something terribly silly, or terribly wrong. If he acts so that she thinks he's encouraging her, it will just get worse. Teed has to walk right on top of the fence until she gets over it."

Teed gave her a grateful look.

"By next summer," Powell said, "she'll be working at that summer camp, and then in September she'll be going away to school."

"October to June seems short to you, Daddy. To Jake it's like several years."

"I'll have a talk with her," Powell said heavily.

"Please," Marcia said. "No."

Later, after the dishes were cleaned up, Powell Dennison made one of his customary awkward attempts to throw Marcia and Teed together. "You see him out, please, Marcia. Teed, let me know as soon as you get back in the morning."

Teed and Marcia went out onto the front porch. The midnight was cool. She leaned against the railing, her arms folded against the cold. He stood with the cigar box, rewrapped in the brown paper, under his arm.

"I think you're handling it very well," Marcia said.

"Oh, Jake? I'm not doing anything. She's quite a kid, you know."

"She's a very lusty young girl," Marcia said remotely. The distant streetlight touched her pale hair, making it look silver, making it look like the smooth sheen of fast water in moonlight.

" 'Night, Marcia. Thanks for the party."

"Good night, Teed."

As he backed out the driveway he saw that she still stood there, hips braced against the railing, arms folded, shoulders slightly hunched.

In some obscure way she always managed to annoy him. She was like the clear ice on a winter stream where, if you look closely, you can imagine that you see the water bubbling by underneath. Seven years of responsibility for the household. Maybe that had done it.

Responsibility like that could do odd things to a girl like Marcia. With the death of her mother, the home could have fallen apart. Powell Dennison, with his dedication to his work, Jake, with her streak of wildness, both needed some focal point, some sane stability on which to depend. Marcia gave of herself, gave up her freedom, gave up a part of her individuality, for the sake of the home.

And, as with all forms of martyrdom, Teed knew that the danger was that she would learn to like it, possibly had already begun to like it, to value the deep sad wells of self-pity more than the lost freedom.

At nine-thirty the next morning Teed turned into the drive of Lonnie Raval's home on Roman Hill, in one of the most exclusive residential suburbs of Deron. The drive slanted up to an oval turn-around with a three-car garage beyond it, an antique lamp-post on a patch of green in the middle of it.

A small, stringy, dish-faced man wearing a white jacket came out the side door and stood waiting for Teed to approach.

"I'd like to see Mr. Raval."

"Out in the back. What's in the box?"

"Cigars. I'm . . ."

"I know who you are, Morrow, and where you work. He's out in the back."

Teed walked around the garages. He glanced back. White-Jacket was following him at a careful thirty-foot interval. Lonnie Raval stood forty feet behind the garage. New golf balls were blazing white against the grass. Lonnie had an iron in his hand. He was a tanned man of medium height with strong shoulders. He was dark-haired, entirely unremarkable except for his eyes, which were long-lashed, liquid, melting black.

He smiled at Teed. "Hi, fella! Glad to see you. Okay, Sam." White-Jacket turned without a word and went back around the garage toward the house.

"Trying to get more loft and more backspin," Lonnie explained. He addressed a ball, swung hard. The ball went out in an arc that was too flat. A hundred yards down the manicured slope, a leggy brunette in a chartreuse sun suit scuffed over to the ball, picked it up and put it into the cloth bag she carried. There was something bored and petulant about her stance and her walk.

"Now what the hell am I doing wrong, Morrow?"

Teed moved over behind him. "Try it again, Mr. Raval."

"How many times I got to tell you to call me Lonnie, fella?" He prodded another ball out of the group, addressed it, swung. The result was the same.

The girl picked it up. "I'm gettin' tired, Lonnie," she called, her voice coming thinly up the slope.

"Just keep picking up the balls, you," Lonnie shouted back. Teed saw her shrug.

"Try placing the ball more off your right foot," Teed said. "You're trying to scoop them. Let the pitch of the club head do the work. Just imagine you're going to hit a low flat one."

Lonnie tried another. It lofted high, came down and put on the brakes.

"Hey, now!" Lonnie said.

The next one worked the same way. And the next. "Fifteen bucks an hour I give that schnook at the club, and you do me more good in three minutes than he does in the whole hour."

"Lonnie!" the girl called.

"Shut up!" he shouted. He slammed another one, putting more meat behind it. The girl stood where she was, and Teed saw at once that she had lost track of the ball in the morning sun.

"Fore!" Teed yelled.

The girl tried to break away, her hands going up. It was like slow motion. She ducked directly into the path of the ball, and he saw it rebound high from her dark head, heard the "tok" sound it made.

The girl sat down, hard and flat, both hands flat on the top of her head. Lonnie started rolling on the grass, hugging his stomach and making strangled noises. "Funniest . . . Oh, oh, oh," he gasped.

Teed hurried down the slope. The girl still sat there holding her head, her face all screwed up. Between sobs she was spewing out a stream of gutter language that threatened to sear the green grass for yards around.

Teed squatted on his heels. "I guess I didn't yell in time," he said.

She looked at him as though seeing him for the first time. She slowly lowered her hands. "It wasn't . . . your . . . fault." Her mouth was trembling.

She looked beyond him and Teed heard Lonnie approaching. Her eyes hardened. "Damnit," she said, "it isn't enough I got to chase balls like a stinkin' caddy, but you got to clobber me on the head with one."

"Kindly shut your big loose mouth," Lonnie said quietly. All fire left the girl's eye. She stood up meekly. Lonnie took her by the upper arm. Teed saw the whiteness come around her mouth.

"Meet Mr. Teed Morrow, darling," he said. "Morrow, this is my secretary. Alice Trowbridge."

"How do you do," she said.

"Now, you were clumsy, weren't you, darling?"

"Yes, Mr. Raval."

"Go on up to the house and take an aspirin, darling."

He released her. Teed felt faintly ill as he saw the depth of the indentations his hard fingers had made in her arm. She walked up the slope, legs slim and brown under the crisp chartreuse shorts, back straight, head lowered. She didn't begin to rub her arm until she had almost reached the garage.

"Is this just a friendly visit?" Raval asked, dark eyes dancing.

"Not likely. Mr. Dennison's doctor told him he had to stop smoking cigars."

"Is that supposed to mean something? It sounds like one of those cute cracks that mean something else."

"Here's the cigars you sent him, Raval." He handed the box over.

"That *I* sent him?" The surprise was just a shade too enormous, Teed decided. Lonnie took the box, hefted it. "Must be some kind of mistake."

"With five thousand cash in with the cigars, Lonnie. You aren't kidding me and you certainly aren't kidding Powell Dennison."

Raval grinned. "Come on up to the house. We can have a talk."

"There isn't much to talk about, Lonnie."

"Hell, I thought we had mutual interests, Morrow."

Teed shrugged. "Suit yourself." They went up to the house. There was a small patio on the side opposite the drive. A glass-topped table, some wrought-iron chairs. Raval ordered Sam to bring drinks and then to pick up the golf equipment.

Teed lit Lonnie's cigarette and his own with the new lighter. The box sat on the table between them. After Sam brought the drinks, Lonnie Raval said, "If there's five thousand in that box, it sort of puts me in a spot. I got to report all my income. Now how the hell will I report that? A gift? I don't want those Internal Revenue snoops raising hell with me and my accountants, do I?"

"Better not put it down as a gift from Dennison, Lonnie."

"Look, fella. Get me off the spot. You can tell Dennison you gave me the dough. Keep it yourself."

"And then some day you'll want a little harmless favor from me, Lonnie. I don't want to have a 'sold' sign on me."

Lonnie clucked sadly. "You guys! You Christers."

"Must be we have you worried, Raval."

One dark eyebrow went up a little. The eyes were liquid, wet-black, beautiful. "Worried? Not such a good word, Morrow. You two are like maybe a pebble in my shoe. And I'm a lazy guy. I just hate to sit down and take my shoe off and shake the pebble out. Maybe I'm going to have to do it, though."

"Maybe we won't shake out so easy," Teed said, trying to match Raval's casual confidence, trying not to show how much the quiet words had bothered him.

"Now that just doesn't make sense, Morrow. You and those silly damn affidavits! Think I'm going to sit still and let you nibble on me? Take a message back to Dennison. Tell him Raval is scared of federal heat—so scared that he keeps his nose clean. Tell him Raval can find angles as far as state and local heat is concerned. And tell him that as far as a couple of amateur good-government bastards are concerned, Raval is laughing."

"And offering money."

Lonnie stared at him. "I could learn to dislike you, Morrow. Tell Dennison I've got a couple of boys who are so stupid they're more trouble than they're worth. I'll set them up so Dennison can knock them over and be a hero."

"He'll never go for that."

"Stay In my hair and you'll both wish you never heard of this town."

"So far it only adds up to noise. What can you do? Have us killed?"

Raval gave him a hurt look. "You better stay out of those B movies. How long do you think I'd last if I went around killing people?"

"I know that would be pretty crude, Raval. The point I was trying to make is that outside of killing us, there's no way of stopping us."

"I don't know why I have to explain all this to you, Morrow. Look. You and your boss nosed around the City Engineer's office long enough to get the specs rewritten on the repaving of Grayman Street. It took most of the sugar out of that job and cost me personally twelve thousand. All right. Now suppose I was a manufacturer. Somebody starts cutting into my profit. What do I do? First I try to hire them. That doesn't work. Do I kill them? Hell, no. I look them over until I find a little button. Like a doorbell. I just push on the button."

The man's confidence made Teed's mouth feel dry. "But . . ."

"I take a look at a guy like you. Money doesn't seem to interest you. Maybe you've got enough. So I try something else." He threw his head back and yelled, "Alice! Alice, come on out here."

"Coming!" she called, from the recesses of the house. She appeared almost immediately. She had changed from the sun suit to a crisp white halter-back dress. She sat down in one of the chairs and said, poutingly, "What a terrible headache I got!"

Lonnie Raval said, softly, affectionately, "Honey-lamb, what happens if I tell you to go out there and see how much grass you can eat?"

She stared at him. "You going crazy?"

"No. I mean, what happens if I *really* tell you to do that."

She held his gaze for a long moment and then her eyes dropped. "I guess maybe I'd do it, Lonnie."

"Show the man."

"Gosh, Lonnie, I . . ."

"Show the man!"

The tall, tanned girl walked out into the yard. Raval watched her without expression. She bent over and pulled up a clump of grass. She raised it slowly and put it in her mouth, started to chew.

"O.K., honey-lamb. Spit out the nasty grass. Come back and sit down. Morrow, you see what I mean? Now this girl here, she was pretty snotty to me last year. So I had to find out which button to push. You find the button, and you own the person. I own her. Anything I tell her to do, she does, don't you, baby?"

She looked down at her hands. "Yes, Mr. Raval."

"You don't ever want to make me mad, do you?"

"No, Mr. Raval."

"Because when I get sore enough at you, you know what I'm going to do to you, don't you?"

Her voice was a barely audible whisper. "Yes, Mr. Raval."

Lonnie smiled at Teed. "I get a big yak out of how those newspaper guys make a big mystery out of how the Commies get those confessions. They ought to come talk to Raval."

Teed felt ill at having witnessed this humiliation of a human being.

"Want to make a bet, Morrow?"

"What do you mean?"

"You stay in town long enough, and I'll own you too. I tell you to eat grass and you'll eat grass. I know. You're telling yourself you're a big strong guy and you'd die before you'd take orders like that. That's fairy-story stuff, Morrow. Hero stuff, like in the books. People aren't like that. You can break people. You can break anybody in the world, if you know how to go about it. If you want to be smart, just join my team. Dennison doesn't have to know. Keep the five grand. You like this little girl? Take her home with you. She'll do anything you tell her to do."

"No, thanks."

"She's a better piece than the mayor's wife, Morrow."

Teed stood up, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Man, how do you think that old fud got to be mayor? Raval keeps up on things. Raval keeps track. See, already I got a little handle on you. Already I found one button. And I'll find the button on Dennison, too. And you two gentlemen can hold hands and jump through a big hoop whenever I hold it up. Felice gave me a full report. She isn't bright. Just sort of shrewd."

Raval looked lazily at Teed's clenched fist and said, "It wouldn't be at all smart to take a punch at me, Morrow."

"You won't stop us," Teed said. He turned on his heel and left. As he rounded the corner of the house, he glanced back. The man and the girl sat placidly on the terrace. A master-slave relationship. A little medieval nightmare in a sunlit world.

He stepped on the starter. Under the hood a low whistle started. It increased in volume and pitch. It climbed up into a whistling scream that terminated in a sharp explosion. Clouds of white smoke rolled out of the vents.

The stringly little man called Sam was standing by Lonnie Raval. They were both laughing so hard they were doubled over. The girl in the white dress was standing behind the two of them, her laughter shrill above theirs. Teed yanked the bomb loose from the spark plug and threw it on the grass. He slammed the hood down. At the end of the driveway, as he slowed to make the turn, he could still hear them laughing.

Teed drove a mile before he permitted himself a small rueful grin. Raval had been all too convincing. The very casualness of his confidence had, in itself, been a weapon planned to undermine Teed's confidence. Whatever else Raval was, Teed realized he was also an expert amateur psychologist. He had thrown in the knowledge of Felice Carboy at the proper moment to obtain maximum shock value. The little demonstration of his power over the girl had been adequately sickening.

By the time he parked in the City Hall lot, most of his confidence had returned. The City Hall was of yellow brick and sandstone, with four two-story pillars across the front. A patch of paper-littered parched grass stretched across the front, bisected by the wide walk leading to the foot-cupped concrete steps. Behind the building a roofed walk led to police headquarters.

Teed went into the Hall and up the stairs, heels clacking on the shiny metal treads, nos-

CAVALIER

"One more crack out of you and I'll spread your age all over town!"

trils full of the stink of green floor-cleaning compound, ancient dust and the pink reek of the deodorant blocks in the urinals. Lonnie's Mint. That was what the wise ones called the Hall. Its symbol was the shine on the pants' seat of a third-rate lawyer. Justice was blindfolded, but she carried no scales. In Deron she lay flat on her back in the City Hall with her knees high and the soiled toga entangled around her waist, with tireless relays of public servants making certain that she stayed that way.

Three City Hall girls came down the stairs toward him, high heels clacking, voices chattering about the week end.

"S-s-st!" one said.

"Good morning, Mr. Morrow," they said, singsong, almost in chorus.

"Good morning, ladies," he said.

They passed him, and when he looked back down at them they were looking up the stairs. They clutched each other and giggled shrilly.

Teed went into his office and through the connecting door into Powell's outer office where sallow Miss Anderson, a trustworthy import, was filing letters.

"He in?"

"Expecting you, Teed. But Commissioner Koalwitz is in there right now."

"Give me a buzz when he's free, please."

He went back out and sat at his own desk. The green rug was scuffed down to where brown showed through the pile. One of the slanting window-ventilators was missing, the other one cracked. Green steel desk with brown-black cigarette scars in the paint. Calendar from Mooten Brothers, A Funeral to Fit Every Purse. Ash tray on the desk encircled by a miniature rubber tire. Chair that creaked. Another office in another public building—so like the ones that had gone before, the ones that would come afterward. Public buildings and pigeons. They seemed to go together. One landed on his windowsill, looked in with a beady, wise glance.

"Pigeon, I don't think I'll mention Felice to the boss. Check on that?"

The pigeon shrugged and flew away.

CHAPTER THREE

A half hour after he had returned from lunch there was a phone call for him.

"Teed? Don't use my name over the line. Do you know who it is?"

"Of course."

"Teed, I've got to see you. Same place as yesterday."

"I thought we both chalked that one up to experience."

"Please. I'm begging you. How soon can you get away?"

"I'll be busy all this week, honey."

There was a long silence and he thought that she had hung up. "Listen to me, Teed. I've been wrong. I've been wrong for a long time. I found out something today. Just an hour ago. Something that you ought to know."

"What do you want to do? Change sides?"

"Don't sound so . . . so contemptuous, Teed. I'm taking a risk, you know. The least you can do is . . ."

"I saw a man this morning. He knew more than I thought he knew."

Her tone was humble. "I'm . . . sorry about that, Teed. If I had it to do over again, I . . ."

"If you know something you feel the City Manager should know, I suggest you make an appointment with Mr. Dennison."

"Damn you! Oh, damn you, Teed Morrow!"

"Sticks and stones may break my bones . . ."

"You think you know everything there is to know," Felice said hotly. "I wanted to tell you something because, in spite of what you said to me yesterday, I still think there's something decent about you. And I don't like what's planned for you."

He held the phone a bit tighter, but made his voice casual. "Don't get so fussed. If you really think it's that important, I'll get away as soon as I can. Another hour or so here, and then an hour's drive. O.K.?"

She sighed. "That's better, Teed. Much better. I'll leave now, and I'll be there waiting for you."

The phone line clicked dead before he could break again. He hung up slowly. Maybe she had gotten hold of something. Something too strong for her stomach. He shrugged. He was a fool if he did, and a fool if he didn't.

He turned back to the prints and specifications of the sewer job completed by the Lantana Brothers Construction Company in 1950. The construction company was a partnership and it was common rumor, though unproven, that Lonnie Raval was the silent senior partner. Powell wanted Teed's opinion on whether it would be worth while to bring in an outside inspector to check the job and find out just how many corners had been cut. It had been an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar job, specifying the digging up of old pipe, replacing it with new pipe at a deeper level. City Inspectors had been on the job as it was performed, but Teed knew that in Deron that meant less than nothing. If pipe of the cheapest quality in the proper diameter had been used, and the line hadn't been deepened, the job might have cost Lantana Brothers four-hundred thousand. But it was going to be awfully tough to bring in an outside expert and expect him to dig holes in the street without anyone noticing it.

He scribbled on the bottom of Powell's memo. "Why don't we save it until we've got them on the run and can do it openly?"

At a few minutes after three he checked out with Powell, left the office and headed for the lake. He pushed the car hard and made it in fifty minutes. Felice's convertible was parked on the narrow lane. He parked beside it.

The first thing he saw when he went in was the neat arrangement of Felice's clothes on the cane-bottom chair. She was nude on the bed, one corner of the Indian blanket flipped across her.

She raised her deeply tanned arms, her eyes smiling. "Hello, darlin'," she said huskily. "You made me wait so terribly long."

He stood six feet from her. He took a cigarette out, tapped it on the new lighter, hung it in the corner of his mouth and lit it. She lowered her arms when she got tired.

"I thought you had something to tell me."

"That can wait, can't it, darlin'?" She raised her leg and kicked the flap of blanket aside, lay watching him with her eyes almost closed.

In spite of himself he felt desire twist within him, a slow oily shifting. His hand trembled a bit as he lifted the cigarette to his mouth. To gain the necessary control, he turned his back on her, walked over to the bureau, flicked the ashes into the tray.

"What's wrong, Teed?"

"When things are finished, I like them to stay finished. If you've got anything to say, say it. If not, get your clothes on and go home."

"Teed, I . . ."

He tensed and raised a hand. "Shut up. Listen!"

The car had slowed on the highway. The camp and the two parked cars were not visible from the highway. He heard the faint whimper of rubber on the hard surface, the change of motor noise, and knew that the car was turning in.

There was no need to warn Felice. She scrambled out of the bed, snatched up her clothes. She darted, ludicrous in frightened nudity, toward the bathroom. A shoe fell and she dodged back, snatched it up, biting hard on her under lip, her eyes wide and scared. He took her purse and gloves and glasses off the bureau, stopped the door as she started to slam it, shoved the articles into her arms and pulled the door shut.

He took a deep breath and walked slowly toward the door. The car had stopped in the blocked lane. Two men got out, came quickly toward him. He stared hard at them and wanted to laugh, yet something choked off the laughter. In the shaped rubber masks that covered their heads, they looked like twins. Familiar twins. And then he realized that the masks represented Mortimer Snerd, he of the buck teeth, receding chin, owlish, harmless, stupid stare. And the automatic that one held, glinting oily blue in the afternoon sunlight, seemed to beam toward him a ray of cold invisible light. The light was focused on his belly and the spot it touched was cold.

The twin Snerds came close. A whisper cannot be identified or remembered. "Turn around and walk in slow."

"So she set this up for you? Where's your cameras, boys?"

He walked in, heard the quick rustle of movement behind him and tried to move quickly forward, away from the expected blow. It hit the back of his head and it was oddly like one of the tumbles of childhood, where the skull raps smartly against the unforgiving sidewalk. He rocked toward the wall on drunken joints and they grabbed him expertly. Every touch hurt and he cried out as they twisted him, flung him onto the bed. As he started to recover, to bring into play that massive strength that he knew how to use, he was rapped again, driven down right to the edge of blackness like a kite that dives toward the earth only to recover at the last moment, struggle painfully back up. When he tried to use his arms again, he found that his wrists had been lashed to the two bedposts. He tried to kick, but it was like kicking under water, and they tied his ankles quickly.

The twin masks hovered over him, swaying like comic balloons. His head was steadied and glass grated against his lips. Warm whisky filled his mouth and his nose was clamped, a hand fastened tightly across his lips. He had to swallow in order to breathe. Twice he managed to blow the liquor out of his mouth, but time after time he was forced to swallow. Alcoholic skyrockets exploded in the back of his mind. There was a faraway commotion, a woman's shout of anger or pain, but it was of no importance.

There was a whisper that said, "Slower, or he'll heave it."

Liquor roared behind his eyes, like a train in a tunnel. The tunnel began to slant downward toward the bowels of the earth. The train rushed on, faster and faster, out of control, rocking on the tracks, whistle shrilling, heading for the final and inevitable. . . .

He woke up in shuddering, cold-sweat darkness. He sat up, spinning, liquor-sick. His mouth was a loose numb area. The bed swung twice, slowly, the way a pitcher winds up, and then did a gut-wrenching outside loop, spilling him out onto the harsh grass rug that scraped his face and his naked hip. Grass rug. That meant the camp. Damn fool to get so stinking. How did it happen? He went slowly across the rug on his hands and knees. It was cold. He shivered violently, but could not stop sweating. His head butted the doorframe. He turned a bit to the left and crawled out onto the porch, spreading out with his naked chest on the cold boards, his head over the edge of the porch. He fingered the back of his tongue and was sick, wrenchingly, agonizingly, meagerly. He lay for a time, panting with exhaustion, then crawled

back to the door. With his fingers on the doorframe he pulled himself erect. When the camp swung dizzily, he hung onto the doorframe with all his strength, his eyes tightly shut. When it steadied a bit, he reached around the frame, opening the door with his arm, finding the light switch.

Light exploded against the windy night. He stared in at the naked woman on the floor near the bathroom door. Her back was toward him, legs drawn up.

"Got drunk with old F'lice," he said out loud.

He blundered through the doorway, lost his grip on the frame. The camp tilted and he ran across the room, big arms flailing. His shoulder smashed against the back of the single overstuffed chair, and he went over with it, smashing a small table, hitting his elbow painfully against the wall.

He sat up, rubbing his elbow. "Take it easy," he said. He grinned. "Who shoved me? You shove me, Felice?" He looked at her. Now he could see her face. Her dark horrid face, her staring eyes, completely white-rimmed, the blackened tongue swollen so that it held the jaw open. Like a face you make to scare people. A face to send kids screaming to mamma.

"Cut it out, F'lice," he said petulantly.

He crawled over to her. He put his hand on her hip. It took long seconds for the chill message to come back from his hand, crescendo in his brain. He pulled his hand back and stared at it. "Felice is dead," he said, forming the words precisely with his numbed lips.

Got to think. Got to figure out what happened. Got to get sober, boy. Sober up fast. Shower. No, the lake. Colder and faster. Come on, boy. Get into that water.

He fell twice on the way down the path. When he got to the dock he made no attempt to dive. He merely walked off the end. He floundered clumsily, and slowly precision came back to his muscles. When he hauled himself, gasping and shivering, up onto the dock, the memory of the two Snerds slid quickly into his mind. He walked up the path. His car was there. Hers was gone.

He walked in and closed the door. He was still unsteady on his feet, still nauseated, yet his mind was beginning to work. Choice one—get dressed and drive to the nearest phone and report it to the troopers.

"Yes, sir, two men wearing Mortimer Snerd masks came in and . . ."

How nice that would be! Teed Morrow and the mayor's wife. Teed Morrow, still too loaded to walk anybody's chalk line. That would be dandy. A nice slap across the mouth for Powell Dennison. A scandal so fat and juicy that Powell's findings in regard to municipal graft would have all the effect of a penny whistle in a whirlwind.

Somebody knew she was coming out to the lake. Somebody knew he was meeting her there. And, to make the frame nice and tight, it was equally obvious that someone else was due to arrive and find him still out like a light, the body on the floor.

He trotted out and got in his car, swung it around without turning the lights on, backed it carefully down to the porch. He opened the trunk compartment and left the lid up.

Touching her was more difficult than he had thought it would be. Though most of her body was flaccid, there was the beginning of stiffness in her arms and legs. When the lid was up, the trunk light was on. He tried to move too quickly through the doorway with her, and one of her ankles rapped smartly, sickeningly on the doorframe. He shut his jaw hard, turned her legs a bit, and walked out with her, down the porch steps. He put her on her side on the floor of the trunk, facing out, then pushed the body back as far as it would go. He found that by bending her knees, her bare feet could be wedged in the corner just in front of the upright spare tire.

Her clothes, ripped and torn in removal, were in a clutter on the bathroom floor. He picked them up, mentally checking off each item to make certain he had everything. Her suit was lime yellow, the blouse white, the shoes of yellow canvas with cork platform soles. The heavy glasses were in her purse. He put all her belongings in the trunk compartment with her. As he lowered the lid the trunk light went out and he no longer had to look at her expression of fixed, horrid surprise, at her bruised throat.

He moved the car fifty feet from the porch, still in darkness, and then went back into the camp. He held his feet in the shower to remove the grime and then inspected his clothes. They had been removed as brutally as hers. He dressed quickly in khaki trousers, flannel shirt, leather jacket. Once dressed he righted the fallen chair, carefully picked up the pieces of the ruined table, put them in the fireplace and crammed paper under them, then lit it. He dumped the three red-smeared cigarette butts on top of the flames.

He was making his third inch-by-inch inspection of the camp for anything that might have been overlooked when he heard the car and saw the headlights swing into the lane. He walked out onto the porch, squinting into the lights, forcing himself to smile.

"Who is it?" he called when the motor had been turned off. The car lights went off.

"Seward from Deron Times, Morrow. We had a hell of a time finding this place. Been wandering around these hills for hours."

Two men appeared in the light from the open doorway. One of them, a fat stranger, had a big camera case slung over his shoulder. Teed recognized the other, a slim, sharp-featured leg man from the Times named Ritchie Seward. He was on the City Hall beat. It was largely due to the editorials and features in the Times that enough public feeling had been aroused to force through the new City Manager-Mayor form of government for Deron.

What cooks, boys?" Teed asked, trying to make his voice less thick.

Seward came up on the porch and shook hands. "Damn if I know, Morrow. I got an anonymous tip that you could break a big story for us tonight. It was a hell of a dull night. Wife's gone to a hen party. So I picked up Carl Engalund here and we came out. Don't tell me it was for nothing!"

"I don't know anything hot, Seward," Teed said. "Come on in and have a drink anyway."

Teed stumbled slightly as he followed them through the door. Seward turned and gave him a bright-eyed stare as Engalund went over to warm the seat of his pants at the fire. "Little ahead of us, aren't you, Morrow?"

Teed grinned. "A little, I guess. Been having a private celebration. Yesterday was my birthday."

Engalund said, "Hell of a thing. A setup like this and you make it a private party. What's the matter with that City Hall quail, Mr. Morrow?"

"Too close to the flagpole, Carl. Bourbon all right, with plain water?"

"Fine."

The kitchen adjoined the living room. Teed dropped a glass. It smashed on the floor. As he kicked the pieces aside, he saw Seward staring out at him with bright-eyed speculation. Teed made two drinks and took them in. "I'm sitting this round out, boys."

Seward sat on the bed. Engalund took the overstuffed chair. Teed sat on the cane-bottomed chair, straddling it.

Seward took a long pull at his drink. "How is the battle going in the Hall?" he asked.

Teed shrugged. "We're nibbling at them. I don't know how worried Raval is, though."

"A guy like Raval," Seward said, staring down into his drink, "you've got to remember where he came from, how he climbed his little ladder. He drew two years in reform school and that made him smart. He's never even been booked since. He's proud of that, Teed. Like those famous television stars, Costello and Adonis, he wants to look and act legitimate."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Just this. A pocketbook pinch doesn't hurt that rascal half as much as public condemnation as a crook. He bought his way into the Sandoval Golf Club. Goes to Miami every winter. Keeps his twin daughters in a plush private school. Now Raval knows and I know and you know, Teed, that all you can do to him is cut him down a little. Like a weed in the garden. He'll grow back. You can force him out of power in city government, and he'll still have a fine fat take off fifty other things. And when you and Dennison get tired or move on, Raval will climb up into the saddle again. I'm being practical, not cynical. So why won't he stand still for it? You can't hurt him badly."

"Won't he stand still for it?"

"Of course not. He's got delusions of decency, Teed, and he'll become very indecent before he'll stand still for a public smear. I've been watching him a long time. We had a guy in town, Jaimey Bell. Jaimey Bell owned a tavern with a back room full of slots and a crap table upstairs. Nothing fancy. He told a reporter from the Times that he was going to testify before the Grand Jury and that he was going to name a certain big shot in town. Now everybody knew who he was going to name as the guy he had to split with. It wouldn't have hurt Lonnie a bit. The money went through too many hands before it got to Lonnie's. But it would have meant a certain notoriety.

"Jaimey was sitting at his kitchen table at midnight drinking a glass of milk and somebody shoved a shotgun through the kitchen screen and blew half his head off."

Teed forced a smile. "A warning, I take it?"

"With you and Dennison, Lonnie can't be that crude. But he can be very ingenious. You know why I came fifty miles on an anonymous tip?"

"Why?"

"I thought some of Lonnie's people had set you up to be knocked over. Maybe a morals rap. Something like that. If so, I was going to try to do my best to cover you, because the future of our fair city is damn important to me and you're Dennison's right hand. I'm glad I was wrong. So I'm saying this, Teed. Watch yourself. Please watch yourself. Don't give them an opening. Any kind of an opening. Don't even get a parking ticket if you can help it. That station house is full of people who would like to bounce you off the walls until you confess you started the Chicago fire."

I'll . . . be careful," Teed said. For a moment he was tempted to tell what had happened. But that was something Ritchie Seward couldn't cover up, and Teed couldn't explain adequately enough to convince even the most sympathetic cop.

"Bottoms up, Carl," Seward said, setting his empty glass aside. He stood up. "Thanks for the drink, Teed."

Teed stood up too. "Would you do me a favor, Ritchie?"

"Sure thing."

"I think I'll stay out here tonight. That will make me a little late getting in in the morning. I'll go to an appointment I have at the courthouse instead of direct to the Hall. Would you please phone Dennison in the morning and let him know?"

"Glad to."

Teed stood on the porch as they swung around and drove out, heading back toward the city. He waved, and when they were out of sight, he sat down on the porch steps and buried his face in his hands. He took deep, shuddering breaths. Only luck had kept them from arriving much earlier. In a way it was an omen. Perhaps the luck would hold. He wondered what had become of Felice's car, and why they had driven it away. Maybe to make it look as though she had come with him in his car.

He had to complete the rest of it. Finish out the run. He got into his car and, leaving the camp lights on, drove at a carefully legal rate of speed down to the city. At the north edge of the city he turned right, drove down through the mill area, past the railroad yards. He parked in shadows near the city dump, his lights out. He was on a back street, a barren street without houses.

On the far side of the highway, on a hill, were six radio towers. The red lights outlining skeletal structures were unblinking. The six top lights blinked on and off in puzzling, off-beat cadence. The cold steering wheel was sticky under his hands as he sat there.

He remembered the damnable trunk light. As soon as he lifted the lid it was going to go on. He pulled the hood release, opened the hood, used the blade of his pocketknife to pry one terminal off the battery. Then when he opened the trunk, lifting it high, no light went on. She was in darkness. He took the clothes and the purse first, walked quickly around behind the high billboards. Far on the other side of the city a revolving beacon at the airport swept quickly, faintly across him at regular intervals. A can rolled under his foot. He scattered the torn clothes, emptied the purse on the cinders. The sweeping light touched the black-rimmed glasses and he smashed the lenses under his heel. The light touched the familiar red billfold. He took the thin sheaf of bills out of it, rubbed his palms on it to smear prints, tossed it aside. He took the cork-soled shoes, moved back and found damp earth that would take an impression. Wearing the shoes on his hands, he bent over and made two clear prints in a moist place before throwing the shoes toward the scattered clothing.

The body had stiffened a great deal. It seemed far heavier than before. As he tried to lower it gently, it slipped out of his wet hands and fell heavily. The sweeping light touched her face for an instant and he knew that he would never forget it. He tore her watch from her wrist and could not force himself to try to remove her rings. He found a rusted tin can. He pushed the bills and watch into it. He bent the lid back, then threw the can as far into the dump as he could. It hit with a thin sound lost in the noise of a freight going by. He wiped his wet hands on the thighs of the khaki trousers and walked blindly back to the car, remembering to stay out of the billboard lights. He left behind him the tanned body that had been so precise in love-making, the eyes that had been watchful, the lips that had kissed his.

When he was a mile from the camp the rain started. He turned out the lights, undressed in darkness, slid quickly into an exhausted sleep that was like death itself.

CHAPTER FOUR

At nine o'clock Teed went into Powell Dennison's private office.

Powell said, with a smile, "Glad you changed your mind, Teed. Seward gave me your message a few minutes ago. Did you drive in last night?"

"No. I drove in this morning. Did Seward tell you why he was out there?"

"Some kind of an anonymous tip, he said."

Teed walked over and closed the door. He came back and sat by the desk. "That's what I want to talk to you about, Powell. Something funny is going on, and I don't know just what it is. Yesterday afternoon I got a phone call from Mrs. Carboy, the mayor's wife. She was pretty mysterious. Said she had something to tell me. Hinted that it was hot, and she didn't want to come openly here to your office and tell you. I suggested some place in town and she said that it had better be outside town. So I told her how to get to the camp."

"What did she have to say?"

"That's the point. She never did show up. That's why I stayed out there, hoping she would. Maybe Seward was supposed to find her out there."

"That would make a nice little scandal, wouldn't it? She's an attractive woman."

"Do you think she could have anything for us, Powell?"

Dennison pursed his lips. "That's hard to say. Mark Carboy is not, I believe, permitted to know the inside workings of the Raval group. He is an earnest, stupid, clumsy, dishonest man, perfectly content to follow orders. But he might know something important. And I imagine that if he knew it, his wife would know it. Maybe something came up that kept her from keeping the appointment. Or maybe she was merely acting on orders, trying to frame you with Seward. Better try to get in touch with her, Teed."

"Do you think that's smart? If she's sincere about this, it might put her on a spot."

"Let me think for a moment." Powell shoved his chair back from his desk, crossed his heavy legs, tapped his upper lip with a pencil.

"Maybe," Powell said, "if Miss Anderson could phone from the drugstore, so it wouldn't go through the Hall switchboard."

"And say what?"

"Say that it will be all right to make a new appointment for today for the one she missed yesterday. She ought to catch on. Then you can go back out to the lake and wait for her."

"O.K.," Teed said, as though pleased with the suggestion.

"You instruct Miss Anderson, please."

The sallow woman listened carefully, nodded, walked out. Teed went in to wait with Powell. Miss Anderson was back in five minutes. She looked more pallid than usual.

"Mr. Dennison, there's some sort of trouble. A maid, I believe it was, answered the phone. She was weeping and incoherent. I heard the gossip as soon as I got back in the building. Something about the Mayor going to identify the body.

Dennison doubled a big fist and hit the desk so hard the desk lighter jumped and toppled over. "By God! It sounds like this might be what we need. Teed, run over to police headquarters. Find out what you can and come right back."

Teed walked through the covered passageway with long strides. A uniformed patrolman and a pasty man who was chewing a kitchen match stood talking in low tones to the desk sergeant behind his wire grilled window.

As Teed walked up they all stared at him, the blank, flat, unmeaning stare of the wise cop looking at the political amateur.

"Mr. Dennison's secretary reported some sort of rumor going around about the Mayor. Has he had an accident?"

The pasty man shoved his grimy felt hat back, worked the match over to the opposite corner of his mouth. "You work for Dennison, eh?"

"Yes. My name is Morrow."

"And you're bird-dogging for Dennison, eh?"

Teed controlled his annoyance. "He sent me down here to find out if there had been an accident."

The man with the match turned to the sergeant. "George, you think that was an accident?"

George scratched his semi-bald head. "You know, Harry, I think the fella did it on purpose. That's what I think."

The pasty one had a rasping laugh. "George, sooner or later we're going to make a cop out of you. Friend, the mayor's lady got herself knocked off. She got stripped and robbed and raped and strangled, and some

"Fortunately, your Honor, I happen to have my lawyer with me tonight."

kids found her body on the city dump this morning about an hour and a half ago. That answer your question?"

"Do they know when it happened?"

"With a body out on a cold night, it's kind of hard to tell. It happened some time before midnight, they think. Lonely neighborhood up there. Hizzoner has gone down to the morgue to make the formal identification."

"Who'd do a thing like that?"

The uniformed cop shrugged. "I was on the four to eight. I covered her up with a tarp outa the prowl until Homicide could get there." He frowned as though to get something straight in his mind. "She wasn't now what you'd call stacked. But nice. Plenty nice." He made a loud lip-smack and shook his head fondly.

"Sure you didn't crawl under that tarp with her, Distom?" George asked.

Diston stiffened. "Now that's a hell of a thing to say," he said with righteous indignation. "What do you think I am?"

George ignored him. "Didn't you know her, Harry?" he asked the pasty one.

"Know her! Hell, I and Buster Young guarded the presents at their wedding. Let's see. Four years ago. The Mayor give us twenty bucks apiece. He wasn't mayor then, you know. He was Commissioner of Public Safety. That was under Mayor Kennelty. You know, I was wondering at that time what a dish like that was marrying Carboy for. You couldn't tell about her when she had those glasses on, but she took them off at the reception. Had a gleam in her eye then, George. And walked like a cat. I say some punks prob'ly yanked her into a car right off the sidewalk, not knowing who she was, and took her out there to the dump. I'd say prob'ly some hopped-up kids and . . . "

He seemed to suddenly remember that Teed was still standing there.

"That all you want to know, Morrow?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Don't mention it."

He walked away, aware that they were staring at his back, that as soon as he had left they would add comments about the City Manager and his office boy. He walked back up to Dennison's office, full of enormous relief, and told Dennison the story.

At eleven o'clock the Times had an extra on the street, the front page a replate of the previous evening edition.

Miss Anderson brought two copies up to the office. Teed put bis heels on the desk and tilted back in his chair. They had used a wedding picture of her, veil and all. BRUTAL MURDER OF MAYOR'S WIFE. Nude body discovered at seven-thirty this morning in the city dump a few yards behind the Thorman Street billboards. Mayor hospitalized for shock after viewing remains.

The newspaper's factual coverage had the effect of making Teed feel as though he had no part in it. In some alien dream he had left a body where this one had been found. The newspaper coverage was, between the lines, outraged, semi-hysterical.

Teed wondered how two men would take it, two men who had worn the Snerd masks, had left her dead in the camp. And the man who had given them their orders—this would be a bit of a shock to him, also.

"Dr. P. K. Muriel, coroner, stated that the murdered woman had been criminally attacked. The police laboratory examination disclosed two clues. One was a smear of grease on the body which apparently could not have come from any object in the area in which the body was discovered. This, police state, indicates that the body, in a nude condition, was transported from the scene of the crime to the city dump, possibly in the trunk compartment of an automobile. The severely crushed condition of the throat indicates that great strength was used. The second clue which has not yet been explained is a scrap of thin rubber, painted red on one surface, found wedged under one of the murdered woman's fingernails. Police state that there are further clues which they do not wish to reveal at this time. Deputy Chief Wallace Wetzelle, formerly Homicide Captain, has taken charge of the case at the request of Public Safety Commissioner Koalwitz."

Teed carefully refolded the paper and placed it on the corner of his desk. That note about the trunk compartment of the car had been like catching a bammer blow between the eyes. It dazed him. The rain had taken out the tracks he had improvised. He remembered the bright-red bulbous cheeks of the Snerds. Felice had evidently clawed at one of them, torn a small hole in the rubber.

It had not been enough for them to kill her. They had to attack her first. He wondered if that had been in the script. Probably. Anything to make him look as evil as possible; anything to lose the maximum amount of sympathy for him.

There was an inevitability about tbe pictures that unreeled in the back of his mind. Hired witnesses who would testify that Mrs. Carboy had told them she was going to West Canada Lake to see Mr. Teed Morrow. Other hired witnesses who would say that they had seen Morrow's car in town at such and such an hour last night. Seward's testimony that Morrow had been drunk. And somebody would find the can containing the money and the watch. That would blow the robbery motive all to hell.

She had driven to the lake in daylight. Somebody would have recognized her on the road. He brought his feet down onto the floor. The scheme, which had seemed so bright during darkness, now seemed incredibly stupid. A man who could hire others to kill could easily hire others to bear false witness.

Maybe at this moment they were searching his apartment, finding that photo he had taken of her just two weeks ago. A damn fool trick that had been. In the picture she was standing on the dock, ready to dive, smiling back at him over her shoulder. He'd destroyed her notes, had never written her any. But that picture . . .

With sudden nervous energy he got up, told Miss Anderson he'd be back after lunch. Horace Dey, an affable, talkative little man on the Board of Assessors, cornered Teed at the foot of the stairs and Teed had to be rude in order to pry himself free after five nerve-wracking minutes. He sped out of the lot and proceeded to hit every traffic light red on the way to Bannock Road. The development was a quiet area of wide grass, small, pleasant brick buildings. The playground was full of pre-school toddlers. He pulled up in front of his own doorway.

He opened the car door and then froze. The car parked directly ahead of his, the car that he had only half-noticed, was Felice's shabby convertible.

Teed forced himself to break out of the trance. He walked woodenly to his doorway and unlocked his door. He crossed the small, attractive living room and went into the bedroom. He yanked open the top left bureau drawer, took out the thin stack of photographs. The one of Felice was the third one in the stack. He went through the rest of them. In a shot of the camp the back of her car was visible. The others were all right. He burned the two in tbe bathroom, dropping them into the toilet when the flame reached his fingers. The laundry bag was hanging on the back of the closet door. He dumped it out, found one handkerchief with a smear of her lipstick on it. A police lab could easily prove through spectroscopic analysis that it was her brand. To burn it would make too much of a stench. With nail scissors, he cut the handkerchief hem in a half-dozen places. He ripped it into strips, ripped the strips into squares and flushed the ragged squares down the toilet after the charred fragments of the pictures.

What else? Her perfume on his clothes? Not likely. And she had never been in his apartment, only at the camp. He knew that the camp needed a more thorough inspection than he had been able to give it on the previous night.

And now, the problem of the car. Doubtless the police were searching for it all over the city. Probably Mrs. Kidder had noticed it parked near his doorway. Mrs. Kidder noticed everything. The car had been tbere at dawn, probably. And Mrs. Kidder would assume that Teed had been in, that he had had a guest, possibly feminine.

The worst thing he could do would be to attempt to sneak the car away. He knew that. Too many people had seen it. Too many would remember it later. To recognize it officially as Mrs. Carboy's, or merely to complain to Mrs. Kidder about people parking in front of his door. That was the question. Whoever had planned the frame had done a neat job. A man had very probably parked it just after dusk, walked unhurriedly away. Dead woman found with Morrow. Dead woman's car found at Morrow's apartment. How did the car get there, Morrow? I don't know, sir. What do you mean, you don't know? Did she bring it there? Did she come to meet you there? And you suggested a little ride in your car. A nice ride out into the hills, Morrow. And you took her to your camp, didn't you? And when you got tight she fought off your advances and so you killed her, didn't you?

"No," he said aloud. "No, I didn't."

He dug his fingers into his scalp. How to handle it. He snapped his fingers, sat down at the alcove table, looked up the Times number, gave it to Mrs. Kidder at the desk. She put the call through quickly.

"Seward, isn't here right now. Hold it a minute. I'm wrong. He's just coming in."

"Ritchie? This is Teed Morrow. Remember our little talk last night? You said you'd cover me if anybody tried anything funny. Listen to this. I stayed at the lake, went directly to the office this morning. Just came back here to my place. Yes, I live in the Bannock Road Garden Apartments. Number eleven. Second building on the left of the main drive after you go through the gates. Know what I found in front of my door? A '46 Pontiac convertible. Gray. A little beat. I'm not sure, but I think it belongs . . . belonged to Mrs. Carboy."

Seward whistled softly. "Now, isn't that something?"

"It goes with something I maybe should have told you last night. I was expecting her out at the lake. She wanted to spill something about her husband, the Mayor. She never showed. I was afraid she'd come while you were there and you'd jump to the wrong conclusion. You can check with Dennison on that."

Seward's voice turned crisp. "Do you think she was killed *because* she was going to talk to you?"

"I didn't think so. Not until I noticed this car here. Maybe it isn't even hers. But suppose it is. And suppose the police find out that she was going to come and see me. Add that to the body being transported, they think, in a trunk compartment, and where does it leave me? You're the guy who said I should even avoid parking tickets."

"You sound a little rattled, Morrow."

"Hell, wouldn't you be?"

"Maybe I would. Look, don't get smart and

try to drive that car away from there."

"I wouldn't touch that car."

"Good. You sit tight. You read about Deputy Chief Wetzelle taking over the case?"

"Yes, I did. What does that mean?"

"I don't know yet. Koalwitz pressured it through. Koalwitz doesn't spit unless Raval tells him to. And Wetzelle took the case away from Captain Herb Leighton, present Homicide Captain and the only square-shooting captain on the force. So that gives me an idea. I'll pick up Leighton and come on out there. You wait for us, hear?"

"I'll be right here."

After he hung up, Teed took out a handkerchief and wiped his sweating face. Ritchie Seward arrived in twenty-five minutes. With him was a cadaverously tall man Teed recognized as having seen around the Hall. Herb Leighton's handshake was limp, damp and cold. He looked vaguely like a shaven Lincoln, and his thin high voice furthered the impression.

"Her car," Leighton said when the introductions were over. "Checked the number again when Ritchie phoned me." He stared at Teed out of deep-set eyes so lifeless that they looked as if the pupils were dusty. He folded his long bones into a chair. His knees stuck up sharply. He gave the impression of having some chronic disease that left his energy at a low ebb. When he yawned Teed saw that his teeth were tiny, like a child's.

"Somebody fixing to clobber you, Morrow." It wasn't a question.

"It seems that way."

"She was a busy woman. Least since Mark married her. Pretty sure I knew three boys who bedded her down." He counted them off slowly on languid fingers, yellowed by nicotine. "Lonnie Raval. Luke Koalwitz. Judge Kennelty. Heard 'em comparing notes at the Lantana Brothers picnic last summer. Sort of had a hunger for the mature type, I guess." He smiled without mirth. "Covering the City Hall beat, Ritch, did you get to cover that too?"

Seward, astonishingly, blushed. "I was out there one day trying to get an interview with Carboy. That was when he was staying out of sight on account of that bus-franchise squabble. He wasn't home, but she was. After about ten minutes I suddenly realized I was going to get myself into a position where I'd have to write nice things about the Mayor, just to ease my conscience. So I got out of there fast. I think she was a little peeved at me."

Leighton turned his deep-eyed dusty stare on Teed. "Figuring it out, boy, I'd say she'd fling her tail at anybody who'd either do Mark good, or do him less harm. So I'm sort of putting you on the list too. Mind?"

Teed made himself grin. "And I was thinking it was my personal charm. O.K., Captain. If you're going to try to help, I might as well come clean. Add me to that long distinguished list."

Seward looked at him with something close to contempt and turned away.

Leighton said softly, "I suppose you took her up to that camp."

"She would come up by herself and meet me there. Week-end afternoons, and then only since the other camps have been closed." Seward stood looking out the windows, his hands behind him, rocking back and forth from toe to heel.

"She try to pump you? Find out what Dennison is planning?"

"In a subtle way. I never told her anything. We broke up . . . a while back when she tried to tell me to take it easy on her husband."

"I suppose people saw her driving up there and back."

"I don't know."

Leighton sighed. "Seward seems to think I'll go out on a limb for you, Morrow."

"I'm not so sure now," Seward snapped, not turning.

"It ain't a moral issue, Ritch," Leighton said softly. "It's a murder situation. They keep me on the cops, boy, so they can look at my beat-up clothes and my old heap of a car, and my damn mortgage and they can say, 'See, we got an honest officer on the force here in Deron.' So I keep my nose reasonably clean, Morrow. When I go out on a limb, I don't want any son of a bitch sawing it off close to the trunk. Now stop looking at the rug and look at my eyes, Morrow. Did you kill her?" His voice sounded like two files being rubbed together.

"No. I didn't kill her."

"Was she out at your camp last night with you messing around with her?"

"No."

"She give you any little keepsakes that could tie the two of you together?"

"No."

"They liable to find anything of yours among her stuff?"

"Not a thing."

He pulled himself slowly out of the chair. "I don't condemn you on moral grounds, Morrow. Better men than you and me have done like that little old dog on the railroad tracks. I just think it was damn poor judgment for a man in your position to fediddle the mayor's wife."

"I know that, now."

"I think they'll try to hurt Dennison through you. Hurt what he's trying to do. I don't like having that car planted outside your place. Might be, they'll haul you in on suspicion and beat the hell out of you. Do you think you can take it?"

"I think so."

"They'll want you to talk about everything Dennison is planning to do. No man can take it for too long. So after I arrange about this car, I'm going to talk to Armando Rogale. He's a tough little wop lawyer and a fighter. And he knows his way around. Soon as you drop out of circulation I'll figure they're hiding you in one of the precincts, and I'll sick Armando on 'em. Anybody asks you, he's your lawyer."

"What are you going to do about the car?" Morrow asked.

Captain Leighton looked at him blandly. "Why, I'm going to check this whole place and see if I can find out who left it there. With any luck I'll be able to cover the whole area before it's officially found. And then I'll phone it in myself. If they jug you and Armando can't get you out, Ritch here will sic the Times on the force. So figure that all you have to do is keep your mouth shut for not more than six or eight hours of pummeling. They wouldn't be stupid enough to try to charge you with her murder. Isn't enough to go on."

He ambled slowly out, pulling the door shut behind him. "Like him?" Seward asked.

"He's an odd man, isn't he?"

"He wears very damn well, Teed. He settles a lot of department disputes, because they know he's square. He knows a surprising amount about the surprising number of people, and he never forgets anything. I saw him drunk only once. That was the day three men he'd caught were electrocuted. He talked about murder. He said, 'No human ever kills another human without also killing himself.' I questioned that. I told him that a lot of people got away with it. He just gave me that tired smile and said, 'And there's a lot of dead people walking the streets.' I guess in his own way he's both a sentimentalist and an amateur mystic. I'm glad you told him the truth. He would have found out, and when he did, nothing you or I could say would make him lift a finger for you. He hates a liar."

"He's a tough man to lie to, I imagine."

"And a tough man to kill," Seward said, almost with awe. "He's got the lead that's been dug out of him. He keeps it in a glass dish on his mantel. Enough lead so that when you first see it, it looks like a little dish of candy."

"Have lunch with me, Ritchie. Then you'll get an eyewitness report on the way I'm picked up."

"Maybe you ought to tell Powell Dennison that you might be picked up. Maybe he'll jump the gun on all the data you people have collected."

"And how would you know about that?"

"Dammit, Teed, this is my town. The same way it's Herb Leighton's and even Lonnie Raval's. Everybody knows that you and Dennison are hiding in your fort making up a pile of snowballs. A lot of us hope you're going to have rocks hidden in the snowballs. As long as you come out fast, you'll have people on your side. When you start to weaken, you two will be almost all alone. One thing in your favor—that's Andy Trim, the D.A. He's all wind and ambition. He's played along with Raval because that has made sense so far. If he sees a chance to dump Raval in a way that will give him a reputation all over the state, he'll do it. Come on. I'll wait while you check in with Powell, and then we'll have some food."

He followed Teed in his car on the way back to the Hall.

CHAPTER FIVE

After lunch with Ritchie Seward, Teed went back to the office and tried to work. Dennison had procured abstracts of the sheets from the Assessor's records. The current project was to check the private-home assessments of the politically faithful against the rebels. For years the Board of Assessors had been one of the most potent weapons of the Raval clique. Step on the wrong toe and you start paying taxes on an assessed valuation of fifteen thousand rather than the previous five thousand. Grievance Day had become a farce.

But Teed could not keep his mind on what he was doing. He remembered the way he had awakened from the Sunday afternoon nap, content and self-sufficient. Just forty-eight hours ago. Now that precious detachment was lost and he missed it. He realized that for too many years he had been like a man in a crap game using somebody else's money. Now he was being forced to gamble with his own money, and he didn't like the sense of participation, the feeling of risk and potential loss.

He had taken pride in being able to do an honest and workmanlike job at his specialty. But always the job had been something he could toss over his shoulder at five o'clock. And smacking down the crooked ones has been a pleasure not so much from any innate sense of righteousness, but rather from joy in a good scrap. Detachment had been his armor and maybe, he thought, things had come a bit too easy. Maybe he was a very special type of flawed hero, a guy who could turn the last card without a tremble merely because nothing really important was at stake.

In that moment he envied Powell Dennison. Dennison believed with all his heart in what he was doing. And he felt guilt that Dennison presupposed a similar dedication in his right-hand man. Powell would never sell out. Teed had thought he would never sell out, either. And now . . . if the price were high enough . . . if safety were the price?

The old saw was that a man has to live

with himself. But if the choice is to either live with someone you can't respect, or stop living entirely. . . .

He recognized the potential danger of that train of thought, and tried to push it out of his mind.

At three o'clock Miss Anderson told him that a Mr. Armando Rogale was here to see Mr. Morrow.

Rogale came bustling in. He was about thirty, a small, stocky, swaggering man wearing a beautifully cut gabardine suit. His face was pale and, except for the snapping black eyes, as expressionless as an egg. From the small, thin-lipped mouth, came a rich and astonishing baritone.

He shut the door behind him, shook hands briskly, plumped himself down in the chair and stared at Teed with both amusement and speculation in the dark eyes.

"I appear to he your attorney, Mr. Morrow, according to that Leighton spook."

"I don't really know whether I'll need a lawyer, Mr. Rogale."

"We'll call this preventative medicine."

Teed studied him. "How come you're willing to be unpopular?"

Rogale inspected manicured nails. "Good question. This town is a jungle. The jackals run in a pack. You want to be a jackal, you can get along O.K., if you listen to the boss jackal. I'm a porcupine. Every once in a while a jackal takes a slap at me and gets a nose full of quills. Just say I've got a porcupine temperament, Morrow. Too sharp to be swallowed. You ever see a skinny porcupine? They live pretty good."

"Rebellion for the sake of rebellion?" Teed asked.

Rogale gave him a sharp look. "What do you want from a lawyer? An emotional strip tease? I grew up in Deron. My old man was a carpenter, an immigrant, a professional patriot. Bill of Rights. Constitution. You know what I mean. In our ward there was a code of behavior. No matter how bright you were, you were supposed to ask for help when you voted, just like you were illiterate. Our ward always threw every vote to the machine. My old man went to night school. He did his own voting and kept splitting his ticket. Bad example to the others. They beat him up three times, and the third time they accidentally cracked his skull and he was in a coma for three weeks before he died. After I passed the bar I tried to set up in Utica, then in Syracuse. No dice. I had to come back here. Now I'm a minor irritant. Some day I want to be some sort of avenging angel—or maybe demon. Cross-examine?"

"No, thanks."

"You and Dennison are on the hot spot. Want to hear a theory?"

"Sure."

"Felice Carboy was a bitch. And a pretty bright gal. She tried to make a trade—her body for hubby's immunity. No dice, I imagine, from what Leighton told me. So she wanted to add a little more to her side of the scales. Something juicy. Something that would help you and Dennison. It might have been good enough so that you would be willing to make a deal with her. She actually knew more about the Raval operations here than Mark Carboy does. Maybe she trusted the wrong guy. Anyway, somebody found out. She's potentially dangerous, playing around with you. So kill her and implicate you. Two birds with one thud."

Teed said slowly, "That same sort of idea has been growing in the back of my mind. Her call to me came through the switchboard here, the call where she said she had something hot to tell me."

"That could be it."

"Her name wasn't used."

"Nevertheless, if the girl on the board at that time recognized the voice and reported it, that girl will be a little queasy right now. It's something to work on. Look, Morrow. I'm your lawyer. It's a confidential relationship. The more I know, the more I can help. I want to be awful damn certain you didn't kill her."

"I didn't."

"Is there anything I should know, then?"

Teed got up and walked to the windows. He looked out on the parking lot, at the office-building windows across the way. He came back to his chair and sat down. With an effort he kept his voice steady. He told Rogale every detail of the previous evening.

After he finished Rogale let the silence grow for long minutes. He bounced out of the chair, walked over to the wall and drove his fist against it.

"Mother of God!" he said. *"Sangre de Cristo!* Of all the fatuous idiots in the wide world, I have to offer my services to the clown prince."

"Now, listen, Rogale! Maybe my reaction wasn't too bright, but . . . "

"Shut up! Let me think. Mortimer Snerd masks, yet. Imported talent. Guys who probably hit town Sunday and are gone now." He held out his hand. "Give me the key to that camp."

Teed meekly took the key off his ring and handed it over. "What are you going to do?"

"Clean up after you. Rinse your diapers. What do you think?"

"I checked it pretty carefully, Rogale."

Armando heaved a great sigh and sat down. "Look. So help me, I believe you. I believe that it happened exactly the way you said it did, and only the fates kept Seward from barging in while you were still snoring. So, let's be practical. There's maybe five hundred nice clean fingerprints out there. Hers. Even if you tried to remove them, you wouldn't know where to look. Inside of the bathroom medicine cabinet. Thumbprint on the underside of the john lever. Maybe I'll just go out and burn the son of a bitch down. Arson, added to all my other crimes. Look, you got a girl you can take out there?"

"What do you mean?"

"If they don't pick you up this afternoon, you get yourself a girl and get out there. Play house. Settle down. I'll be through by then. She better be a girl with nothing to hide, a girl who doesn't care if the cops lift her prints. The more stuff she leaves around, the better. Lipstick, panties, hair on the hairbrush. You got one, or have I got to rent you one?"

"It seems pretty cold-blooded."

"So is the way they electrocute a man. If they cut you when they shave your leg, they even put iodine on it. It's as cold-blooded as can be."

"You don't have to try to scare me, Rogale. I'm already scared."

"Can you get a girl?"

"On that short notice, no."

"Stay here. Ill use an outside phone. I'll be back."

Rogale was back in fifteen minutes. He said, "This is a line of business I never thought I'd be in. A good thing I got contacts. It will cost you a hundred hucks. She'll be in the cocktail lounge at the Hotel Deron at five o'clock, ready to take off. Look in the booths on the left for a tall girl. They told me she has brown hair and her name is Miss Heddon."

"Is she pretty?"

Armando looked at his watch. "I better get going. You should care if she looks like a hop frog, Morrow. Don't get her out there until about six-thirty. That'll give me time."

After Rogale had left, leaving Teed feeling dazed, he went out and cashed a check. When he got back Miss Anderson said that a Captain Leighton had phoned, and had left a number to call.

Leighton said, "You get a little reprieve, Morrow. Two kids who know you because you played catch with them one Saturday afternoon happened to notice the guy who left the car. They say it wasn't you. To kids all grownups look alike, except the ones they know, so there's no description. You're off the hook until they figure that out."

When Leighton hung up, it was five minutes to five. Teed went in and told Powell that he was going out to the lake again. Powell looked disappointed. "I wanted you to go over some stuff with me tonight, Teed."

"I'd rather not go. But this is orders from my lawyer."

"Care to explain?"

"Not quite yet, Powell. I'm sorry. I'm just trying to get off the hook on this car business."

"Tomorrow then. Have to be. How about the assessment survey?"

"I'm just no good today. I didn't do over a tenth of it."

Powell shrugged and smiled. "O.K., I won't push you."

Teed got into his car and drove to the hotel. He found a parking space in the middle of the next block. He felt an odd flutter of excitement that ran up his spine, tingled at the nape of his neck. He could see the sense of Rogale's idea, but the artificiality of the situation bothered him. He was both repelled and intrigued by the idea of the coarse, cold-eyed creature who would be waiting for him.

The cocktail lounge had a sidewalk doorway and he walked in quickly. The bar was thronged at this hour. There were six booths along the wall at the left. Four were empty. There were three men in one of the booths, a girl sitting alone in another. She was a tall girl, and her hair was brown, but nothing else matched his conception. She wore a dark-green tailored suit, a silver fox fur, a pert green hat with a veil. Her face had a look of fragility, delicacy, and breeding.

He paused uncertainly and turned slowly toward the bar. Then, with a mental shrug, he walked quickly to the booth. "Miss Heddon?"

Calm, deep-blue eyes and a slow smile. "How do you do. I'm Barbara Heddon."

He sat down awkwardly. "Teed Morrow, Miss Heddon. I'm a little late, I guess."

"Not very. Shall I hurry this, or do you want to order yourself a drink, Teed?"

"I'll have a drink, Barbara." He signaled the waiter, ordered a stinger.

She was completely at ease. Her brown gloves lay across the green purse that matched her suit. Beside her cocktail glass was a silver combination cigarette case and lighter. She accepted his cigarette gravely, leaned forward for the light, holding the veil out of the way of the flame. She did not touch the rest of her cocktail until his came, then lifted her glass as he did, smiling across the rim at him.

"If you'll excuse me a moment, Teed, I have a phone call to make."

"Of course." After she walked away, into the lobby, tall and with a certain flair, a certain elegance, Teed sat down. He wondered if the long arm of coincidence had produced two Miss Heddon's at the same time and the same place. Her tone of voice, her accent, matched her look of assurance and breeding.

She was back quickly, slipping into her side of the booth as he tried awkwardly to get to his feet.

"Another drink, Barbara?"

"Yes, thank you."

She looked at him with a pretty frown. "Teed, we aren't getting acquainted, are we? We're acting like a pair of European diplomats."

"Well, you took my breath away, Barbara. God knows what I expected. Certainly not you. You're very lovely."

For a moment there was a slightly bitter twist to her mouth. "And you're quite willing to be seen in public with me, I suppose."

"Sorry. I did sound pretty stuffy, didn't I?"

She smiled. "For that touch of sympathetic imagination, Mr. Morrow, I shall tell you about my phone call. I give myself an expensive luxury. It's called selectivity. I phoned to say that I was not going to develop a splitting headache."

"Now we're both flattered."

"A society for mutual admiration, Teed. And thank you for not being Mr. Smith. Thank you very much for not being a Mr. Smith. Very truly yours, Barbara."

"Now a question. Is it a . . . oh, a customary thing for you to be willing to go out of town like this?"

"Hardly. But you were vouched for. Highly recommended, I suppose is the right way to say it." She smiled, and then her mood changed with surprising rapidity. "And, of course," she said, "I am also filled with curiosity. You look like one of those precious and indomitable males who go around swelling out their chests and telling their less favored bretheren that they never have to pay for it."

It was the first hint of coarseness, but the shot was very well aimed.

"Ouch," he said. "One of that same type must have bitten you once upon a time."

"Now I say ouch," she said. "Never lead with your right, Barbara."

"We better call a truce before somebody gets battered. Ready?"

She nodded. He paid the check. She had a small overnight bag on the bench beside her. He carried it out, placed it on the back seat of the car, held the car door for her.

As he got behind the wheel he said, "Shall I leave the top down?"

"Please," she said. She took her hat off. Her hair was a cap of brown curls. When they drove up out of the valley the last rays of the setting sun touched her hair and brought out red touches that were like hidden flame.

"Teed?"

"Yes, Barbara."

"What do you think of pacts?"

He grinned. "Diplomatic, suicide? What color?"

"Pull over and stop for a minute. Let's whip up a pact."

He stopped the car, turned to face her, his left arm resting on the top of the wheel, right arm along the seat back. She turned in the seat to face him, and all the light had gone out of her blue eyes. They looked dead, long buried.

"It is a standard gambit, Teed, that sooner or later you will ask me how I got into the oldest profession. Men seem to have a compulsion to ask that question. So, let's have a pact. Don't ask me, and you won't make it necessary for me to invent some tragic song and dance just to satisfy your curiosity. Teed, just take me for . . . granted."

"Any pact involves a concession on both sides, Barbara. I think I probably would have asked you. Now I won't. But you have to agree to something too. You have to promise not to pretend to any emotion or any excitement that isn't genuine."

"Aren't you being stupid? Aren't you cheating yourself, Teed?"

"How so?"

"I'm as cold as those monsters they dig out of glaciers. You're the first . . . customer I've ever told that to. Now that I've said it, I think maybe you better take me back to the hotel. I don't want to cheat you."

"I'd rather keep on with it, Barbara, and have each of us keep our side of the pact. Maybe this will be a little platonic jaunt into the country. I really don't care, one way or the other."

"Then don't pay me until I ask you to," she said harshly.

"It's a deal, Barbara."

Her smile came slowly. She rested her cheek for a moment against the back of his hand. "Drive the car, mister."

He drove into the first village just as the market was about to close. She came in with him and they selected steaks and frozen vegetables. He was amused by the way she watched the meat scale as the steaks were weighed.

Teed carried the bag of groceries out. It was cooler in the hills, so he put the top up.

"Barbara, a confession. Willing to listen?"

"Of course."

"I've got a devious motive for taking you to the camp. I want you to do something for me. When we leave, I want the camp to look as though you had been there. Lipstick on the towels, bobby pins on the floor, nail polish on the bathroom shelf."

It was too dark to see her face. "Thanks for being honest."

"You'll do it?"

"Of course, Teed."

"Then there's no question of my not paying you, of course. I'm paying you for agreeing to leave your imprint on the place."

"If you say so." She was silent for a few minutes. "You're using me to make someone jealous, I suppose?"

"No, Barbara."

"Then you're using me to cover up the traces of someone else. That's the only other answer. Probably some righteous wife who can't manage to restrict it to her own bed."

"Don't be so bitter, Barbara."

"Why not? Aren't professionals in any field bitter about amateur competition?"

"Please don't ever tell anyone what I asked you to do, Barbara."

She laughed flatly. "That's funny. You said that as though you believe you can actually trust me."

"Strangely enough, I do."

She rested her fingers lightly on his arm. "Teed, we've got to stop hacking at each other. Got any ideas?"

"Sure. Try this idea for size. You're a girl I've known for years. I've talked you into a picnic and a moonlight swim, and we're telling each other that's all there's going to be. But I have some pretty advanced ideas, and you're wondering just how hard you're going to fight for your honor. O.K.?"

"Gosh, I don't know whether I like that game or not."

"You'll love it. Say, remember old Albert?"

"Albert?"

"Sure. The guy you stood up so you could go on the sleigh ride with me. You remember *him*!"

"Oh, Albert! The one with the pimples. The one that looked like a startled owl. Whatever happened to him anyway?"

"He's got a job sitting on public buildings to scare away the pigeons. Making a big success of it, too."

"I always knew Albert was going places. I just *knew* it!" she said.

She moved so close to him that her thigh was warm against his. She threw back her head and laughed with delight. In the onrushing darkness of the mountain road her laughter was young, warm, heartbreakingly vulnerable.

They discussed the mythical mutual acquaintances of their imaginary past, and then he slowed for a familiar narrow lane, shifted into second, finding to his relief that there was no car there, meaning that Rogale had finished, had left.

She carried the bag of groceries and he took the overnight case. "Better wait at the foot of the steps until I get some lights on, Barbara."

"Doesn't the air smell wonderful up here? I'm going to be hungry as a wolf."

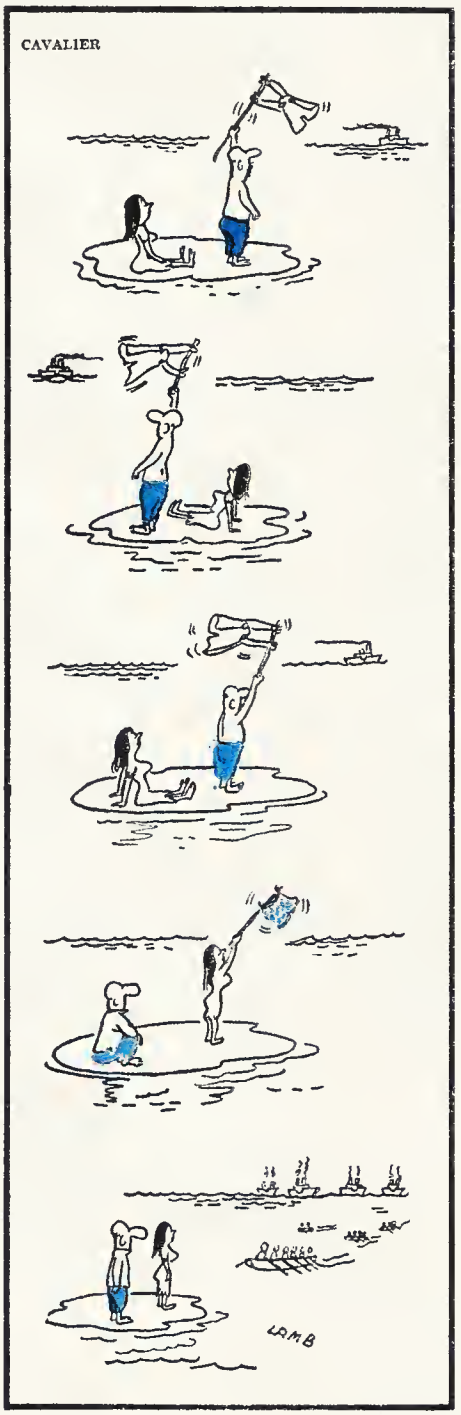
As he had hoped, Armando Rogale had left the key in the door. He found the light switch. She walked in, put the groceries on the drain board, turned and smiled at him. Once again they had become cautious strangers, tasting their reaction to each other in this new environment.

CHAPTER SIX

Teed sensed her uncertainty. "It's—quite cozy," she said hesitantly.

"For guests," he said, "I have to give up the master bedroom. You will note that it also serves as the living room, dining room and rumpus room. Come here."

He took her over, opened the door onto a bedroom so tiny that the double bed almost



filled it. He said, "This is my bedroom, and I shall give it up as a dressing room as soon as I get swimming trunks on."

"Hey, did you mean that about a moonlight swim? I saw the moon coming up but . . . say, isn't that lake cold?"

"Still contains heat from the summer. It's just the air that's cold. I don't suppose you have a swim suit."

She frowned. "No. But the undies are nylon. They'll dry fast. We going to have a fire?"

"Sure."

"Well, go put on your trunks. And then go get in the lake. Those steps I saw when you turned on the light. They go down to the water?"

"Down to a dock. You can dive off it."

"If I get up the nerve."

"I'll pull you in, if you start to chicken out."

He changed to shorts in the small bedroom, grinned at her as he went through the living room and out the door. The night wind was frigid. He trotted down the steps, wasted no time getting into the water. It took his breath at first, but it was much warmer than the air. The moon was above the southern horizon, its gold paling to silver blue. Wind ripples lapped against the oil drums on which the dock floated.

When he saw her coming down the steps, he swam in toward the dock. His eyes were used to the moonlight and he saw that she was beautifully constructed, not in a classic way, but in the way made believable only through the efforts of the dreamers who draw the women for gas station calendars. Long smooth limber legs joined sweetly to a torso so short-waisted as to barely escape being out of proportion.

"Teed, where are you? My t-t-teeth sound like a Spanish dance."

"Dive in and get it over with."

"One, t-t-two, th-th-three." She slanted off the dock, pale in the moonlight, sliding into the water as sleekly as an otter. She came up, swimming hard and fast. She grabbed his shoulder, panting. "You cheated me. It's like ice."

"A sissy, eh? Where'd you learn to dive like that?"

"Water show."

He remembered his promise just in time to keep from asking the obvious question.

"Hey, it isn't too bad, is it? Race you."

She got a head start on him. It took a surprisingly long time to catch up with her. They were both breathless.

He felt desire move turgidly within him, suffusing his loins, quickening the beat of his pulse.

"Teed, do you have anything I can wear after we're through swimming?"

"Jeans and a wool shirt all right? Just take what you want out of the closet to the right of the door as you go in. Haven't you got anything with you?"

"Yes, dammit. But what I've got isn't right for—a camp, as you might well imagine. And I don't want to put the suit back on."

"Take a fresh shirt from one of the laundry covers. The others are maybe a little ripe. Ready to quit?"

"Or else take a bite out of my own arm. I've *never* been so hungry. I'll go first, Teed. You come up when I turn the light off and on again."

"Modest, eh?" he said.

Her tone turned to ice. "Let me know if it bothers you. It's a trait I don't get much chance to indulge."

"Please, Barbara. That's something I would have said to anybody."

"I'm sorry. Maybe I'm hypersensitive. And I guess that's a luxury too." Something had gone out of her voice. Some necessary warmth.

"Now you take Albert. He was hypersensitive too. Used to hate to have the pigeons watching him."

"Fool!" she said, her voice chuckling warm in her throat. She grabbed his shoulders and ducked him strongly. When he came up, she was racing toward the dock, her arms lifting slim and fleet in the monlight.

When the light blinked he pulled himself up over the edge of the dock and ran shivering up the steps. As he came through the door she tossed a towel to him. She had built a respectable looking fire, and it was just roaring into life.

"Dry in front of the fire. Look, I found the brandy and the ice and everything, but no mint. You out? You do want stingers?"

"Mint in the bottom cupboard in back. And the right measure is about two and a half to one. How's the fit of those clothes?"

The shoulder seams hung halfway to her elbows. Under the rolled-up jeans she wore a pair of Teed's wool socks. She'd used a length of clothesline as a belt.

"What do you think? Talk about bags tied in the middle."

He toweled himself, went into the closet and grabbed a twin to her outfit, and shut himself in the bedroom. Her clothes were in there, her purse on top of them. He took five twenties from his wallet and put them in her purse.

By the time he got out she had made the drinks, set up the card table in front of the fire, found a clean sheet to serve as a tablecloth.

"Vegetables nearly thawed," she said. "Do you cook the steaks, or do I?"

"I'll do it. How do you like yours?"

"Rare. If you'd taken a minute more, I'd have eaten mine raw."

Between them they got everything ready and had time for a couple of drinks while the steak sputtered. Barbara said, "A good swim. I tingle all over."

Her hair, flattened when she had left the water, had sprung back into damp ringlets. She looked at him with nothing more in her eyes than the warm glow of friendship.

"You're a nice guy, Teed."

"That's an attempt to get your steak quicker, my friend."

"You saw through it, didn't you? It just doesn't pay a woman to be subtle any more."

They ate hugely and with vast concentration. They had a leisurely cigarette, brandy in the coffee, and then they cleaned up.

Afterward the constraint came over them again and he, sensing it, said, "There's cards around here. Ever play double solitaire?"

"Not since I was a kid." They played three games. He won the first. She won the next two, her face flushed, her eyes dancing, squealing as they both raced to put a card on one of the ace piles.

"Enough?" he asked.

"I can't stand the excitement. Say, can we watch the fire? I mean with another log on and the lights out?"

"Practically standard operating procedure in a camp, isn't it? Sure."

She sat in front of the fire, hugging her knees, staring into the flames. He lay on his stomach beside her, his chin on his fist.

"Teed, do you look into the flames and see things? Crazy things?" Her voice was almost a whisper.

"It always makes me feel sort of sad, Barbara. Remote and faraway. As though I could look into flames and tell the past and the future."

"They aren't good things to think about. Pasts and futures. Not good at all."

He rolled onto his side, reached out and caught her hand. "Barbara, I . . . "

The dreaminess left her voice. "It's your choice, of course."

He let go of her hand quickly. "What the hell's the use?" he said thickly. "It's an artificial situation and you can pretend just so long and just so far. Why don't you stay up and watch the fire for a while? I think I'll turn in."

She stood up quickly. "I'll get my things out of there."

She brought out her clothes, purse, overnight bag, put them on the living-room bed. She turned toward him without expression. He rumpled her hair with his big hand, feeling the tender skull-shape under the crisp curl-cap. He bent and kissed her cheek. "I didn't mean to pop off. Sleep tight."

"What you said was right, Teed. It is an artificial situation." She looked at him with an odd dignity, in contrast to the absurd fit of the jeans and shirt. "We shouldn't have had the pact. We shouldn't have tried to pretend."

He shrugged. "Maybe not. But once you start pretending, you're stuck with it, aren't you?"

When he came out of the bathroom she was squatting on her heels by the fire, poking the coals with a twig. She didn't turn as she said, "Good night, Teed."

" 'Night, Barbara."

He shut the door of the tiny bedroom, stripped and slid down between the cool sheets. He swung the window open, hooked it. The night air came through the screen, touched his face with its coolness.

The door swung slowly open, and she was silhouetted in the doorframe in the red light of the dying fire. The baggy shirt and jeans made her look childlike.

"Teed," she said in a choked voice, "Teed, I . . . " And she stumbled to the bed, to his arms, kneeling beside the bed with her face in the hollow of his throat and shoulder as she wept. He held her, his left arm tight around her shoulders, smoothing her crisp hair with his right hand, making small sounds of comfort as she wept heavily, dully, hopelessly. For a time she vocalized her sobs, as a child will. And then the sobs became dry, thick gasps that came further and further apart.

She straightened up, still kneeling, and knuckled her eyes. "Sorry, Teed," she said huskily.

"Everybody has times when being alone is no good."

"I shouldn't have used you for a wailing wall."

"Want to talk about it?"

"It isn't important. You just remind me of somebody, Teed. When you walked up to the booth my heart nearly stopped. And all evening. Little habits you have. The way you use your hands, hold your head. You think something is nicely scarred over and then it gets opened up again. And you bleed some more."

"I'll be a crying towel any time."

She stood up slowly. "I wanted to be held. Like a kid, I guess. There's too much night out there. And looking into fires is a sad business at best."

He reached out and caught her wrist, pulled her toward the bed. She resisted at first, then came to him.

After a time she was apart from him. He said, in a slow whisper, "Oddest damn thing. Was in a school play once. Rehearsed every day for a month. You know, you make me feel as if all I'd ever done is rehearse. And now this was for real."

"Shut up!" she said tonelessly.

He stared at her. There was just enough light left so that he could see she was on her back, with her right hand, palm-upward, resting on her forehead.

"What's the matter?"

"God, God, God," she said in the same flat, dull tone.

He reached for her and she thrust his hand

away violently. "Don't you touch me!"

"Now look! Just what have I done?"

"You couldn't possibly understand."

"Why don't you try me? Try to tell me, darling."

"And don't use that sappy, sticky, sentimental tone on me, Teed."

"You sound like a psycho."

"Okay, you get your explanation. Turn on the light."

"Why?"

"Just turn it on."

He sat up, groped for the ceiling-light pull, found it in the dark. He squinted at the harsh impact of the light. She got lithely out of bed, turned and faced him. She stood in an ugly way, feet spraddled, belly outthrust, shoulders slumped. On her face was a hard and bitter expression, and a look of careless violence.

"Take a good look at the stock in trade of a hundred-dollar-whore, my friend." Even that posture could not make her body ugly. "Inspect the merchandise."

"Don't do that to yourself, Barbara. Stop," he said softly.

Her voice coarsened. "Poor, poor, poor little Barbara. The delicate, sensitive little thing. Don't make me laugh! Most of the customers want a good look at what they're buying. What's wrong with you? Shy, or something? I've been able to peddle this without fear or favor because it hasn't meant any more to me than a . . . a topcoat. And it has been just as devoid of feeling. It has been like renting a coat. Do you see what I mean?"

"I think I do. You mean it wasn't like selling yourself, because Barbara wasn't actually involved?"

"They buy the trimmings, but they don't buy me. I hide back inside myself and laugh like hell. Once upon a time I got paid for diving into a swimming pool. This isn't half as hard, and the pay is better. But do you see what you've done to me? Now I'm selling too much of myself. Nobody else bought what you just bought, Mr. Morrow. Body and soul and emotions and wanting and . . . "

"Please, Barbara."

"I could go on doing this if you hadn't come along. Now I can't go on with it. Maybe it seems like a pretty delicate moral point to you, my friend, but it's important to me. I hate you for it, Teed. And I hate myself worse."

He lunged quickly, captured her wrist, got the light pull with the other hand. He pulled her roughly back into the bed. She struggled and caught him once across the throat with her nails before he pinned her arms.

"Let—me—go!"

"Stop it! I didn't buy a damn thing, Barbara. Not a thing. I won't give you a cent. Whatever you want to think, just keep remembering that it wasn't a commercial transaction."

"No matter what you say, whether you pay me or not, you're just another customer."

His voice was thick. "Barbara, listen to me. Can't you remember? We've known each other for years. This was a date for a picnic and a moonlight swim. It just got out of control—changed into something else. It could happen to any date."

"Crap!" she said.

"Have you forgotten old Albert so quickly? And the sleigh ride, and the barn dance?"

"Don't try to help me. Please don't try to help me, Teed," she said, in an entirely different tone.

Suddenly, unaccountably, his eyes were stinging. He said, "What a load of guilt for one human being to try to carry, Barbara! You are a crazy, wonderful, damn-fool girl."

She freed one hand gently. She said, "Teed, your voice sounds so odd. I don't know . . . " He tried to turn his head away, but her fingertips brushed his cheek, just under his eye, brushed the dampness.

"Big baby," she said huskily, tenderly. "Big baby to bawl over a thing like me." And then her voice broke and she began to cry again. He held her as he had before. This was a different sort of weeping. After a time she said, "Help me, Teed. For God's sake, help me."

His answer was to tighten his arms around her.

When the tears were over, she moved away a bit. "Got a cigarette?"

"On the floor under your side."

She found them, gave him one. The match flared briefly and he saw her cheeks go hollow as she took the first drag.

"When they've asked, I've given them a story. A lie every time. No two alike."

"You don't have to tell me, Barbara."

"That's where you're wrong. I do. I have to tell the truth to somebody. I guess I've always known that some day I would have to tell the truth to somebody. I went to the right schools, lived the right way. Got engaged to a boy named Roger. A sweet boy, I thought. I told you how you remind me of him, Teed. We were going to be married. I was a virgin. We started sleeping together. It got . . . pretty physical. I mean we were good together. It was in my home town. Baltimore. Roger's boss was a bachelor. We began to see a lot of him. I knew he was a sort of a wolf, but I didn't have to worry. I was Roger's, and we were going to be married and have a zillion kids. One night Roger told me his boss was out of town and we could use his boss's house. I didn't like the idea very much, but he was insistent. We went out there. Roger kept making drinks for me. The whole world got pretty fuzzy. I went to bed with Roger. When morning came, I found out that I was in bed with his boss. Roger had gone home. Roger got a promotion two days later. His boss had made the offer, obviously, and Roger had accepted, prepared the groundwork, dutifully left me there.

"I tried to kill myself. I didn't have enough courage."

"Or you had too much," Teed said.

The worst part was hearing Roger tell me that we could keep on just like we were. I told him what he had turned me into, and what that made of him. He didn't care to be called a pimp. He slapped me. I left town. I didn't care where I went. Maybe I was a little crazy. I came here. A man picked me up. I didn't even care about that. It didn't matter. I made him give me twenty dollars. The next afternoon a woman named Gonzales came to the hotel room. I don't know how she found out. She explained things to me. I didn't want anything to do with her. After she left I went for a walk and the police picked me up. She came to the jail and explained again. So it was either spend ninety days in jail, or do it her way. And that, Mr. Morrow, is how I got my start."

"Roger gave you the name, so you took over the game."

"I suppose that's it."

"And all this is just a process of getting even with him, getting even with life."

"Oh, it's very simple, Teed. I buy nice clothes, live in a nice apartment with an unlisted phone. I'm always honest with myself. I get up in the morning and look into my mirror and say, 'Good morning, you whore.' "

"Maybe I'm a prude. I just don't like the sound of that."

"And of course I do."

"Don't get angry. How about your family?"

"The usual thing. They think I'm a model. Isn't that almost standard procedure?"

"What are you going to do now?"

"I . . . I just don't know. I don't know what you've done to me. I feel as if I'd been sick, somehow, ever since Roger. Now I'm getting well. And that makes a problem. I just don't know."

"All right. I'll rephrase the question. What are you going to do this minute?" he asked, reaching for her.

She moved joyously toward him, her laughter soft in the night. "Oh, Teed, I can answer that question. I can answer it."

"We can answer it."

"Teed, not fierce and . . . desperate, like before. Tender, this time. Slow and tender. Can you pretend tenderness?"

"I don't have to pretend," he said, his voice thick.

Later, when she whimpered in her sleep he touched her shoulder and, without waking, she made the tiny warm sigh that is the only thing left of a fear that has suddenly gone away.

In the night he shut his fist until his knuckles ached, and thought that maybe one day he would make a trip, call on a man named Roger something.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Morning sun was slanting into the small window and Barbara Heddon was shaking him awake.

"Teed! Someone at the door. Wake up, Teed!"

He crawled across her, snatched his trousers off the floor, pulled them on. He shook his head hard, grinned at her. "Don't get up. I'll chase them away."

"I think I better get dressed."

The hard knocking came again, and a man's voice called, "Open up, Morrow!"

"Coming, coming," he bellowed angrily.

He flung the door open. The pasty cop named Harry stood there, perennial match stick in his mouth, hat shoved back. Behind him was a gaunt, hard-shouldered, rock-faced man with dull eyes and a gold tooth.

"What do you want?"

"We come with your mail, Morrow," Harry said. "See, in the mail you get a warrant. Search warrant. And we're taking you in for a couple questions. I'm Detective Pilcher and this here is Detective Boyd, and that guy getting out of the car with the big black case is named Broznahan and he's from the lab. You alone?"

"There's a lady here. A guest."

The match slid over to the other corner of his mouth. "Now aren't you the one! Great entertainer, aren't you?"

"Why the search warrant?"

"We got a hot tip, Morrow. We got a hot tip that you been tipping over the mayor's wife up here in your camp." He nudged Boyd. "Get the joke. Tip. Tipping?"

Broznahan had thick glasses and a thin sharp over-sized nose. Teed heard a sound behind him and turned in time to get a glimpse of Barbara, clad only in the wool shirt, scurrying into the bathroom, her clothes over her arm.

Teed stopped blocking the doorway and the three men went in. "What are you after?" Teed asked.

"Oh," said Harry Pilcher, "just a little evidence that Mrs. Carboy was here, say Monday night."

"I thought she was killed Monday night."

"Gee, you catch on real quick."

"Am I supposed to be charged with murdering her?"

"Did we say that? We just want a little chat with you, that's all. You know, sit around and chat and giggle and scratch ourselves."

Broznahan went to work in the kitchen. With his powder and brushes and lense and camera and tape, he was a busy little man.

"Why don't you take this delightful opportunity to put on your city suit, Morrow?" Pilcher asked.

Teed shrugged. He got his clothes from the closet and put them on in the bedroom. Barbara's purse was still there. He took the five twenties back out of it and put them in his wallet. He was back out, completely dressed, a few seconds before Barbara came hesitantly out of the bathroom.

Both the detectives stared at her. Boyd snapped his big fingers. "Wait! Don't tell me. Hell, you're on Marie Gonzales' list! I see you once in the line-up."

"You *paying* for it now?" Pilcher asked Teed incredulously.

"Clever of you to figure it out, Sergeant," Barbara said acidly to Boyd. Her face had hardened and her voice had gone thin and flat.

Boyd sauntered closer to her and fingered her breast roughly. "You know, I was wondering were those real."

Barbara neither flinched nor moved away. "Now you know, Sergeant. So take your hand away."

"How about a quickie, baby?" Boyd said earnestly.

"Cut it out!" Teed said, anger filling his throat.

Boyd stared at him. "Hell, your time's up, ain't it?" He turned back to Barbara. "Right in that room there. Come on. What's the fee?"

"I told you . . ." Teed said.

"Please, Teed. I can handle this."

There was a look of warning in Barbara's eyes. She smiled at Boyd. "Sergeant, I like you. You're so direct and so manly. I'll make you a special price, just because I like you."

"How much?" Boyd said, reaching for his wallet.

"I like you so much, it will cost you five thousand dollars."

Boyd froze with his hand on his wallet. Then he whipped his arm around and hit her over the ear with the heel of his hand. She bounced off the wall beside the bathroom door and landed on her hands and knees.

Teed reached Boyd in one step, swinging as he stepped, swinging as Boyd turned blindly into the blow and caught Teed's fist flush on the nose. Teed felt the cartilage and bone go under his knuckles. He chopped hard with his right, followed the reeling man back to the wall, hooked with his left to a belly that felt as hard as a board fence. Boyd doubled and as Teed moved back to measure him for the blow that would knock him down, there was a soft thud against the back of his head. It did not feel like a violent blow, but the vibration shuddered in his brain and turned his knees to water. He felt as though it were taking him forever to turn around. Barbara swept by in the range of his vision, just getting to her feet. There was a dance of steps behind him and another of those soft thuds. This time his legs folded and he went down onto his knees. He waved his arms like a man on a tightrope and got one foot under him again, came back up onto both feet, feeling as though he stood at a dizzy height.

Boyd came toward him, both big fists held low, chin on chest, blood patterning the white shirt. His eyes were squinted almost shut.

"Now, don't mark him! Don't mark him!" a far-off voice yelled.

Boyd hit him under the heart. It was like being hit with a slow sledge. Boyd had swung from close to the floor and the blow lifted both Teed's feet off the floor. He sat on the end of his spine, rolled back and tried to kick feebly at Boyd's knees.

Boyd picked him up and swung toward the wall. Teed flailed with arms that felt as light and ineffectual as those long balloons sold a circuses. Boyd moved in close to him and tucked a massive shoulder under Teed's chin. And with his fists, with slow measured fury, he began to tear Teed's middle apart. He snorted with each blow. Teed could no longer lift his arms. They dangled loosely and his head bobbled on Boyd's shoulder. He tried to grin across the room that seemed full of red mist. Barbara, her face too white, stood flat against the wall. Harry Pilcher stood tapping his palm with a leather sap, his lips pulled back from his teeth. Broznahan stood transfixed, jar in one hand, brush in the other, the light catching his glasses so that his eyes were invisible.

Teed wanted to tell them that Boyd was going to kill him if they didn't stop him. His teeth chattered insanely as his head bobbed on the thick shoulder. Boyd grunted with each blow, twisting his heavy body to get the back muscles into each blow, moving in a slow, almost sexual rhythm. Broznahan, Barbara and Pilcher receded until they were tiny figures, almost too far away to see, and then the red mist drifted across them at the very moment that Boyd's blows stopped hurting entirely.

He came to on the Indian blanket on the living-room bed. In the moment of regaining consciousness, his knees came up hard, as high as he could draw them. It eased the pain in his middle.

Barbara sat beside him. She wiped the sweat from his face with the cool damp washcloth.

"Where—are they?"

"Pilcher is in the bathroom cleaning Boyd up, darling."

"Could have—taken him. Sapped me, though. Couldn't . . ."

"It was my fault, darling. My fault. I should have known better than get wise with Boyd."

"He won't—try to force you to . . ."

She smiled without humor. "Not unless he wants to start talking soprano."

"Shouldn't—talk hard that way. I hurt. Can't get my knees down."

"Don't try yet. The last thing he did was back up fast and kick you before you could fall."

"Get—even some time."

"Don't think about it now."

"You—leave. Take my car. Leave it . . . City Hall lot."

"I'll stay with you and see that you're all right."

"Please . . . important. Tell Armando Rogale. Lawyer. That'll keep them—from working me over too much. Here's keys."

She took the keys, concealed them in her hand. She kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good-by, Teed. And thanks."

She walked quickly and quietly out. He listened and heard the Ford start, heard her give it the gun. He grinned at Pilcher as the man came running angrily out of the bathroom.

"She's used to better—company, Pilcher."

Pilcher walked over to the bed. "Oh, how I love them wise! How I love them with a nice big fat chip on the shoulder! Morrow, you're going to be so damned eager to tell us you killed Mrs. Carboy that you won't be able to get the words out fast enough."

"And you'll be wondering—how an ex-cop finds a job."

"Hell, boy! I forgot you're a reformer. I was just thinking of you as a murderer. Forgive me, huh?"

By the time they were ready to leave, Teed could stand up, but he couldn't straighten up. And he couldn't walk without support. He knew, from their attitude, that they hadn't found a thing. Broznahan seemed disgruntled.

With Boyd on one side and Pilcher on the other, they walked him out to the car. He had to take one step at a time, and he walked like an old man, unable to lift his heels clear of the ground. They put him in the back seat with a grim silent Boyd who held a wet folded towel against his nose.

They drove him into town, drove him to a precinct station in West Deron, took his tie, belt, shoelaces, pocket articles and led him back to a ten-by-ten cell containing two iron bunks, a wall faucet, a pail, a tin cup and a toilet without a seat. He eased himself down onto the bunk and then lay in the only comfortable position he could find, on his side with his knees drawn up. He was almost asleep from exhaustion when Pilcher and a stranger came in. The stranger was in uniform pants and shirt sleeves. His corded forearms were covered with a pelt of red hair.

"He's real stubborn, Harry?" the stranger asked.

"He doesn't know we're trying to help him, Mose. Just hold him for me."

Mose handled Teed with the same ease with which Teed would have handled a child. He swung him out of the bunk, forced him down onto his knees, facing the bunk. Mose sat on the bunk with Teed's wrists imprisoned in red hands that were like vises.

"Turn it up, Georgie!" Pilcher shouted. A radio began to blast music so loudly that it sounded like a sound truck was right outside the cell.

When the blow fell, the scream tore itself out of Teed's throat before he could think to stop it. He turned his head. Pilcher stood spread-legged behind him, grinning and swinging a regulation billy by the thong. "Little kidney massage, boy. If I'm careful there won't be any permanent damage. But sometimes I get careless."

The second blow chopped into the opposite side and this time Teed suppressed the scream.

Mose grinned at him. "Don't make it tough on yourself, friend."

Teed let his muscles go slack. Then suddenly he snapped both wrists up, against Mose's thumbs. The instant his hands were free, he lunged forward and drove his right fist into Mose's face. The blow was feeble, glancing, but oddly satisfying. He kicked backward and his heel hit something soft. His laceless shoe fell off. They grabbed him again and the third blow drove him down into darkness.

They shook him awake. It was dark. The single cell light was a small bulb behind steel mesh in the cell ceiling. He struck out at them.

"Hey, easy!" Armando said. Teed wanted to roll over onto his face and weep with relief. "Come on. Get hold of my arm."

"We better take him to my house," Powell Dennison said. Teed hadn't recognized him in the gloom.

"Wait a second, before we get him on his feet," Armando said. "Teed, here's your stuff from the desk. Powell, get the belt in his pants. I'll fix up his shoes."

Teed licked dry lips. "I didn't tell them anything."

"So we hear," Armando said. "How many times they work you over?"

"I don't remember which parts were real and which parts were just dreams."

"You wore out some stalwart officers of the department, Teed. You even converted Pilcher. Leighton told me that Pilcher refused to touch you again. He said he wasn't going to get in any mess where you had to kill somebody before they'd talk."

"Are you taking me out of here?"

"Dennison went bail. The charge is assaulting an officer in the performance of his duties."

"He was trying to . . ."

"Save your strength. I had a talk with the girl." Armando slipped an arm under his. "Come on, fella."

Every step was torture. Every breath he

took was like so many knives being forced between his ribs. He leaned heavily on the two of them, the morose turnkey following along behind.

They went slowly up three stairs and the turnkey opened a barred door. He pulled it shut after they went through. There was a short hallway that opened into a large room. Several cops were standing around. Pilcher was there, chewing his match. Leighton stood by the doorway to the street. Everyone watched him.

Pilcher said distinctly, "These crazy guys. Always falling down a flight of stairs or something. Feel better, Morrow?"

Teed stopped walking. He pulled his arms away from Armando and Powell. He pulled himself erect and the effort dizzied him. Then, planting one foot slowly in front of the other, he walked steadily and slowly and unsupported over toward Pilcher. Pilcher took a step backward, then thought better of it. His eyes were wary.

Teed stopped in front of Pilcher. "You," Teed said softly, "are a sadistic sonofabitch."

"Now, look!"

"You're a poor policeman and a poor human being."

"I don't have to take that!"

"Then hit me again, Pilcher. If you don't like the words, hit me again."

Pilcher looked at the cops who were watching silently. He laughed nervously. "What are you going to do with a guy like that?" He turned away, walked quickly through an opposite doorway.

Armando caught Teed before he fell, and they got him out to the car. Teed sat in the back seat. After two blocks he began to cry, sobbing aloud.

"Easy, boy," Armando said.

He stopped before they reached the Dennison house. Jake and Marcia stood wide-eyed and silent in the hall as they brought him in and started up the stairs with him.

"Phone Doctor Schaeffer, Marcia, please," Powell said.

He asked to be permitted to stop and rest at the landing. Jake squeezed by them and went on up the stairs. A bedroom light clicked on. Teed could not see the bed, but he could see it in his mind. Deep and soft and white and eternal.

After a few moments he felt as though he could make it the rest of the way. The bed lamp glowed on the white pillows. Jake had turned the bed down and she stood silently in the shadows. Her father said a low word to her and she left. Armando and Powell helped him undress.

The doctor seemed to arrive almost immediately. He was a brisk man with a military mustache. Armando and Powell stood back in the shadows as the doctor prodded softly, expertly. "Hurt? Now breathe. Again. This hurt?"

"Should he go to a hospital, Doctor?" Powell asked in the soft voice used in a room of the sick.

"I . . . don't think so. Who—what happened to this man?"

"Would you be willing to testify that he was beaten?" Armando asked.

"I'm quite busy. Testimony means appearing in court. Delays."

"Would you sign a statement?"

The doctor was silent for a long moment. "Really, it's hard to be certain about a thing like this."

"What damage is there?"

"I wouldn't care to say just yet. I'll want samples. Urine, stool. There'll be some bleeding. Superficial kidney damage, I would say. Of course, a severe fall would . . ."

"A fall where he bounced a few dozen times?" Armando asked acidly.

Schaeffer straightened his shoulders. "I am fresh out of lances, sir, and I have no quarrel with windmills. I've seen this sort of work before. My work is to heal."

"And never stick your neck out," Armando said.

"Please, Mr. Rogale," Powell Dennison said.

Alcohol was a touch of coolness on Teed's arm. The needle was a point of fire in the cool patch. "I'll stop by in the morning," Schaeffer said. "He'll sleep until then. I'll decide in the morning whether we should take him in for X-rays. There's no definite rib fracture. Maybe a crack or two. This man has a very powerful body. I suspect he may snap back quite rapidly."

The doctor left. Powell went down with him. Teed heard their low voices on the stairs and in the lower hallway.

Armando said, "I think you'll stay sick quite a while, Teed. So sick they can't haul you in again."

"If they started on me again I . . . I don't know."

"You've made a friend, Teed. Herb Leighton. Sorry I couldn't get you out quicker. They hadn't booked you. Said at headquarters you weren't in custody. Leighton had a job finding out which precinct you were in."

Armando's voice went on and became a buzzing sound that made no sense. Teed hauled himself back up out of the enclosing darkness. His speech sounded drunken. "I missed that last part, Armando."

"I said that the Heddon woman was a little unpopular with the boys right now. They didn't like the way she ran out. So she's laying low for a while. I found her a place. If they try to bring that assault charge to trial, she's willing to testify in your behalf. What the hell did you do to her? Give her religion? She must know that if she sticks her neck out for you, they'll give her a train ride to Dannemora."

"Don't . . . let her do it," Teed said. His voice sounded as though it were echoing through a tunnel.

"Hey, boy. Those ginches are expendable. She takes her own risks."

Teed could hold his eyelids open no longer. He was vaguely conscious of the light going out, of soft footsteps, of the closing of the room door. The pain of each breath lost sharpness. It was no longer pain. It was a deep blue light that glowed with each inhalation. It was apart from him.

CHAPTER EIGHT

How are we this morning?" Dr. Schaeffer said.

Aftereffects of the injection were like clouds, his mind like an aircraft that flew through them, alternating bright lucidity with the almost overpowering desire to sink back into sleep. His tongue felt as though it had been split, packed with cotton, resewed.

"From neck to knees, Doctor, I feel like a dull toothache. The rest of me is fine."

"You're like a rainbow. I can pick out six distinct colors. Hungry?"

"Definitely."

"You're on a bland diet. Milk toast, soft-boiled eggs. Yesterday's fever is gone. You're subnormal right now. X-ray plates show nothing."

"Wait a minute. Yesterday's fever? What's today?"

"Friday, Mr. Morrow."

"Wasn't I brought here last night?"

"No. Wednesday night. You've lost a day. Can't you remember any of it?"

Teed frowned. "A few bits and pieces. Can I get up?"

"This afternoon, if you feel like it. You can get dressed tomorrow. Avoid bending over, picking up anything heavy. There's some abdominal-muscle damage. Not much, but enough to be careful about. Stop in my office Monday morning."

The doctor left. Teed could sense his own weakness. He shut his fists, and could not shut them tightly. After a time he heard steps on the stairs, the clink of dishes. Marcia came in with food on a tray table.

"Good morning, nurse," Teed said.

She was crisp, quick, smilingly polite. She bent over him to pull the pillows up. She smelled of soap and some floral perfume. She looked as though she had been scrubbed with a harsh brush until she glowed. Viking woman.

"Did I make the papers?" he asked.

"I'll get them for you. The Times played it down. The Banner News convicted you, on the front page, of drunken assault, lechery, obstructing justice. They slyly hinted that you killed Mrs. Carboy, but Mr. Rogale told Daddy that some legal eagle had gone over the story before it was printed, so there's nothing actionable."

"I guess I've got a little dirty linen to hang on the public clothesline."

Her lips tightened a bit. "That's your affair, Teed. Not mine."

"Marcia, are you as prim inside as you look outside?"

"I'll get the papers now," she said.

He went over the Thursday papers and the Friday morning Banner News carefully. The only important thing was to determine if Dennison had been hurt by this. He flushed as he read the editorial in the Banner News.

"Mr. Powell Dennison is, we understand, highly regarded in the field of municipal administration. However, it appears to us that Mr. Dennison's background has been more theoretical than practical. Many intelligent men who perform a valid function in institutions of higher education find themselves somewhat at a loss when it comes to the give and take of the everyday world.

"It is no slur on Mr. Dennison's standing, professionally, to raise certain questions about his capability in the matter of employing personnel. He had known and worked with Mr. Teed Morrow in the past. So rather than select his assistant from among the many capable men who know the ins and outs of Deron politics and procedures, Mr. Dennison went far afield to bring Mr. Morrow here from some position or other in Pennsylvania. Personal loyalty is fine. When it is given more emphasis than effective administration, it becomes dubious.

"We hold no brief for Mr. Teed Morrow. Perhaps he performs his assigned work efficiently. That is for Mr. Dennison to say. But Mr. Morrow has come here and in six months he has apparently grown to believe that because of his position, he stands apart from ordinary moral standards, and feels himself to be beyond the touch of duly constituted law and order. It is up to the courts to unravel the more intriguing aspects of Mr. Morrow's personal habits. We can only conjecture about the known facts. One—Mrs. Mark Carboy's automobile was found in front of Mr. Morrow's apartment on the morning following her death. Two—When Officers Boyd and Pilcher went to Mr. Morrow's rented camp at West Canada Lake to question him regarding Mrs. Carboy's car, they found Mr. Morrow in the company of a notorious woman whose name has appeared on the police blotter on three separate occasions. Three—When Officers Boyd and Pilcher attempted to question Mr. Morrow, he assaulted Sergeant Boyd and broke his nose. It was necessary to use force to bring Mr. Morrow into custody.

"We do not feel that Mr. Morrow's actions are what we should expect of any public servant.

"We humbly suggest to Mr. Dennison that

he request Mr. Morrow's resignation and that Mr. Morrow be replaced by one of the capable citizens of this city.

"Should Mr. Dennison refuse to request the resignation, we can only assume that it is, in effect, an approval of Mr. Morrow's personal habits and attitude toward authority. If this be the case, the Banner News wishes once more to reaffirm its policy stated at the time the Mayor—City Manager form of government appeared as Option Three on the ballot. If your house needs cleaning, the thing to do is get out the rags and the soap and the bucket and get down on your knees and do it yourself."

Teed crumpled the paper and threw it aside. He lay back and stared rigidly at the ceiling. The editorial was damning. It contained enough facts to make every honest and decent citizen of the city lose confidence in Dennison. And confidence was what Powell Dennison was going to need at the time he made public his findings to date.

When Powell came home to lunch, Teed had made his decision.

Powell pulled a chair over to the bed. "Did you read the editorial in the Banner News, Powell?"

"A very clever and thorough job. But that's their job, Teed. To make us look just as black as they possibly can."

"I handed it to them on a platter, Powell."

The big man frowned. "I don't see that. You had nothing to do with the car being left there. And you know that I've never tried to control your personal life, Teed."

Teed propped himself up on one elbow. "The nicer you are about it, the more you make me feel like a heel. Damn it, I want you to drop me over the side. I insist on it. I'm resigning, as of right now."

Powell shut his eyes for long seconds, opened them slowly. "Job too tough for you?"

"You know better than that."

"Is it the beating you took, Teed?"

"No. It's the fact that I've lied to you. I lied to you because I was doing something I knew wasn't smart, and I didn't want to stop because Felice Carboy was good in bed. Oh, not wonderful, you know. Just pleasantly competent."

Powell smiled. "That isn't exactly news, Teed."

"When did you know?"

"One Sunday the girls and I drove out. Her car was there. The two of you were swimming. I walked back to the car and told the girls you weren't around. So we drove on."

"Why didn't you collar me and tell me I was being a fool?"

"It's a man's privilege, Teed, to be a fool. And a woman's privilege too. I suppose that taking that other woman out there was Rogale's idea. An attempt to cover up?"

All right. Do you know that Felice Carboy was killed at my camp? Do you know that I brought her body back and left it where it was found? Two specialists came out and took care of her very adequately."

Powell said softly, "That isn't very good, is it?"

"All they need is just a little more evidence, real or manufactured, Powell, and I'm in the soup."

"If you resigned, Teed, they would stop hunting for evidence. Is that what you're trying to say?"

"That wasn't my reason. It is a reason, but not mine."

"It's a risk I don't want you to take, Teed. And there's a way out of it. That was last Monday night, wasn't it?" He got up quickly and went to the head of the stairs. "Girls!" he called. "Come up here a minute." He went back into the room. "Jake is home from school for lunch."

The girls came in, smiling at first, then sobering as they sensed the tension in the room.

"Think of Monday night. What happened? Phone calls? I don't remember getting any. We had no visitors, did we?"

Teed saw where it was heading. "I can't let you do this, Powell."

"Be quiet. Girls?"

Jake said, "It was a real quiet evening. I had homework piled up. You remember anything, Marse?"

"As far as I can remember, no one came and no one called," Marcia said firmly.

"Now understand this, girls, and remember it please," Powell said. "I worked in my study until nine. I told you I had some things to go over with Teed, things I'd forgotten. I drove the car up to West Canada Lake and we worked so late that I stayed overnight, as I told you I might when I left, and I came back in the morning."

"But, Daddy," Jake said, "why do you have to . . ."

Powell caught her hand. "Some people are trying to frame Teed, honey, for something he didn't do. I'm willing to perjure myself and ask you two to lie for me in order to make it impossible for them to frame him easily. You don't have to agree. But if you do agree, you can't change your mind later."

Jake looked at Teed with shining eyes. "Of course, Daddy. We'll do it, won't we, Marse?"

Marcia nodded, absently, as though it were of little importance.

Rogale came in midafternoon and Marcia woke Teed up from his nap. Armando looked tired. He put his brief case on the floor beside the bed.

"Your attorney reports, Teed. What a day!"

"How does it look?"

"Well, somebody got to our ex-Mayor, Judge Kennelty, with the idea that as long as we have the Heddon girl on ice, they'd be damn fools to press this Boyd question. The Deputy Chief, Wally Wetzelle, told me over the phone that the charge was being withdrawn. I picked up Dennison's bail receipt and went and got his dough back. The opposition sort of faded away. Like swinging at a baseball and hitting a powder puff. I can't say it makes me happy."

"Why not?"

"You only drop one attack when you think of a better one. On a hunch I got hold of a contact I have in the D.A.'s office. Apparently as far as Trim is concerned, the Carboy kill is still 'person or persons unknown.' And my contact said that Wetzelle, in charge of the case, has cut the working crew down to one guy, a vague, unworldly cop named Dinst who would have trouble finding the pay phone in a phone booth. It looks like there is going to be another unsolved murder in the files of our fair city. So my uneasy feeling grows stronger."

"What's the policy?"

"Watchful waiting. What the hell else? Unless you people want to leap to the attack. Got enough yet?"

"Enough to get a return of grand jury indictments against Kennelty, Koalwitz, Carboy, Joseph Lantana and three members of the Common Council. Conspiracy to defraud the public."

"I see what you mean," Armando said, nodding, "enough for a big stink, some indictments that won't turn into convictions. A stink that will slowly blow away and leave the same guys in the driver's seat, eh?"

"Nothing to touch Lonnie Raval, Armando."

"Or his two upstanding young lieutenants, Windy Weiss and Tony Stratter. I can see how previous you'd be, popping it now. Raval would just dump the ones you got the goods on and replace them out of stock. Are you getting any closer?"

Maybe we were, and didn't know it, Armando. Maybe Felice was the key for the lock. I wish I knew what she was going to tell. Think Carboy knows?"

"He probably does. And if he does, Teed, he'll gabble just like Harpo Marx. He's like the other ones that jump when Raval snaps his fingers. Stupid and shrewd. A hell of a combination. It makes me think of the TV programs during the investigation. You could see them there, the fat-cat smarties. They sweated a little and they squirmed a little, but when it was over they hopped planes and got the hell out of there. It was the dime-a-dozen politicians that were left standing by the wringer, wondering how they got caught. And not one of them with the guts, even after being caught, to come right out and name names, trace connections, point the finger at the fat cats. No. Always waiting and hoping

CAVALIER

"That's the first dollar we overcharged."

for a new appeal, waiting until the heat was off so they could go nuzzling back to the fat cats, saying, 'See? I didn't tell a thing. Now get my muzzle back in the trough. Loyal guys like me should be rewarded.'" Rogale jumped up and walked over to the window, setting his heels down hard. "They've got something in mind," he muttered. "I wish I could guess what it is."

After he had gone, Teed put on the slippers and robe that had been brought over from his apartment. He went downstairs slowly, holding onto the railing. By the time he reached the downstairs hall, he was sweating and trembling with weakness. The house was empty. He saw the car full of kids slow down in front, saw Jake jump out, wave and yell at the car, come running up the steps. She wore a flaring wool skirt of Chinese red, a white cardigan.

Hey!" she said. "You supposed to be up?"

"They told me I could. Now I'm beginning to wonder."

"I think you'd better sit down before you fall down, Teed. Sit on the couch. Here, I'll put the pillows down at this end."

When she had him fixed, she sat on the couch, down by his feet. She looked at him and the flush crept up from her throat, suffused her cheeks. She looked away quickly. "I'm sorry about last Sunday night, Teed. I got kind of creepy."

"Not too many of your birthdays ago, I upended you and paddled you. With one to grow on. Maybe you were getting even, Jake."

Powell came home a bit later and decided that a bland drink for Teed would be in accord with his bland diet. After dinner Teed reported Armando's comments.

Powell said, "He's right when he says we can't move in on Raval yet. Maybe we'll never be able to. That Weiss is the bag man, the pick-up man. Tony Stratter handles the pay-offs. Everything is cash. When and where and how Raval steps in for his cut is a deep mystery. That's our choice, Teed. To wait and hope we can get some more while we strengthen the data we already have, or whether we pop it fast. I suspect Raval would like to have us step up to the plate right now."

"Which is the best argument for waiting that I can think of," Teed said, smothering a convulsive yawn.

"I forgot how this would tire you, Teed. Better run along to bed."

"I'm O.K. Just sleepy. I'll be to work by Monday."

"Don't rush it. There's plenty of time."

"I wonder just how much time there is," Teed said. He said good night to Powell and the girls and went up to bed. He was lost in a warm mist of sleepiness. Consciousness left him with almost the same speed that the room fell into darkness when he pulled the bed-lamp chain.

The dream had taste and color and texture. A woman-dream of astonishing vividness, of clinging warmth, of heavy scent. He struggled up through the soft strands of sleep to the awareness of the warmth against him.

"What in the . . ."

A hand like ice closed his lips. "Hush, Teed," she whispered.

He pulled her hand away and whispered, "Damnit, Jake! What do you think you're doing?"

She was shivering violently and her breath was coming fast. She pulled his arms around her, burrowed closer against his chest, her hair tickling his nostrils. His hand rested on a silky sheerness, on the trembling warmth underneath it.

"Oh, Teed, I love you so!"

"My God, you've drenched yourself with perfume!"

She shook with silent laughter. "Did I use too much?" she whispered. "I couldn't see in the dark. And I couldn't turn on the light. It's nearly three. They're asleep. I took one of Marcia's night gowns, too. I don't have any like this."

He wormed his imprisoned arm out from under her, rolled onto his back, folded his arms across his chest. "Jake, you go back to your own bed," he whispered.

"Love me, Teed. It will be all right. We'll be married, Teed."

"By God, I'm not going to touch you. Go away. Get out of here."

She rammed her head up into his neck, an arm across his body. "You can't win, Teed. Even if you don't, I'll say you did. So see? You'll have the name anyway, so you might as well have the game."

"What do you think a man's made of? I don't love you. Even if I did, this would be a damn fool operation. Go back to your own bed, damnit."

"I've got enough love for both of us, my darling."

"O.K. You've got enough love for both of us. Let's discuss it in the morning."

"Please stop talking, darling." She climbed up over his shoulder, found his lips with hers, her arms sliding around his neck. The scent was like a cloud around them.

He pushed her away. He heard movement and thought she was leaving.

"What are you doing?" he whispered.

"Just a moment, darling. I'm getting rid of this thing. I don't want to get it all rumpled up."

"Put it back on. At once!"

"Too late," she whispered.

"Unless you're out of this room in thirty seconds, Jake, I'm going to turn the light on, get dressed, and leave this house."

"You can't. You're not . . . well enough. Teed, please."

"I never meant anything more than I mean that, Jake. And I'm right. You would have hated me, afterward."

"I could never hate you."

"Get dressed, Jake."

He watched. The room was so dark that she was nothing but a pale shadow. He heard the silky rustle. Her perfume grew strong again as she leaned over the bed. Her lips were like a child's lips. They touched his cheek, slid lightly to his mouth.

"Good night, Teed."

"Good night, Jake. This never happened. We dreamed it, Jake."

"It never happened, my darling."

CHAPTER NINE

When he went downstairs dressed, at ten, Powell had gone to the office, Marcia was marketing. It was Saturday and Jake was home. In blue jeans and fuzzy yellow sweat shirt, she bustled around the kitchen, getting his breakfast.

She talked too gaily, her voice pitched too high. He noticed that she was pale and there were blue shadows under her eyes.

She served the bacon and eggs and toast and coffee, then sat at the table across from him, head tilted, cheek resting on her clasped hands, elbows on the table.

"I suppose every person makes a mistake once in a while, Teed."

"Standard practice."

"Thank you for saving me from making my mistake."

"You're welcome. You cured now?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've got over me, I hope."

"Oh, goodness, no! I lay awake and I realized that all I was doing was cheating us. Our first time won't be like that, Teed. Not sneaking and hiding and whispering in the dark. No, it will be in a big hotel. Maybe in Havana. With a little patio off the room. And we'll have all the time there is. Just think! All the time there is."

"When is this alarming sequence going to take place?"

She frowned seriously. "Now I figure it this way, Teed. I haven't told Daddy, but I've been changing some of those silly pre-college courses to practical things. Home Economics. A course about babies."

"Do they tell you where they come from?"

"Now, don't be childish, Teed. This is my senior year. I'll be out in June. I think I can break it gently to Daddy, about no more school, I mean. My birthday comes on June twenty-sixth. School will be out then. This job you and Daddy are doing ought to be quiet by then. And if we get married on my birthday, you'll only have one date to remember instead of two. Men are so backward about remembering dates. And they say Havana isn't hot at all in the summer. Cooler than Florida, they say."

"You stayed awake and organized my future, did you?"

"I don't want a big wedding. A really big wedding. Do you?"

"This is pretty sudden, you know."

"And sex is important, of course, but not *all* important. Having kindred interests is a big part of it. Our backgrounds, in general, are the same. Of course, I'll take courses after I'm married, so I won't be *too* stupid for you."

"Honey, just let me eat my eggs, will you?"

She beamed at him. "That sounds so nice and married, Teed. 'Honey, just let me eat my eggs, will you?' Oh, Teed!"

"Look!"

"And you should realize that marrying a younger woman will help keep you young. You won't get stuffy so fast. I'll catch up, and then we'll both get stuffy together. I want babies right away, so I'll be a grandma before I'm forty."

She got up and said, "Now, darling, I'll let you have your breakfast in peace so you can think it over. You don't have to tell me today, or anything."

"Thank you for the grace period," he said hollowly.

After breakfast, and after Marcia came back, he replaced the bag that had been brought from his apartment.

"You're not leaving!" Jake cried.

"I can take care of myself now, thanks. Just a little stiff. Not sore a bit any more. I'll take a cab down to the Hall, stop in and tell Powell and drive my car back to the apartment. I can't tell you how much I appreciate all you've done."

He left in a storm of objections and solicitous advice. He lowered himself gingerly into the back seat of the taxi and waved at the two girls standing on the porch, Jake a half-head taller than the blonde Marcia.

As he went up the stairs a vast, billowing woman from the City Engineer's office came down. She had always favored him with a mincing smile. She looked at him and through him, and sniffed audibly as they passed. City employees seem to develop a seventh sense. Catastrophe casts an invisible aura over its victims before it strikes. You must sense that aura and move carefully away to avoid sharing in a common disaster. Teed knew that this new attitude would also take in Powell Dennison. Co-operation would be much more difficult to obtain. Necessary records would remain stubbornly in the files. Even the switchboard would be slow and uncertain.

Teed walked into Powell's office. Powell leaned back in his chair. "Teed, you walk like you were carrying a pie plate between your knees. Should you be up and around?"

"I kissed the girls good-by, Powell. I'm going back to a bachelor existence."

"Jake give you a bad time?" Powell said, with his slow warm smile.

Teed flushed. "Not bad enough to drive me out of the house. How'd you get a daughter as stubborn as that?"

"Her mother gave me just as much trouble."

"Powell, do you feel the change of attitude around here?"

"It changed Thursday, Teed. The word went out, I guess. They're wrong, you know. It's going to be a hell of a shock to most of them."

"Makes you wonder what the hole card is, doesn't it?"

"Not when we've got aces showing, Teed. I finished that assessment survey. It shows enough so that when the Times publishes the results, nothing can stand in the way of the city hiring independent experts to come in here and revise the whole tax setup."

I'm going to take it easy over the week end, Powell, but that's no reason I can't work on something at the apartment. What can you give me?"

"Sure you want to? Okay. Take this file. Don't let it get out of your hands. It shows tax sales of unimproved property. A whole bunch of building lots just inside the south edge of town. And here's a transcript of property sales in the same area. And a map. Seems that one L. L. Weiss has picked up a lot of land out that way."

"Windy? Raval's boy?"

"Right. And Sandscone, over at the Chamber of Commerce, advises me that he talked with Devlin, of the Board of Education, and Devlin said that the area in question is the logical place for the new high school. Devlin expects the bond issue to be approved."

"Oh, fine!" Teed said. "Weiss is dummy for Raval. Raval picks up the land, pressures Devlin to locate the high school there, pressures the Common Council to approve the bond issue, sells the land at a fat profit and then has one of his own companies put in the low bid on construction, knowing that he can get the co-operation of the inspectors and cut enough corners in construction so that the profit is fat."

"In a way," Powell said slowly, "Raval is telling us, by going ahead with this thing, that he doesn't think we can hurt him. He isn't even doing us the courtesy of battening down his hatches until the storm is over. Take the folder, Teed, and see if you can write up the facts in such a way that Ritchie Seward can carry the ball with a series on it when we're ready to fire."

Teed took the manila folder and stood up. "I'll be on my way. Thanks, Powell."

Powell looked a little uncomfortable. "I suppose I ought to tell you this. I had a little session with the men who put up our war fund. They don't like this recent development. They wanted to get back more control of the purse strings. I talked them out of it."

"This time."

"Right. Well . . . take it easy."

"Thanks for telling me, Powell. Is Carboy back on the job?"

"Not yet. The funeral was Thursday. He left the hospital Thursday morning, and now he's at his home. They expect him to be back in the office Monday."

"Funny it should hit him so hard, Powell. Hell, he must have realized that Felice wasn't . . . I don't know how to say it."

He found his car in the City Hall lot. He hunted for the keys and found them in the ash tray.

When Barbara had fled from Boyd and Pilcher she must have known that she was making enemies who could do her a lot of harm. He had been too dazed to realize at the time what he was asking her to do. The wind was raw. He closed the windows and turned on the heater.

Mrs. Kidder was at the desk. She seemed more shy than usual as she handed him his mail.

As he walked across the park toward his apartment, he leafed through the mail. Bills and ads. Except the last one. A personal letter. Feminine handwriting. Gray stationery with a white border.

He stopped outside his door to read it.

Dear Teed,

It is hard to write this sort of a letter without it sounding like something to be spoken in a throbbing voice with violins in the background. Actually it is a letter of thanks. I feel as though I have been ill for a long time, and now I am beginning to convalesce. I thought that what I had done to myself had been entirely my own business, but now I have begun to paraphrase Mr. Donne and think about no woman being an island unto herself. You were the shock I needed, Teed, and when Mr. Rogale tells me that there is nothing I need to stay here for, I shall be off to distant places to see if I can put myself back together, bit by bit. I know that it is certainly far too late for me to become, in any respect, a junior leaguer, but at least I can become honest with myself. Give my very best to Albert and the pigeons.

Your Barbara.

There was, of course, no return address. He unlocked the door and went in. He sat down and picked up the phone book, found Armando Rogale's home number. He put his hand on the phone, then shrugged and tossed the book on the shelf of the phone table. Seeing her again would not help her, or him. To stir another person, cause them to examine their own motivations, open them to self doubt, is a responsiblity that should not be lightly assumed. In stripping Barbara of her tough defences, he had realized how fragile were his own. He was quite certain that she would not want to see him. Once the catalyst has caused the chemical reaction, its function is over. The reaction, once started, is self-sustaining. He knew that Barbara would not dramatize herself or her decision. As a woman and a human being she had set out to punish herself for some real or imagined lack. The punishment was over. The organism had survived. It was altered, irrevocably, but it had survived.

He was still sitting at the alcove phone table, his back to the door, when he heard it swing open, felt the coolness on the back of his neck.

He turned quickly, chair legs sliding on the hardwood floor of the alcove. Mark Carboy leaned against the door, slamming it shut. He was hatless, and his hands were deep in the pockets of his dark overcoat. His eyes were puffed, reddened, and completely wild. Carboy was a big-bellied man with a long hard-boned face. The flesh appeared to have slid from his face, gathered in loose folds that overlapped his collar. It was a face which, in photographs, seemed full of a steel-eyed resolution, and in life looked oddly broken, as though something deep within the man had snapped long ago.

"Mr. Mayor, I . . . I'm glad to see you," Teed said inanely.

"Get on your feet, Morrow," the man whispered.

Teed stood up slowly. The revolver was grotesquely huge. It was the biggest revolver Teed had ever seen. The absurdly large eye of the muzzle wavered in a slow circle, a small circle with Teed's belt buckle as the center point.

"What do you want?"

"I'm going to kill you," Carboy said. Sweat stood out on his forehead. He reached his left hand over and strained to pull back the massive hammer. The cylinder revolved with an oiled click.

"What for? Damnit, what for?" Teed cried, knowing that he sounded abused and petulant, almost childish.

The muzzle lifted until it pointed at the center of his chest. Teed knew that, through shock and surprise, he had lost his opportunity. At that range, the revolver would blow the entire center of his chest out through his backbone.

Carboy stuck his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, looking like a man trying to thread a needle. Teed heard a hard roaring in his ears and his vision misted until the only thing that stood out with painful clarity was the eye of the muzzle, the blade sight above it.

The second went by. "Do it, then!" Teed said. "What the hell are you waiting for?"

The trembling started in Carboy's knees, spread upwards until his whole body shook like that of a person in a chill. His teeth began to chatter. Teed saw the arm lower slowly until the muzzle pointed at the floor. Carboy stood with his eyes shut, his lips bluish.

Teed turned mechanically, woodenly, and marched to a chair and sat down. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes and concentrated on taking deep breaths.

Carboy walked in and sat on the couch. He laid the gun beside him on a cushion. They stared at each other and Teed felt the odd camaraderie of two men who have closely avoided a disaster.

"Close," Teed breathed. "God, was that close."

"I thought I could do it. I was so sure I could do it."

"Drink, Mayor?"

"Please."

Teed walked to the small kitchen on knees that threatened to bend the wrong way. He broke cubes out of the tray, splashed generous measures of bourbon onto the cubes, added water to each, carried the glasses back in. Carboy's glass chittered against his teeth as he drank deeply. Teed picked up the gun, swung the cylinder out, pulled the trigger. The hammer snapped down with a rat-trap noise. He shoved the cylinder back in and handed the gun to Carboy. Carboy took it gingerly and shoved it into his pocket.

"Hate guns," he said. "Always have."

"Where did you get a cannon like that?"

"My father brought it back from Silver City in the Eighties. Forty-four Colt, I think it is. God, Morrow, I feel as though I'd been bled white."

"You," Teed said, "are not alone. What was the idea, anyway?"

"Because you killed my wife, Morrow. Revenge, I guess."

"But I didn't kill her!"

Carboy stared at him without particular interest. "I know that."

Would you mind going over that slowly, Mayor?"

"I don't understand it very well myself. If I could cling to the belief that you killed her, Morrow, stick with that belief right up to the point of killing you, then the act of killing you would fix that belief in my mind. Maybe the idea was that once you were dead you couldn't deny it strongly enough to shake my belief."

"Isn't that pretty metaphysical, Mayor?"

"The other choice, Morrow, is less pretty. If you didn't do it, then it was done by the orders of the people who put me where I am. And that isn't an easy thing to fit your mind around. Men take your courage and your honesty and your self-respect, and then, almost as an afterthought, they kill your wife because she still has those qualities, in part,

that you have lost somewhere along the line."

"And that's what was going through your mind when you were on the verge of blowing me in half?"

"That was the argument for doing it, Morrow. The argument against it is that I can't kill. Even to regain self respect."

"Did she mean that much to you?"

Carboy chuckled. It was an unpleasant sound. "Felice? She enjoyed being the first lady of the city. She wasn't going to give that up, you know. I was the pimp. Ugly word, isn't it? She bought our prestige in her own way and between us we split the gains. And they like that. They knew that Felice made me easier to control. Any man who is thoroughly sick of himself is easy to push around. Felice made it profitable, too. I backed Raval's ventures up with public oratory, and each public bump and grind I did fattened the kitty."

"Then why did you take it so hard, Mark?"

"Because I killed her, of course. Sound a little irrational, don't I? Felice decided that Dennison is going to win. She wanted to gamble on it. She wanted to trade immunity for me for information that would assure Dennison's winning. I was afraid, Morrow. We fought it out until the small hours of Monday morning. And she won. So I told Raval what information she was going to give you. I wanted her stopped. I didn't think Dennison would lend himself to such a trade. So Raval . . . stopped her. You see, if I could keep forcing myself to believe that you killed her, Morrow, then I would be guiltless."

Teed leaned forward. "What was the information, Mark? Tell me."

Carboy shook his head, almost sadly. "I won't tell you. It is something I have, maybe the only weapon I have left, and I shall use it as I see fit."

"Tell me one thing. Is it conclusive? Will it hurt Raval?"

Carboy grunted to his feet. "It will very likely kill him, Mr. Morrow."

He walked heavily to the door and Teed followed him. At the door, Carboy turned. His eyes were clouded.

"You know, I have been thinking, wondering, just when and where my life changed. It is an odd thing when a man can't remember the exact moment a choice was made. Possibly the choice is never clear-cut. I have been thinking a great deal."

"The moralists talk about right and wrong, Mark."

"It isn't that simple. A man enters public life and he tells himself that he will do good. He will be effective and the people will benefit. It is idealism of a respectable variety And then he discovers that he must make certain compromises in order to achieve good. Like a man who builds a house. To afford the roof, he must order cheaper windows. To afford a fireplace, he must skimp the foundation. The house no longer satisfies him as much as it did, but he tells himself that without the short cuts there would be no house at all.

"But in public life, each compromise makes the next compromise easier, and each move toward good makes the next move more difficult. It is a miserable equation to live with. Yet the man goes on, and he tells himself that if you take the total good, and subtract the total evil, the net result is good. He drifts along, clutching the illusion, until one day he adds it up and he discovers that evil outbalances good. And he never knows the precise point where the balance changed, nor does he know which specific compromise was the wrong one."

He drew himself up for a moment, and in that moment he looked as noble as the retouched election photographs made him appear. "I think slowly, Morrow. I am not quick in my mind. But I do not believe that I am stupid, or that I am consciously evil."

"I do not believe that either, Mark," Teed said softly.

"It is time to change the balance of the scales." Carboy left. Teed stood at the window and watched the black Buick drive away, Carboy huddled in the back seat.

CHAPTER TEN

The moment Carboy had been driven away in the city sedan, Teed got on the phone. Powell had left the office and was not yet home. He phoned police headquarters, found that Captain Leighton was not on duty, was given Leighton's home phone number.

A child answered and Teed heard him call his father.

"Captain Leighton, this is Teed Morrow."

"What's on your mind? Going to confess?"

"I want to thank you for helping Rogale find where I was."

"It was worth it to watch you give Pilcher the works by the desk there. What gives? You got some new murders on your mind?"

"This may be for the wild geese. I don't know. I just had a visit from Mayor Carboy, here at my apartment. This call goes through the switchboard here at the apartments. I wonder if you could come over, understanding that it may be nothing."

"Most of my life has been spent tracking down nothing. Give me a half hour."

Leighton arrived in twenty minutes in his rusty black suit looking, with hollow chest, stooped thin shoulders, like a sleepy scavenger bird.

He interposed no questions as Teed told him of the visit.

"And that crack about balancing the scales, Morrow. You think he's gone off with that cannon and a fixed idea of making holes in somebody?"

"I can't think of anything else he would have meant."

"Mark Carboy has always gone around being dramatic. He's an expert sufferer, Morrow."

"Maybe this is the one time when he's been pushed beyond the edge."

"It would surprise the hell out of me, frankly. Long as I'm here, Morrow, I want to ask you something. I heard a rumor yesterday. Heard they're taking the clamps off you because there's a good chance of fitting them onto your boss. I don't know the method. Anything in his past that he wouldn't want dredged up?"

"Absolutely nothing, Captain. You are always hearing about people's lives being open books. In this case, it happens to fit."

"Either of those daughters of his ever been in a bad jam?"

"I'm sure I would have heard of it if they had. Jake is just a kid. Marcia is a pretty prim sort of girl. Quiet."

"Sometimes those quiet ones will give you a real surprise. Anyway, it was just a rumor, and it sort of fits with the way they turned off the heat under you."

"They had no case."

"Don't kid yourself. They could bring in ten witnesses who would swear to seeing you strangle her in the lobby of the Hotel Deron at high noon, and three guys to testify that you made them help you carry the body out to the dump. But figure it this way. All they can do through you is discredit Dennison. That isn't enough. There are still too many decent people in town behind him, and his reputation in Albany is good enough so that he might bring the Attorney General down on the city with enough ammunition this time to make a difference, no matter what happens to you, even if they managed to fry you at dawn. Dennison is the better target. Muzzling him would change the picture a lot more definitely than ruining you."

"What will you do about Mayor Carboy?"

"Before I left the house I got hold of one of the few guys I can trust on the force and told him to get on the mayor's tail and stay there."

"I didn't tell you anything over the phone."

"You sounded shaky enough so that it seemed like a good idea."

"Do you have any idea, Captain, what it was that his wife was planning to tell me?"

"If I had a *good* idea, I'd either be dead or be Chief of Police."

"You sound as though you might have a hunch."

"I do. Luke Koalwitz has used the edge of his tongue on Lonnie Raval more than seldom. That is something that just isn't done. But the ax never falls. Commissioner Koalwitz trots around, fat, smug and happy. Men have been killed in this town for less. The word is that Koalwitz gets more than his fair cut of the gravy. It spells one thing to me, Morrow, and I've been thinking about it a long time. Lonnie and Luke grew up in the same neighborhood. I think something happened, maybe a long time ago, maybe just a few years ago. Luke Koalwitz has some kind of evidence on Lonnie that could really put him on the spot. Not a local spot. Maybe a federal spot. He's got it hidden away somewhere and it is in his immunity. Luke is a bragging sort of man. He and Felice Carboy got chummy well over a year ago. Do you see how it figures?"

"Yes, I do."

The phone rang. Teed got it, turned and said, "For you, Captain."

Leighton grunted several times into the phone, then hung up. "That was my boy. Carboy went home, went right through the house and drove away in that Pontiac convertible. My boy lost him."

After Leighton had left, Teed went out for a late lunch, came back and stretched out on his bed. He meant to take a short nap before going over the folder he had brought from Dennison's office.

The harsh recurrent jangle of the phone awoke him. It was dark. The daytime sleep had left an evil taste in his mouth. He felt sour and discouraged and dull.

He snapped on a floor lamp at the end of the couch, went into the alcove and snatched up the phone.

"Yes?"

"Teed, is that you? Have you just come in? I've been calling and calling."

"Hello, Marcia. What's up?"

"Teed, Jake is with you, isn't she?" She seemed upset.

"Jake? No. I haven't seen her all day. I must have been too sound asleep to hear the phone before. What time is it? My watch has stopped."

"A few minutes after midnight, Teed. I'm . . . worried, so worried. This isn't like her. She's unruly, but never thoughtless."

"Where's Powell?"

"Out looking for her, with the car. I've been calling her friends. Teed, could you come over? Please."

"Of course. As soon as I can."

He stripped off his clothes, stepped into the shower. He turned it slowly from warm to cold, letting the shock awaken him completely. All of the bruises had turned to an ugly dirty yellow, a few of the more severe ones blotched with purple.

He dressed quickly, paused in the hall, took his topcoat from a hanger and shouldered into it. The night had turned cold, and his breath visible. He did not want to think, as yet, of what might have happened to Jake.

From Rogale's uncertainty, and from the rumor that Leighton had heard, it seemed entirely possible that Raval's people had picked her up. And yet even Raval shouldn't wish to take that sort of risk. Kidnaping, and it could be nothing else, was a federal offense.

He had to use the defrosters to remove the mist from the windshield as he drove across town to the Dennison house. The porch lights and all the downstairs lights were on. He parked in front and hurried up the steps.

Marcia opened the door before he could knock. Her face looked oddly shrunken. "I saw you drive up, Teed. It was silly to have you come over. I'm sorry."

"Then she's all right?"

"I'm sure she's all right. She'll turn up. You better go back to bed, Teed."

He pushed by her, pulling the door shut behind him. "What goes on here? Is Powell back?"

"Not yet."

"I'll wait until he comes back." He walked into the living room, sat down without taking his coat off. He took out his cigarettes and Marcia came over with a table lighter, took a cigarette, lit his and hers. He watched her. Her hand trembled.

"Have you informed the police?"

"And checked the hospitals. Teed, you'd better go home."

"Damnit, I'm not a stranger. This is close to being the only home I have."

She would not look at him. "Don't ask questions, Teed. Just go."

He stood up impatiently and took hold of her shoulders. "Look at me! What happened since you called me?"

Marcia made her eyes too bland. "Nothing happened."

Teed shook her so roughly that her head wobbled loosely on her neck and her eyes went out of focus. "Don't lie to me! Tell me what happened."

"I can't tell you."

"Then someone came or someone called. Who was it? What did they say? What did they want?"

"I won't tell you, Teed. You can't make me tell you."

He released her, sat down abruptly. "You'll tell your father."

"When he comes, I'll tell him."

She sat stiffly across the room from him. She had changed in a way that he could not identify until he noticed that she no longer looked controlled, enigmatic. There was a cold, steady anger in her gray eyes.

They did not speak. She was the first to hear Powell's heavy footsteps on the back porch. She hurried into the kitchen, through the dining room and swung the door shut in Teed's face.

Teed pushed it open. Powell was slowly unbuttoning his coat. He looked ten years older. "I . . . couldn't find her," he said. "Hello, Teed. Good of you to rally 'round."

"Daddy, I want to talk to you alone."

He grasped her arm. "Do you know something that . . . "

"Alone," she said firmly.

He stared at Teed, and in that moment Teed felt himself to be an outsider. Teed nodded and left the room, let the door swing shut behind him. He walked into the living room. Powell's heavy voice was a low vibration in the back of the house.

And then Marcia's voice rose in anger so shrill that Teed could almost distinguish the words. Powell's voice roared out, drowning hers. Then he called, "Teed! Come here!"

Teed hurried out to the kitchen. Marcia sat at the table, her face cradled on her arm, her shoulders shaking. Teed looked at Powell Dennison standing, feet planted strongly, his face wearing the most terrible expression Teed had ever seen on a human face.

"I think this thing concerns you too, Teed, even though Marcia claims it doesn't."

Marcia lifted a tear-burned face. "You'll let them . . . "

"Be still!" Powell roared. Teed had never heard him speak to either daughter in that tone of voice.

"Before you arrived, Teed, and after she had called you, Marcia received a phone call from Jacqueline. My youngest daughter reports that she is not being held against her will, and we must make no more attempts to find her. We must tell the police that she is safe. She says that she will not return home until I have complied with a certain request. Some one will come here within the next hour to make the request. Marcia seems disturbed that I will not permit myself to be bullied in this fashion."

"How did she sound, Marcia?" Teed asked.

"Frightened. Dreadfully frightened. She said that Daddy *had* to do whatever he was asked."

"I wouldn't think anything in the world could frighten Jake," Powell said softly, wonderingly. He walked out of the kitchen. A few moments later they heard the heavy slam of the study doors.

Marcia said, "You've got to make him do whatever they want, Teed. You've *got* to."

Teed sat down across from her. "He's a stubborn man."

"But not a heartless man. Nothing is more important than Jake."

"You've got to understand him better, Marcia. He's never been bought. That's what they're trying to do. Buy him."

"Then it would be stupid pride to refuse. Pride valued higher than . . . my sister. And you want to back him up, don't you?"

"No. I do not want to back him up. But I do know that it's his decision to make."

"I don't even see how there's a decision, Teed. I don't see how he can . . . even hesitate . . . not knowing where she is or what . . . they're doing to her."

"When did you miss her?"

"After the dinner dishes were done, she said she was going down to the corner to pick up a magazine that was supposed to be in yesterday. She never came back. The street is dark . . . she never even got to the store."

"What was she wearing?"

"Jeans, a red-and-white-striped basque shirt, a short polo coat and a white scarf. Go talk to him, Teed. Make him see what he might be doing to her."

He stood up slowly, "I'll try it."

When he knocked at the study door, Powell told him to come in. Powell sat at the desk, his elbows on the green blotter, his face in his hands. The desk light glared on the stacks of papers, left his head in darkness.

"It's a pretty foul way to try to get at you, sir."

Powell's voice was remote. "Now that it has happened, I know that I have been expecting it for some time. Children, they say, are hostages to fortune."

"Don't you think you'd better do whatever they ask?"

"I am two people, Teed. I am a father. I am also a public servant. In my role as a father I cannot avoid doing whatever they ask. In my official position, I cannot be intimidated. It's an odd feeling to feel yourself being torn in half."

"This is more important than the job, Powell."

"Too many people have found too many things more important than their jobs."

"That smacks of fanaticism."

"Before I make up my mind, I shall listen to the request. If it is something that I can repudiate later, I shall agree. If it leaves me no opening, I shall call their bluff. They can't really mean to harm her."

"How sure can you be of that? These aren't human beings, Powell. These are animals we're dealing with."

"They won't dare harm her. I must believe that."

"And if they do? What if they do?"

"I can't think of that."

"If they harm her, you will lose both daughters. Marcia will never forgive you."

"And where do you stand, Teed?"

Teed did not raise his eyes from Dennison's strong white fist which rested on the green blotter in the full glare of the light. "If they harm her, I shall not think the same of you again. I'm sorry. That's the way it is."

"Is there no decency in the world?" Powell asked, as though he were pleading.

"Now I think you're dramatizing yourself. At least call off the police, Powell, and we'll see who'll come and what the request will be."

Powell phoned obediently. Teed sat in the study and thought of Jake, of the absurd heaviness of the perfume in the night, of her vividness, so unlike Marcia, of the long sweet slant of back with the small, taut, clever muscles webbed under the milk and silk of her skin, of the way her breath had fluttered in her throat as hands like ice grasped hard in panic and need.

While Powell phoned, Marcia came into the study. She braced sturdy haunches against the desk edge, her arms folded across her breasts, shoulders hunched. He reached up and found her hand and it clasped his tightly.

She said softly, "You think the world is such a safe place, and then . . . "

"I know. We go around taking too much for granted. You know, Marse, in Germany they told me how it was in the thirties. A knock on the door in the middle of the night. A knock with a pistol butt. And no one to appeal to. No one at all. No court that wasn't a rubber stamp for the bully boys. I used to wonder how I'd react in that sort of environment."

She squeezed his hand. "I think I'd compromise until there was nothing left of me, Teed, just out of fear."

"I heard that word before today. Compromise. Marse, I don't think you would. I think you're strong. I think you'd fight."

"Marse. That's Jake's nickname for me. You've never used it before. Teed, we've got to get her away from them. Somehow. Even if we have to . . . "

"You can't force your father to do what you want."

"Maybe there's something you can do, Teed, that they would want just as much as anything he could do."

"I work for him."

"There's a time to forget loyalty." She took her hand away.

He stood up, facing her. "We have to wait and find out what they want."

She didn't answer. He walked out into the living room, suddenly noticing that he still wore his topcoat. He took it off, threw it toward a chair. He stretched experimentally and found that most of the soreness was gone. The sleep had left him feeling fit, resilient.

Powell had long since completed the call. He sat in the dark hall. Marcia walked into the living room. She sat on the arm of Teed's chair and he gave her a cigarette.

"You've changed, Teed," she said softly, too low for her father to hear.

"How?"

"I've always resented you. This work . . . it has been such an amusing jolly game for you, and so desperately serious to daddy. I don't mean that I thought you were some kind of wise guy, but I always thought you were laughing at us, somewhere inside. That you felt in some small way superior to daddy

just because he *could* be so . . . well, dedicated. I guess that's the word. And it seemed to me that you liked the impression you made too well."

"Have I improved?" he asked lightly.

"I think, for the first time, Teed, that you've really begun to fight. I think you're involved now—that you're committing more than just hours of work."

"I didn't know that I was being judged, Marcia."

"Now don't get defensive again. I think it is better if we can be friends, Teed."

"We are."

"Why doesn't the person come? I'm babbling. It's nervousness."

A car motor stopped in front of the house. A tire yelped against the curb. An expensive car door chunked shut and steel-capped heels clacked toward the porch.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

There was nothing sinister about his attitude. He had the aplomb of an invited guest. "I'm Weiss," he said, smilingly. "Commonly known as Windy. I'll leave the coat here on the chair if it's O.K."

"Of course," Powell said.

Weiss was a trim-bodied man with the crisp balance of a boxer. His pale gray suit was cleverly cut to minimize the shortness of his neck. His round head sat squarely on his shoulders. Sparse blond hair was combed straight back. A thin blond mustache helped give him the look of a prosperous young real estate broker. The only remaining signs of his one-time trade were the white-line scars in his brows, thickness of lips, convexity of upper eyelids, hoarse faraway voice.

Weiss walked confidently into the living room. He extended cigarettes with an unspoken question, lit one for himself with a crisp click of his lighter, sat down and pulled a gray trouser leg up a bit as he crossed his legs.

He exhaled and smiled at them. His smile flashed quickly and disappeared at once, without ever changing the expression of the light blue eyes.

Marcia and Powell sat on the couch, facing him. Teed leaned against the mantel, hands in his pockets.

"Your daughter, Mr. Dennison, is a very gutty little lady."

"Say what you came to say," Powell said heavily.

"Now don't go into the heavy act, folks. This is a little business conference. Your daughter came to have a talk with us. She's pretty worried about Morrow, here. Seems he has himself in a jam. She's anxious to have him cleared, you know. She thinks a lot of him."

"You people won't get away with this," Powell said.

"Get away with what? I don't understand you, Mr. Dennison. Your daughter isn't being restrained. She can come home any time. She just doesn't want to. Not until she gets a promise that Morrow here will be left alone. And we can't see our way clear to give that promise until you do us a little favor, Mr. Dennison."

"Resign, I suppose," Powell said.

"We don't want you to resign. You're doing good work for Deron, Mr. Dennison. We're all in back of you. We just think you get a little too eager sometimes. You know. We think you ought to stick to getting the City Hall running efficiently."

"What do you expect me to do?"

Weiss took two folded sheets of paper out of his pocket. He got up quickly and took them over and handed them to Powell, returned to his chair. He said, "We want you to copy those in your own handwriting and date them a month ago like it says, and sign them. That's all. It's very simple."

Powell read them quickly. His face did not change expression. He handed them to Teed.

The first one was to Mayor Carboy.

"Dear Mark,

In our talk yesterday you told me the basis on which things could be worked out. I have thought it over, and the amount does not seem satisfactory. Please tell the proper person that I feel it should be half as much again. The mode of handling it is satisfactory, and seems safe. You must understand the delicacy of my position, and also understand that I must be free to accomplish certain things to justify this position, though I am quite willing to check in advance as you suggest. Furthermore, I suggest that if F. is to be used, she should be given sealed envelopes for transmittal to M."

The second letter was to Judge Kennelty, and was dated three days after the first letter.

"Dear Judge,

Mark has indicated approval of my suggestions, though I am still a bit dublous about F. in spite of his reassurances as to her dependability. M. can be trusted implicitly, and he shall give her the list you mentioned so that you can determine which projects should be dropped. As I told Mark, it is necessary that there should be some record of accomplishment and some of your group will have to be hurt, though I will, of course, leave it up to you to determine which ones."

Teed could easily see the diabolical cleverness of the scheme. Once the letters had been written, there was no longer anything to fear from Dennison. He would be permitted to continue in his job, but if, at any time, he attempted to clean out the Raval group, the letters would be made public. They would show clearly that Dennison had been receiving a rakeoff, that Felice Carboy had been the courier, that Morrow, in meeting Felice, had received money and instructions, had sent back Dennison's communications through Felice.

And, in implicating the woman who could not deny her part in it, it made an inference of motive.

Weiss said softly, "And don't think that you can memorize the letters, write copies, and repudiate them. We've explained to your daughter, Dennison, that unless she denies any knowledge of all this, friend Morrow will still be clobbered."

"We can tell her that you sold her a bill of goods," Teed said. "There's no case against me."

The flashing smile came and went. Weiss dug in his pocket again and pulled out a three-by-five glossy print. "We showed her this, Morrow. She damn near passed out."

Teed took the picture. It was like looking into nightmare. He sat propped against the wall by the bathroom door, chin on his chest, bottle beside him, the print so clear that he could read the label on the bottle. In the lower left corner of the print, inches from his naked foot, was the swollen horror of Felice's dead face.

"Why didn't you use it before?" he asked, and his voice did not sound like his own.

"A thing like that, it makes the court wonder who took the picture. Besides, you're the small fry, Morrow. We were just fiddling around, trying to get a lever to use on Dennison here. You know what I figure? Everybody has a button. On some people it's obvious, and it has got a sign on it that says money. But no matter what it says, the button is there if you can find it. It just took longer than usual, Mr. Dennison, to find out how to make you jump through the hoop."

"And you had to kill Felice Carboy anyway," Teed said.

Weiss gave him a quick look. "She was getting a little big for her panties. If that's what you mean."

"Why take this picture if Seward was already tipped off?"

Weiss shrugged. "Just in case he believed you and tried to cover for you. You did good, Morrow. Everybody got a hell of a shock when she turned up in the dump. You can keep that print if you want it. Keep it under your pillow at night."

"You expect me to copy out those letters and sign them?" Powell asked.

Weiss' eyebrows shot up. "What the hell else can you do?"

"They're real too."

"And if I refuse?"

Weiss laughed. "Man, you can't refuse. That kid of yours is nuts about Morrow. If we told her to lay down in front of a truck to help Morrow, she'd do it." His voice hardened. "Anything we tell her to do, she'll do. Get it?"

Teed glanced at Marcia. Her face was gray and there was a sheen on her forehead and her upper lip. She looked on the verge of being ill.

"He'll do it," Marcia whispered.

"I don't want to have to draw pictures for you people," Weiss said. "I don't want to have to act like a hard guy. But if you don't play, that kid may get pretty ashamed. So ashamed she won't ever want to come home. We can slip a few studio prints of her into that high school. Kids go for that kind of art work, Mr. Dennison." Weiss' tongue flicked quickly across his lower lip.

Weiss leaned forward. "And we'll give you a break. You get stubborn and we'll bring you a few prints to show you what we mean. Understand, nobody will be forcing her. If you don't break down then, we'll bring you some action shots, and if you still got a stone head, we'll send her on the road and by then she'll be damn glad to go and if you ever trace her she'll tell you to go to hell because by then she won't be any kid any more, and you can start wondering when we'll find a way to make this other girl of yours volunteer." He began to spit out the words, with a spray of spittle. "You stonehead Christers amuse the hell out of me. You think the law is God sitting on a big bench. Wake up. In this town, we're the law. And we're getting bigger and stronger and tougher and smarter every year. We're expanding, Dennison. We're buying into more legit stuff all the time. And no stonehead like you can stop us. If you want to, you can toss that pretty kid of yours to every hunky with two bucks in his pocket, but it won't slow us down. Now make up your mind and make it up fast and stop acting like this was a big tragedy. This is a business deal. Write those out and she'll be home in half an hour."

Weiss leaned back and took a handkerchief out of his pocket, wiped his lips.

Powell leaned forward. He stared at the floor between his feet and his clenched fists were on his knees. His head had a palsied tremble. He stood up and his face showed nothing.

"Give me the letters, Teed," he said. He took them and walked into the study. In the silence they heard the rustle of paper, and then the scuff of his pen as he began to write in his bold distinctive hand.

Weiss said, "Token resistance. Isn't that what they call it?"

"You're a filthy sonofabitch," Teed said softly.

Weiss lit another cigarette. "There's a lady present, Morrow. Are you a lady, sugar?"

Marcia said, "He'll resign, you know. He won't keep on with the job."

"We got a guy to put in when he quits, sugar."

Marcia stared at him, intensely curious. "What can turn a human being into a thing like you, Mr. Weiss?"

Surprisingly, Weiss flushed. "I'm no different than a million other guys. The only friend you got in this world, sugar, is money. No hard feelings. Your sister'll be home safe and sound in a little bit. I'll take the car over to the Ca . . . over to where she is and bring her right back. Give her a pill and put her to bed and she'll be fine in the morning."

Powell came out with the letters. He seemed remote. There was no more anger in him. Weiss glanced briefly at the letters, folded them and tucked them in his pocket.

"O.K., folks. Thanks, Mr. Dennison."

"You're welcome," Powell said dully. Teed looked at Powell, and it seemed a hand closed suddenly on his heart. This was the shape of defeat. This was the smell of resignation. Powell even picked up Weiss' coat and held it for him as the man shrugged into it, hitching the collar into place. Weiss grinned as he buttoned his coat.

"Don't take it hard," Weiss said. "We'll all get together one of these days and figure out a program. No reason why we can't all work together."

"No reason at all," Powell said.

"No reason why you should live on peanuts, Dennison. Lonnie is pretty generous when things go right."

"I'll be glad to talk with him," Powell said.

They went into the hall with him, to the front door. Marcia stood back several feet, one hand reaching up to hold the railing.

Weiss went out onto the porch, turned and gave his flashing, meaningless smile. The big car at the curb, behind Teed's, picked up high lights from the street lamps.

As Weiss turned back to go down the steps, a deep-throated, booming explosion smashed the night into fragments. The explosion had come from the end of the porch, to the right of the door.

Weiss reacted as though someone had caught him in the shoulder with the full arm swing of a maul. He smashed sideway through the railing, turning in the air, diving out onto the narrow lawn. Teed turned and saw the bulky figure that clung to the railing at the right end of the porch. It dropped lightly to the grass below and ran silently across the yard.

It stood over Weiss and fired again. The impact made the body appear to leap up off the grass before it settled back. The dark figure turned and in the slant of a distant street lamp, Teed saw the long, heavy-boned face of Mayor Carboy. He turned and walked briskly off. Not fleeing. Not frightened. It was the firm tread of a man who had set himself a complicated mission and is anxious to complete it.

Powell put out a slow hand and supported himself against the door frame. Marcia had not moved. Her expression was that of a person attempting to identify a distant, puzzling sound. Teed ran lightly down the steps, knelt beside the body.

A raw plaintive nasal female voice came through the darkness. "George! I say that was shots! Why don't you call the police or something? George!"

The man's irritated mumble sounded in the background and a door shut.

Teed sat on his heels beside the body. He touched the arm tentatively and then wiped his hands on his thighs. Enough night vision came to him to make his stomach turn heavily, to bring a sour taste to his throat. The second shot, apparently, had caught Weiss at the nape of his stubby neck. The head was all but severed. This was the end, then, of the tight-moving body, the balanced precision, the husky-hoarse fighter's voice, the smile that was but a practiced grimace.

Powell spoke softly. "The police will come. I think those people are going to call."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Get those letters. The inside jacket pocket, Teed. I'll call Raval and tell him he can have the letters."

"And say that Carboy walked up and shot Weiss? Who do you think we can sell that to?"

"Get the letters, Teed."

Teed put his hands under the body, flipped it over, withdrawing his hands quickly. He parted the coat, opened the jacket. He reached in, felt wetness and felt metal, cool against warmth, against fading warmth. He took the slim automatic out of the holster, pulling against the spring, wiped it flat against the grass and put it into his side pocket. He wiped his fingertips on the grass and felt for the letters. They were undamaged. Powell had gone into the house. The street, at two something on a Monday morning was dark and silent. A street light two blocks away turned from red to green, a patient methodical robot controlling traffic that was not there.

Teed grasped Weiss' ankles and backed across the lawn, across the sidewalk, to the sedan that Weiss had come in. The coat turned back under the shoulders and the head rested on the coat, lolling loosely over the irregularities in the yard. The loose arms rode with elbows out, hands above the head, palms upward.

Teed opened the back door of the sedan on the curb side. He pulled Weiss in as far as he could, hurried around the car, opened the back door on the other side, reached through and grasped the ankles again, pulled him all the way in. The dome light did not go out until both doors were shut. He leaned against the sedan for a moment, his knees trembling. He bent and looked through the front window. The street light touched the keys, hanging from the ignition.

The porch light went on and Marcia came out, looking out toward the two cars. He went to her. "Get back in the house. Get the lights off. I put him in his car."

Powell was hunched over the phone. He said in a low voice. "But I tell you we have the letters." He listened, then looked up at Teed with a helpless expression.

Teed picked the phone out of his unresisting hand. "Who is this?" he asked.

"This is Miss Trowbridge, Mr. Raval's secretary," the sleepy irritated voice said. "And I can't make head or tail of what . . ."

"This is Morrow. I've met you. The time Lonnie zeroed in on your head with the golf ball. I've got to talk to him, Alice."

"He doesn't like to be . . ."

"This is important. Wake him up, damnit!"

He heard her yawn. "Hold the phone, then. I don't know anything about any letters."

Teed leaned against the wall and waited. He fished a cigarette out of his pack. Marcia came over with a lighter. He saw her wince and followed the direction of her glance. His right hand was blood-smeared, with bits of grass clinging to the stains. But her hand didn't tremble as she held the light for him.

"Who the hell is this? Morrow? What do you . . ."

"Look, Raval. Just let me talk. Weiss made Dennison a proposition tonight. Don't act like you never heard of it."

"I haven't heard of it. Keep talking."

"Dennison agreed. He did what Weiss asked him to do. Now he wants the other end of the bargain kept, Raval."

"So that's up to Weiss. I got nothing to do with him. I barely know the guy."

"Look, Lonnie. This isn't being recorded. I know you sent Weiss here."

"You're nuts!"

"Something has changed the picture. We still have what Weiss came after. Who do we give them to?"

"Why don't you give them to Weiss? Whatever they are. From what I know about him, he keeps an agreement once he's made it."

"Weiss is dead."

Teed heard Raval's grunt of surprise. Raval said angrily, "Friend, that's one hell of a way to conduct a negotiation."

"But listen! Dennison didn't . . ."

"Shut up, Morrow. You make a choice and then you don't like it. The hell with that noise. That's no way to act." There was righteous indignation in Raval's voice.

"Give me a chance to . . ."

"Tell that Dennison bastard he had his choice. Tell that Dennison bastard that it

isn't any negotiation any more. Now it's personal. And tell him he can take those letters and he can . . ."

"Will you listen to me!"

"Go write up a petition, you son of a bitch." The line clicked.

"Raval! Carboy did it. Raval! Hello!"

He hung the phone up slowly. "Hung up on me. Wouldn't listen. Apparently he thinks we killed Weiss. You or I. He's sore. They're going to take it out on Jake."

"No!" Marcia whispered, the back of her hand at her lips, eyes wide.

"Call back," Powell said heavily. The number was scribbled on the phone pad. Teed dialed again. The busy signal was a fast, acid bleat. He waited a few minutes and dialed again. After the phone rang six times, the Trowbridge girl answered.

"Let me talk to Raval again, please."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Raval has left." She hung up.

"I'll move that car," Teed said. "Turn the house lights off, Marcia. We've got to have time. If the police come and take us down for questioning, we won't . . ."

"Where will you leave his car?" Marcia asked.

"I don't know. I'll find a place."

"I'll follow you in your car and bring you back."

"Good girl. Powell, while we're gone, see if you can get hold of Captain Herb Leighton. Get him over here, alone."

He gave Marcia his keys. He started the big sedan and swung around her. In the rear-vision mirror he saw the lights of his car following. There was a sickish sweet smell inside the sedan. He rolled the window down, moved to the left so that the cold wind struck his face. Moving Weiss' body had reawakened the soreness in his abdomen, the pain of damaged muscles.

He avoided main streets, zigzagged through the dark old residential section. He found a gas station with cars parked behind it, a night light over the pumps. He turned in behind the station, eased the sedan into a space between two cars. With his handkerchief he wiped the steering wheel, starter button, window crank. He got out and wiped the door handles he had touched. Marcia had parked across from the gas station, lights out, motor running.

When he opened the door, she slid over away from the wheel. As he started up, he thumbed open the glove compartment, took out two fresh packs of cigarettes, dropped them in her lap.

"If the law is there when we get back, we went out to buy those."

"How can we find her, Teed? How can we know where to look?"

"Maybe Leighton will know. That's what I'm hoping."

"And if he doesn't know? If we can't find her?"

"Don't think about it, Marse. We'll find her."

He turned the last corner. A car was parked in front of the house. Teed pulled in behind it and they got out. As they went up on the porch, he looked through the glass door and saw the men who talked to Powell. Boyd, with the tape white across his nose. Pilcher with the battered hat shoved back, the match bobbing as he talked.

Teed caught Marcia and pulled her back. "I'm getting out of here. When and if Leighton comes, whisper to him. Tell him that . . . Rogale will know how to get in touch with me. I'll phone Rogale when I get to some place where I can phone."

He walked quickly away from her, cutting across the yard, instinctively avoiding the place where Weiss had fallen.

The door of the police car opened. "Hold it, you!" a voice said.

Teed recognized the tall young patrolman he had seen on the morning, a million years ago, when he had gone across to headquarters to check Miss Anderson's rumor about Felice Carboy. He couldn't remember the patrolman's name.

"Come over here. Where are you going?"

"What's the trouble, Officer?"

"We're investigating," the man said importantly. "Somebody heard shots around here. Say, you're Morrow, aren't you? Don't you get tired of having your neck out, mister? Go on in the house."

"I want to show you something, Officer. Over here in the yard, below the broken railing. It might be blood."

"Blood, eh?" the policeman said. "Well, let's have a look."

He made Teed walk ahead of him. Teed pointed to the spot. The man stared into the darkness, then bent down, reaching his fingers toward the indicated area. Teed pointed with his left hand. He took the automatic out of his pocket with his right hand and swung the flat of it against the side of the patrolman's head, over the left ear. It made a crisp sound. The man dropped to his hands and knees, moaned softly, and toppled over onto his side. Teed sprinted for his car, shoving the gun into his pocket. He had the car in motion almost before he slammed the door. He went down the street and gunned it around the corner, wheels spinning on the dry pavement.

The fear of the consequences of the act was a small thing compared to his fear for Jake Dennison.

CHAPTER TWELVE

There was silence on the line. When Armando Rogale spoke again, all the dullness of sleep had left his voice. "Once again, Teed, and slower."

"They grabbed Dennison's younger daughter. With her as a lever, Weiss came and broke Dennison down. He wrote two letters, copied two letters, that put him firmly in the bag. It was a trade. As Weiss left the house, Carboy killed him, walked down to his car and drove off. Apparently he followed Weiss."

"Carboy!"

"Yes, Carboy. And Raval thinks Dennison killed Weiss, and we can't get hold of him to correct his impression. That leaves the daughter in a bad spot. Dennison was supposed to get hold of Leighton. While I was ditching Weiss' body, Pilcher and Boyd arrived to investigate. Somebody heard Carboy shoot Weiss. They didn't see me, but the driver did. I knocked the driver out and left. The older daughter is supposed to let Leighton know, if Powell was able to get hold of him, that he is to call you to find out where I am. I thought Leighton might have some idea of where the younger daughter is being held."

"And where are you?"

"I'm in a booth in the bus station near the Fremont Theatre."

"Good God! I hope to hell I'm dreaming all this."

"You're not. Believe me."

"Why did you hide Weiss' body? That was stupid!"

"Because," Teed said patiently, "we would have all been hauled off for questioning. And what would happen to Jake in the meantime?"

"Who is Jake?"

"The daughter, damnit! The one I'm going to find."

"You're not safe in a bus station, Morrow. You've got to go to a better place than that. All I seem to be doing lately is hiding people. I'm running out of places. You know where Peterson Street is?"

"One of those streets that turn off Colony Avenue, isn't it?"

"Yes. There's a fire house on the corner. Two blocks down, second house on your left. The street door isn't locked. Push the bell for Fermi and walk up to the third floor. I'll tell them you're coming."

"Who is it?"

"A cousin. What do you care? Don't leave your car in front of the place, either."

"I'm not that stupid, Armando."

"I've got to be convinced. Get going. I'll see if I can contact Leighton."

Teed went down Colony and parked three blocks beyond the fire house. He walked back and turned down Peterson. It was a depressing neighborhood. The tall narrow houses fronted on the sidewalk, leaned against each other. Cats sang shrilly of love and passion. A man lurched down the sidewalk on the other side of the street, singing in a bass monotone.

The hall light was out and he had to use his lighter flame to find the button for Fermi. He pressed it, then went up the narrow wooden stairs, feeling his way. The hall light on the second floor was on. Some one was snoring thunderously, regularly. Across the hall a baby cried without heat, with merely a plaintive exhaustion.

As he reached the third floor a woman opened a door. It was a kitchen that opened onto the hall. She wore a bright red robe and her general shape was that of O. Soglow's "Little King." Her face was swarthy, pyramidal, the eyes button bright.

"Mr. Morrow," she whispered, "I am Anna Fermi. Come in, come in. And you sit there. Armando has called. He said you would need coffee. It has just been put on."

She closed the door behind her, walked heavily to the gas range. He sat at the kitchen table. A fat puppy slept in a cardboard carton near the stove, his legs making twitching motions as he chased faraway rabbits in the tangled dreams of puppyhood.

"I don't like to impose on . . ."

She spun, her hands on the vast slabs of her hips, eyes crinkling. "Impose! Impose! There is no such word. You are Armando's friend. This is his house."

"His house?"

"He would deny it. Since my husband died, my husband who was his cousin, Armando has sent the money. Three boys I have. All little. Oldest ten. I work, but I cannot make much. So no talk of this imposing."

"O.K.," he said, returning her smile, liking her. The fat was deceptive. He saw that she was younger than he had first imagined. In her early thirties, possibly.

She frowned. "Will you sleep here? That is a small problem."

"I don't believe so, Mrs. Fermi."

"It can be done. I put two boys on the couch, and you can take their bed. In the extra bed is the girl."

"The girl? Would her name be Barbara?"

"So! You know her! A good girl, and in bad trouble, Armando says. She does not leave this place since . . . I must count . . . late on Wednesday. She says very little and she is sad and in the night I could hear her weeping because her bed is close to mine. She gave the money for the puppy. Fat Stuff, his name is. Now Barbara learns to make a spaghetti sauce."

"I don't think you have to worry about my sleeping here. I'll just be here probably until Armando phones again."

"Here is the coffee. Strong. Sugar?"

"No. Just as it is. And thanks. If you show me where the phone is, you can go back to bed, Mrs. Fermi."

"No, if you do not mind I will sit and have coffee. There may be something Armando

will want. Tomorrow night, there will be no problem of the beds. Tomorrow Barbara goes, she said. Two boys go in my bed then, and you take the bed she is now using. I sleep in the room with the oldest boy. Are you hungry?"

"No, thank you."

"Armando should marry. I tell him often. Too bad, I thought for one day that this Barbara, it was more than helping her only. So pretty a girl, and educated."

"I don't think she'll be thinking of marriage for a while."

The black eyes were shrewd. "To forget one life, you should begin the new one very soon. She told me of herself. It was not something she had to tell, except that she thought she had to tell it."

"She's a pretty confused girl, I guess."

"We do not live in a very simple world any more. There are all kinds of shame in this world now. I wonder what kind is the worst. I do not think it is hers."

"You are a good woman, Mrs. Fermi."

She chortled. "Me? I'm just a practical woman who . . . Ssst!" She put a heavy hand on his wrist, heaved up out of her chair, caught the light cord and pulled it. Teed listened and heard the steps coming up the stairs.

She whispered, "Any one you do not want to see, I throw him down the stairs. In the neighborhood I am known as the violent woman. It is a handy thing sometimes."

There was a light tap on the door. "Anna? Open up for Armando."

She pulled the light back on, opened the door. Armando hugged her, kissed her soundly. "My God, Anna, you're an armful. Hi, Teed. How about a cup for me?"

"I am a woman of stature, merely," Anna said with mock dignity. She plodded over to the cupboard, brought out another cup. Armando sat down at the kitchen table. Teed noticed that here, in this room, his face was full of expression, that it had lost its impassivity. It was as though when he entered this apartment, he left behind the mask he wore for the world.

"Leighton is not to be found," Armando said. "Dennison couldn't get in touch with him. They've taken Dennison and the older daughter downtown. They've hauled cops out of bed and put them on duty. You and Carhoy are the objects of what they usually call a 'city-wide search.' "

The door on the other side of the kitchen opened and Barbara Heddon came into the kitchen, her eyes slitted against the light. She said, "I thought I recognized . . ." And suddenly she recognized Teed. Her face went utterly blank.

"Hello, Barbara," he said.

"Hello, Teed." She wore dark blue pajamas, a pale-blue coolie coat buttoned high around her throat, falling in a straight line from her strong breasts to mid thigh. She wore no make-up, and her face was kitten-soft with sleep. She said, "Sorry," and turned as though to leave.

"Come and sit down, Barbara," Armando said. "I think this is something you should know about."

Anna started to get up. Barbara put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her gently back into the chair, got her own cup and filled it at the pot on the stove. She sat at Teed's right, and did not look at him. Her hands were steady as she poured the cream. Teed looked at them and thought how fine and strong they were.

"Suppose you tell her, Teed," Armando said.

"Maybe she'd rather not hear it."

"If Armando thinks I should," she said softly, "I think you better tell me."

Anna said, "I would go and leave you three with privacy, but it is too much work to stand up, and the coffee is good, even if I made it myself."

"Stay, Anna," Armando said, patting her thick hand.

Teed told the story as quickly and factually as he could. He did not leave out Jake's infatuation for him and her fear for him, the factors which had trapped her. He looked down at his right hand as he spoke, and saw that the hurried scrubbing in the bus terminal had not removed the darkness from around the nails of his first and second finger.

He took the picture out of his pocket and handed it to Armando on his left. Armando looked at it, lips compressed. "And here are the letters," Teed said. "I'm glad I didn't leave them with Powell."

Armando read them slowly, carefully. As he read, Anna said, "It is a foul thing. It is a low and evil thing. To use a young girl. To give her shame. To break the heart of her father."

Barbara said, with harshness in her tone, "I think I know why you wanted me to hear this, Armando."

"It isn't something I can ask you to do, Barbara," Armando said, keeping his eyes steady on hers.

"What is this all about?" Teed asked.

Barbara looked squarely at him for the first time since she had entered the room. "Armando knows that I'm trying to make a clean break with my bawdy past, Teed. He's too much of a gentleman to ask me this sort of a favor. He thinks that I know enough about the operations of the vice ring here in Deron so that I can make a guess as to where she is and help you get to her."

Anna put her hand over Barbara's. "In your words and the way you look, you are beating yourself with whips. Don't."

"We're thinking about that girl, Anna. Not me. Here's the picture, Armando. Maria Gonzalez is the . . . co-ordinator, I suppose you'd call it. She handles the call-girl list. She doesn't run a house, but she sets up the amount of cut that each house pays in. Girls that are . . . recruited here, never stay here in a house or, if they're the 'superior type' " . . . Barbara's lip twisted in an ugly way . . . "they don't go on the local call list. They keep the house girls moving, and the eastern syndicate does the 'booking' I suppose you'd call it. A call girl has more freedom of action. Maria's people root out the amateurs, and either get co-operation or make certain they get sent up for a while.

"The thing they keep the quietest about is the recruiting. Any one of the men who work with Weiss and Stratter can get a bonus by putting the finger on local talent that might make a professional. The police recruit too. You know. 'I'll send you to a friend and we'll forget this charge against you.' Some of the girls are eager to join the team. Some are a little reluctant. I know that they all get an interview with Maria before they go on the booking list to some town down the valley, or out of the state. Because there's always the chance of trouble, the recruits are taken out of town. That would be the safest place for them to take the Dennison girl. It's a place on Route 63, this side of Broganville called the Castle Ann. The wise boys and girls call it 'the training camp.' "

"I know the place," Armando said. "An old country hotel on a hill, with a bar off the lobby. It's got a stone wall around it . . ."

"And barbed wire," she said, "and guards on the gate. Maria has a broken down photographer out there with a dark room and all. I understand they make movies there, too. For the smoker trade. It would fit."

"Just a minute," Teed said. "We've even got proof. That's what Weiss started to say before he stopped himself. Castle Ann. Let's go get her."

"Sit down, Teed," Armando snapped. "Nobody is just going to run out there and grab her. Obviously Raval has brought in some out-of-town talent. With things popping this way, he'd be silly not to. And where do you think those boys hang out? Castle Ann just happens to be Raval's little fortress. They got everything but a moat and a drawbridge. You go riding out there in your little tin suit of armor and they'll make you eat your white horse."

"But while we're sitting here . . ."

"Let me think a minute."

"How about the F.B.I.?" Teed demanded. "Kidnaping is federal, isn't it?"

"With the girl insisting that she's staying there of her own free will?"

"And the local cops are no good," Teed said.

"Oh, they're fine. All they're doing is hunting for you."

Barbara said, "I was out there . . . for a little while, after Maria came to the jail to see me. I know this. It would take a small army to get in there by force. But if a person was known . . ."

Armando patted her hand. "I was afraid I was going to have to ask you, Barbara."

"What can she do?" Teed demanded angrily.

"The thing to do is get word to the girl, of course. She can tell the Dennison girl that what they're using on her to hold her there is just a bluff. Then I could make a legitimate kidnaping charge. Barbara, do you think you could get to see her?"

"That's going to depend on who is out there, Mr. Rogale. If Maria Gonzales is out there, it isn't going to work very well."

"That's a hell of a risk for you to take," Teed said. "I don't like it."

She smiled wanly at him. "I'm a lot better able to take care of myself than that Dennison kid is."

"You aren't going to be popular out there, Barbara."

"It's worth the risk. Maybe, if I'm lucky, I can get her out of there. Say that Maria sent me to bring her to town."

"I'll drive you out," Armando said. "If you can't work it, I'll come in after you and try a bluff of my own."

"I'm coming along," Teed said firmly.

"You are staying right here," Armando said, with equal firmness.

"I can be useful, damnit."

"In what way? Kicking a hole in the stone wall? Or catching bullets in your teeth? What's your specialty?"

"You can't stop me from coming along," Teed said.

Armando gave him a long stare and then shrugged. "O.K., O.K. We can't spare the time to argue with you. Go get dressed, Barbara."

She dressed quickly, returned to the kitchen wearing a gray wool suit, a short fox jacket. She opened her purse and held it so that Armando could look into it. "I'm taking this along," she said.

"A toy thing like that?"

"It's twenty-five caliber and I know how to use it."

"You don't want the kind of trouble that can bring you."

She put her purse down, held up a small mirror, carefully painted her lips, compressed them, examined the result. "I'm taking it along," she said. "In my whole life I've been frightened of only one person. Maria Gonzales. I'm taking it along."

Anna came to her, put her hands on Barbara's shoulders, looked intently into her face. "You come back here. Stay for as long as you want."

Barbara's face softened. "Thank you, Anna."

"And you are not making the sauce right yet. Practice you need."

"Thank you for everything."

Anna hugged her. "Such a silly girl," she said.

The puppy awoke and whined. His tail whapped against the side of the carton. They went down the stairs and out onto the dark sidewalk. Armando walked around his car, slid in behind the wheel. Barbara sat in the middle.

Before he started the car, Armando said, "If you want to go back upstairs, Barbara, we'll both understand. And we'll think of another scheme."

"I want to do it," she said. Her voice was remote. "I have to do it, I guess. You can't just stop thinking and stop remembering. The scales are all out of balance for me. I have to put a little weight on the other side of them."

Armando said, "Good girl." He started the motor and they moved slowly down the street.

"I liked your note, Barbara," Teed said.

She gave him a smile, quick and pallid in the darkness of the car, barely visible in the glow of the dash lights.

Armando drove with extreme care. Route 63 left Deron at the southwest edge of the city. It was two-lane asphalt, crossed by many spur tracks that led to sleeping factories. Beyond the tracks was a mile of grubby drive-ins, gas stations, beer joints. And then the road began to lift into the hills, began to curve through farmland. The faint spice of Barbara's perfume was in his nostrils and her knee touched his. He increased the pressure a tiny bit and she took her knee away. It made him remember the perfume Jake had swiped from Marcia, made him remember the absurd reek of her in the darkness, the pathetic youngness.

Armando pulled over to the shoulder. "We'll get out here, Barbara. Once we're over the next hill, the gate guard might notice the car stop and start wondering."

Armando got out and Barbara slid under the wheel. Teed put his hand on her arm. "Be careful. Please be careful."

She turned to Armando who stood at the window, beside her. "Don't you two try anything foolish. I'll try to be out in twenty minutes. If I'm not out of there by then, you'll know I'm . . . not coming out for a while. Then you head back for the city and get help. I *will* be held against my will."

"You were thinking of that angle from the beginning?" Armando asked.

She said, "Yes." Her voice was low. "Please get out, Teed."

He stepped down into the shallow ditch. The car moved back out onto the asphalt, up the slope, over the crest.

"Very special gal," Armando said. "A very gutty young lady. That'll teach me to go around judging people too fast."

"If Maria Gonzales is there, it will be bad?"

"Maria has a temper. And a knife."

"We shouldn't have let her try it, Armando."

"She's special, Teed. But she's still expendable."

"I wonder."

"Let's get as close to the gate as we can."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

After the motor sound faded, the countryside silence was like a blanket across the stars. Wind skittered through the dry grass. Dried leaves rustled. A distant rooster crowed in sleepy protest.

"How do we stand on time?" Teed asked.

"She's been gone three minutes. At twenty of four her time will be up."

"And then what?"

"Then we can try a bluff."

"A good idea?"

"Frankly, Morrow, it stinks. But the alternative is heading back for town on foot and trying to talk somebody into sticking Uncle Sam's neck out for the sake of one of our local call girls. That stinks too."

They crossed the ditch and walked beside the fence. "Lights coming from town," Armando said tersely. "Flatten out."

They stretched out beside a rusty wire fence. The car boomed by. It dropped over the crest and reappeared later, twin red taillights sliding up a far slope. Teed got up. Something pricked his knee. He picked a cluster of burrs out of his trouser leg.

"This the Castle Ann fence?" Teed asked.

"No. They really *have* a fence. See where it starts up at the crest there?"

At the top of the crest there was a place where they could see over the high wall. It was a four story oblong—a frame building that sat on the top of a small knoll about two hundred feet from the road. Some windows were lighted on the two top floors. Lights were visible in all the windows of the far end of the main floor.

"See those ground floor lights? The bar is in that end."

There were no trees around the structure. It had a curiously naked look. "Why four stories out in the middle of nowhere?" Teed asked.

"A farmer built it in the early twenties. The kindest thing you could say about him was that he was slightly eccentric. He made dough in the first war. Always wanted to live in a hotel. So he had one built. A few salesmen stopped there until the old guy decided he didn't like guests in his hotel. He lived there alone, getting screwier every year. When he decided people were laughing at him he had the big stone fence built, with barbed wire on the top. Had all the trees cut down. He'd sit up in a fourth floor room and fire a shotgun in the air whenever anybody stopped by the gate. When he died in the thirties, a couple bought it cheap, and went broke trying to run it as a restaurant. Later, one of Raval's front men bought it. It's ideal for them. No interruptions. It's outside the city, and the county cops don't bother with it. It has been raided a couple of times by narcotics people. But they didn't find a thing. Take a good look and memorize as much of it as you can, Teed. This is the last look we'll get at it until we get inside the wall. Better whisper from here on."

They moved cautiously down toward the gate, staying close to the wall.

Armando stopped, his back against the wall. He put his lips close to Teed's ear. "We're thirty feet from the gate. Time is three-thirty-two. Can you spot the guard?"

As Teed watched there was a puzzling glow that lasted a few seconds, and then a click, clearly audible.

"Cigarette lighter," Armando whispered.

The smell of tobacco drifted down the night wind, verifying the guess. Teed wanted a cigarette badly. He took the automatic out of his coat pocket, shoved it inside his belt.

"Four more minutes," Armando whispered.

Teed's nerves were drawn tight. There was a hollow feeling in his middle. It had been easy enough to think of taking on Castle Ann single handed when he had been back in the city. But now it was a place where you could go behind a high wall and be suddenly taken dead. Both the girls were in there. And from the hilltop he had seen the shiny cars flanked near the bar.

Armando put his mouth close to Teed's ear again. "Rumor has it that several people who became objectionable to Raval are planted behind that wall. Look, stay right where you are."

"But . . ."

"Shut up. You'll be able to hear how it goes."

Armando walked silently up the hill, away from the gate. Teed waited, puzzled. Armando crossed the ditch, reversed his direction, and came noisily down the road, heels clacking loudly.

He walked right up to the gate. Teed saw the flashlight catch Armando full in the face.

"Get the light out of my eyes," Armando demanded in an irritated tone.

"Where do you think you're going, friend?" a deep voice asked.

"I'm trying to get a phone. My car ran out of gas about a mile back."

"I seen you someplace."

"Get the light out of my eyes!"

The light shifted down to the ground at Armando's feet. "What do you want a phone for?"

"I want to call up the Vassar field hockey squad. We're all going to dance barefoot on your dewy grass."

"Wise, eh? This is private property. Where did I see you before?"

"Maybe you want my birth certificate. What kind of a place is this? Just let me go phone, will you?"

"Say, aren't you Rogale?" the guard asked, his tone getting sharper.

"So skip it," Armando said. "I'll try the next place." He started to move back. The light caught him in the face again.

"You just stand nice and still, Mister Rogale. People are going to be glad to see you. They're going to want to know why you're nosing around. Now stand still while I get the gate open."

Teed moved slowly, quietly down toward the gate. The gun was going to be no good. A shot would ruin what feeble chances they had. Teed heard a metallic clack, a creak of hinges. The man moved out into view, gun and flashlight pointed at Armando.

Teed fumbled in the grass, found a pebble. He flipped it over the guard's head so that it landed in the grass beyond the gate. As the guard's head turned, Teed tried to reach him in four running strides. But the moment that he had turned, Armando had kicked the man lustily in the pit of the stomach. As the guard bent forward from the waist, Armando laced his fingers around the back of the man's neck, yanked down hard as he raised his knee. The guard fell with a thud that drove the air out of him.

"Quick and efficient," Teed said.

"I grew up in a rough neighborhood. Haven't hit anybody in six years. Thought I'd forgotten how."

Armando found the flashlight, swept the beam around until he located the gun. He searched the man. "Gun and a sap. Which do you want?"

"Take them both. I've got Weiss' automatic."

"Are we thinking along the same lines?" Armando said in a low tone.

There was unsteadiness in Teed's voice as he answered. "There isn't much else to do, is there? I'm scared."

"And you are not alone. Help me drag him inside. We'll leave him in the brush. First let me give him this." The sap made a small dull sound as Armando swung it.

They dragged him through the gate, off to one side. Armando opened the gate wide, said, "We'll leave the gate like this. I don't know how much time we'll have. I think another guard patrols the fence line. Any ideas?"

"Just move fast, see if we can find both girls, and try to get out. Go ahead. You know the layout."

The drive was of coarse gravel. They walked on the grass beside the drive.

About a hundred feet from the gate Armando veered sharply to the left. They cir-

cled the lighted windows. They could not see in.

"Eight cars, not counting mine," Armando said in a low tone. "How do you like those odds? If the Bar Association could only see me now. Let's hope for an unlocked back door. I'm trying to pretend I'm Humphrey Bogart. Who are you?"

Teed laughed softly, nervously. "Henry Aldrich."

"You a good shot?"

"At a target. I've never tried people."

At the rear of the building Armando risked using the flashlight. He narrowed the beam by shielding part of it off with his hand. He swept the narrow beam across a battered row of garbage cans. They were overflowing and the stench was rancid, nauseous. There was a secondary odor of faulty plumbing. The light touched the bottom step of a short flight that led up to a back stoop, a narrow door. Armando tiptoed up the steps and tried the door. He came back down.

"Not that way," he said softly.

It was the only door in the rear of the building. As they reached the back corner on the end opposite the bar, music blasted out into the night, freezing them in their tracks for a moment. An old Armstrong that Teed knew well. Gravel-voice, sweet and true.

"That means people in the bar," Armando said tautly.

"A window?" Teed asked, above the music sound.

"Too high, and too risky."

Armando stepped around the corner of the building and then tried to dodge back, treading so heavily on Teed's instep that he made an involuntary gasp of pain. Armando stared, then let out a long sigh. "It's O.K."

A man stood, face to the building, spread-legged, one arm flat against the wall, forehead against his forearm. He made a dry retching sound.

As they watched he fell to his knees, struggled up again. He moaned.

He paid no attention to them as they walked around him. Armando paused after they were by him. "I wonder," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"Sometimes those people get in the way. They get well too quick." He shrugged, took two quick steps and swung the sap. The man slid down the wall, face first, and rolled over onto his side.

"Who is he?"

"Belongs to Stratter. Drives for him sometimes. Come on."

The front door was on ground level. Armando raised his head cautiously and looked through the glass. He beckoned to Teed. Teed stood beside him and looked in. Three wide wooden steps six feet inside the door led up to the lobby. Directly opposite the lobby a stairway went to the floors above. The lobby was dark, but the bar lights shone through an open door.

Louis was louder. "I'll bring my horn," he sang.

The bar lights made a bright wide streak through the lobby, ending at the deserted desk.

"Maybe nobody is looking into the lobby," Armando said. "But we got to figure they are. If we sneak, somebody will investigate. Can you walk across like you owned the place?"

"I can try."

They went up to the top floor. Evidently there had been a half-hearted attempt to make a ball room out of the open space at the head of the stairs. Overhead was a cartwheel chandelier with three lighted bulbs in it. The corners of the room were in shadow. Two walls, the front and back of the building, were windows. There were two doors in each of the end walls. Light shone under both doors at one end.

Though they tried to walk quietly, their footsteps resounded in the big room. Overhead hand hewn beams slanted up to the roof peak.

When they were twenty feet from the doors, the one on the left opened and a tall woman stepped out. She stopped abruptly. The chandelier light was full on her face. Her mature body was tightly sheathed in a silver gown that left her shoulders bare. Her hair, shining black, was pulled tightly back, so tightly that it gave her eyes an almost oriental tilt. The bone structure of her face made Teed think of a Dolores del Rio, but the mouth was not right. It was large and ripe and brutal and harsh. She held a handkerchief in her left hand, held her left fist tightly against her side, under her heart. Her right hand was lost in the folds of the silver skirt.

"What . . . what do you want?"

"You are Maria Gonzales, I believe," Armando said.

"The light is behind you. I do not . . ."

"I think you know me. I'm Armando Rogale. And this is Teed Morrow. Where is the Dennison girl?"

After a few moments she laughed. Her voice was a girl's voice when she laughed.

"You are too late. She has been taken back to her father. She was a silly child to come out here."

"You won't mind if we look around, then?"

"You don't belong here. Go back downstairs."

Teed watched her closely as they moved nearer. She pulled the corners of her brutal mouth down in an odd grimace and shut her eyes for a moment, then opened them wide. Her voice grew stronger.

"Get out of here! Both of you!"

Armando was the closest. She backed up, swayed a bit, her back striking the door jamb.

"Get out of the way, Maria," Armando said softly.

Teed looked at her left hand. Since they had begun to talk, a dark stain had begun to spread below her hand.

"Look, she's hurt," Teed said.

Armando reached out and grasped her left wrist. As he pulled it free of her body, she spun toward him and struck with the incredible explosive fury of a great cat. She struck with the right hand that she had been holding at her side. Teed saw the glint of metal and he was too late to cry out a warning. Armando took three slow steps backward, his face vacant with surprise. He reached his right hand up and tentatively fingered the dark hilt of the switch knife that protruded from his chest on the left side. The handle pointed down toward the floor. Maria stood silent, her eyes smoking.

Armando reached around the hilt and touched his shoulder, slid his hand back. He said calmly. "The bitch missed. I think it went up under the collar bone. The point is sticking right out through my coat."

"Don't try to pull it out. Leave it there."

They looked at Maria. She still held her side, and her eyes were shut. Her face twisted for a moment and then cleared. She pushed herself away from the door frame and walked between them, taking careful steps. Her heavy hips swayed under the silver gown. She left the door open behind her. She wavered once and regained her balance.

They could sense the extent of the effort she was making. It was hypnotic, to watch that hard, unemotional determination. She planted her foot on the first step, took another step. She stood motionless for a frozen breath of time, then slowly lowered her head until her chin was on her chest. She bent forward from the waist, as though seeking to examine something hidden on the stair below her. And she followed the direction of the slow bow, pitching down, falling with slack weight on the splinter-rough edges of the uncarpeted stairs, falling with a sound of wooden hammers. Her head and shoulders caught somehow, and they saw her legs go over, the silver skirt falling away, the dim light shining on the puffed white flesh of calf and thigh, and then she was below the floor level, out of sight. The sound went on, endlessly, flesh-thud and bone-hammer. There still was a stillness, a pad of running feet in the third floor hallway, a phlegm-throated gargling scream.

"I'll get you out of here," Teed said to Armando.

"Not yet. Can't move my left arm without crying, but I'm O.K."

They went quickly through the door Maria had left open. Armando turned and covered the stairs. "Take a look around," he said.

It was not an apartment. It was merely two very well furnished rooms. Off-white rugs and eggplant draperies and driftwood finish on the furniture, with here and there a touch of Chinese red to kill the deadness of gray and off-white. A dozen floor lamps and table lamps with opaque shades threw light downward, so that the reflection from the off-white rugs had an indirect lighting effect.

It looked like what it undoubtedly was—the private pleasure palace of a stone-hard ruthless woman—the one place where she could unbend, where she could forget she had the soul of a comptometer and remember that she had the flesh and body of woman.

"Hurry it up!" Armando called huskily, the ripe edge of his baritone softened by pain.

In each of the two rooms there was a huge pillowed couch-bed. Teed went into the second room and saw, beyond the edge of the couch-bed, the woman's hand, endlessly opening and shutting, palm down, fingernails making a soft scrabbling in the pile of the pale rug.

He ran to her and stopped when he saw the bloody mask of face. The hair, the long body, belonged to Barbara. The face was a red blob. She rolled hips and shoulders slowly from side to side and scrabbled at the rug with both hands in the aimless metronome of pain. There was a thin burned taste in the air and he identified it when he saw the small gun a yard away. The gun had been the snapping of the stick. The gun had been the long stairway tumble.

He knelt beside her. "Barbara! Barbara, it's Teed."

A long wedge of flesh folded down from the left cheek, exposing the white molars. He saw what had happened. The bleeding was not profuse. The girl had been slashed across the face twice, possibly three times.

The open cheek gave her voice a flat whistling quality. "Missed her, Teed. Shot and missed her and she . . . had the knife . . ."

"You didn't miss her."

"Teed, my face. I can't see, Teed."

"That's all right," he said gently. "We'll get you to a hospital. It's just the blood that . . . keeps you from seeing."

"Teed, I hurt. I hurt so bad."

"Don't worry about it, honey."

"They're coming!" Armando called.

Barbara seemed to hear him. "Teed, the girl! I found where she is, Teed. The other side of the big room. Locked in over there, Teed. I . . . I almost got away with it. Maria was too smart. Be careful, Teed. There's someone with her, I think."

"I'll get her and come back for you, darling."

But once again she was beyond hearing or caring. She rolled slowly from side to side, moving her body but not her head.

There was a shot that made a vast hollow boom and the echoes rolled for seconds from

raftered ceiling to high walls of the big room. A man yelled hoarsely and there was the sound of another fall on the stairs.

Armando lay on his belly on the floor inside the first room, the gun aimed around the edge of the door frame toward the top of the stairs. He was propped up on his left arm so that the knife hilt wouldn't touch the floor. Pain had grayed his face. But he grinned and his teeth were startling white in the mask of pain.

"Now, as we jolly old British say, we're for it. Don't show a whisker in that doorway."

"You're even beginning to look like Bogart."

"I bet he never felt like this. Stage blood he uses." Armando winced. "And he always looks so happy. I think I just killed somebody. He ran up the stairs and he had a gun in his hand, so I fired. He just flopped right down out of sight. I'm darn close to being sick to my stomach."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A slug slammed into the doorframe. The hammer-blow impact was a distinct sound above the noise of the shot.

"Barbara is in there. Cut to hell."

Armando's eyes narrowed. "Dead?"

"Disfigured. Slashed across the face a few times. She told me Jake is across the way. I'm going over there."

They listened, heard the murmur of voices on the stairs.

"O.K., Teed. Run like hell. I'll keep them down."

He backed up from the doorway, then started running, bursting through the doorway into the ballroom at full speed, running well up on his toes. He counted two quick-spaced shots, then a third that smashed glass, made a tinkling somewhere on his left. Without slackening speed or changing stride, he doubled his fists across his chest, turned and hit the door with his right shoulder, hitting it as close to the frame on the knob side as he could. The door exploded inwards with a rip of torn wood. He tripped and rolled over and over in the darkness, his shoulder numbed. Something metallic and angular fell across him, stuck his hand painfully. He thrust it aside and stood up. The room was dark. The light from the ballroom chandelier made a pale path across the bare floor.

"Jake!" he called sharply. In the dimness he could see camera tripods, dingy velvet backdrops. It was a tripod that had fallen across him when he rolled into it.

"Jake!" he called. There was no answer. He did not know where to find the lights.

He heard a deep male groan, a stirring in the darkness. He whirled, aiming the gun. He peered into the shadows, advanced cautiously, made out the figure of a man, face down near a shapeless cot. Teed crouched by him, flicked on the lighter, rolled the man over. He had a gross face, a beard stubble, a bloody welt over one ear. Beside his head lay a small heavy camera in a leather case. Someone had swung it by the strap.

Two shots awoke the heavy echoes again, resonating through the high-ceilinged ballroom. He straightened up and called her again. One of the windows at the bar end of the room was open. The sleazy curtain flickered in the night wind. He ran to the window, leaned out and looked down. There was a paleness down there, a crumpled thing that lay across the hood of one of the ranked cars. A big car. The light from one of the bar windows on the ground floor touched the figure and he saw how dark was her hair, remembered how the hair had felt between his fingers. Time stopped for him as he stared down, knowing from the position of the figure, from the utter stillness, that no one need hurry for Jake again. Ever.

The man groaned again. Teed walked woodenly back to him. He slapped the man into consciousness, put the muzzle of the automatic full against his face. He willed himself to pull the trigger, to let the slug slam the man into a ragdoll limpness. The man inched backward along the floor and whispered, "No, no, no."

Teed tried to pull the trigger. He could not do it. He despised himself for being unable to do it. He swung the gun, using the arm motion of a softball pitcher. He held the gun flat on his palm and it smashed into the point of the chin of the whimpering man. He felt the bone go under the blow. He snatched the gun up and stood for a moment. He walked to the doorway, kicked the sagging door out of the way.

Armando yelled, "Get down, Teed. Down!"

A head appeared above floor level, ducked down again. A splinter whined off the door frame, inches from his shoulder. As he started to walk toward the stairs, the gun held rigidly in front of him, his steps slow and steady, Teed thought of a girl who rolled from side to side with pain, her fingers scrabbling at the white rug.

He thought of another girl who had fallen through the cool night.

From somewhere far away he heard Armando shout another warning, then curse and fire toward the stairs. Now he could see down into the dark stair well. He lifted the gun to eye level and aimed carefully at the heart of the moving shadows. He fired and a man screamed. He took another step and fired again. Something hot pinched at Teed's thigh, as though a gigantic crab claw had closed on it, the sharpness penetrating front and back. It threw him off stride. After the hard pinch, came a warm wetness on his leg.

He fired with each step he took and then there was no movement on the stairs. Just some still shadows.

Someone pulled hard at his arm. He turned and pulled the trigger. The gun clicked. Armando knocked the gun aside.

"What's the matter with you?" he screamed. "You look like a crazy man. What are you trying to do?"

"I'm going down."

"With an empty gun."

"I'm going down."

Armando's hard palm bounced off his cheek. "Wake up! What was wrong in there?"

"Jake's dead," he said.

Armando whistled softly. He stared hard at Teed. "For a minute we got control. You cleared the stairs. Look. Two of them there. Who do you think you are? Bogart?"

Teed shook his head hard, to swing the mists out of his mind. He tried to smile. "All right, Armando. What do we do now?"

"I think we're supposed to try to retain the initiative. So we both go down. Follow pretty close."

Teed followed him. His foot scuffed a gun, knocking it from one step to the next lower one. He picked it up quickly, dropping the other. Armando went down the stairs with extreme caution, flattened against the wall. He stopped one step up from the third floor level. Teed was behind him. Ahead was the blank wall of the other side of the corridor. To their left was the railing, the next flight going down to the second floor. To reach it without exposing themselves to anyone standing in the hall, they would have to go over the railing. Teed sensed that the knife wound had weakened Armando to the point where this would be difficult if not impossible. And his own wounded leg was growing less reliable with frightening speed.

Morrow!" some one called, surprisingly close.

"What do you want, Raval?" Armando asked in a pleasant, conversational tone.

They both heard the grunt of surprise, the soft scuffle as people moved back quickly.

"Yeah? Well, I *say* they're *on the wrong train!"*

"Rogale," Raval said, with the same casual confidence that Teed remembered from the terrace on a sunny morning, "what are we? Kids, yet? Buck Rogers, maybe? We have some hard boys here. You start shooting, they start shooting, and it makes trouble. We got Maria dead down here and one out-of-town boy, and two boys with holes in them."

"And two dead men at the head of the stairs," Teed said tonelessly, "and a girl with a slashed face and a dead girl."

"Dead girl?" Raval asked uneasily.

"Miss Dennison went out the window, Raval," Teed said.

Raval cursed softly. Then he said, "That tears it good, but we can still put a lid on it, boys. We can still stop going bang bang. I'll give both you boys a good piece of change and then we can burn this place down. It will burn good. Tragic deaths in fire. There'll still be a stink, but not so bad we can't sit it out."

Better listen to the boss," a new voice said.

"That's Stratter," Armando whispered to Teed.

A car motor roared into life. They heard the wheels skid on gravel, the sound of the car fading rapidly away.

"Well?" Raval called.

"I'm ashamed of you, Lonnie," Armando said. "A nice country club member like you. A guy with his daughters in a fancy school. They say you've got thirty suits of clothes. Is that right? Nice going for a reform-school graduate."

Raval's voice thickened. "Take your choice, boys. You burn with it if you don't want to play."

"How is that going to read?" Armando asked. "Joint burns down. A joint owned, indirectly, by Lonnie Raval. Dead in the fire are prominent young attorney, the assistant city manager, the daughter of the city manager, and a choice collection of assorted muscle-men. You're licked no matter how you play it, Lonnie. It's gone too far already. The Eastern Syndicate is going to be very, very annoyed with you. Don't you follow orders? I thought the policy was to go as legitimate as possible while all this senate committee stuff is still hot. And here you are, kidnaping people, shooting people, burning people up. Tsk, tsk."

There was a mumbling whisper they couldn't catch, then Stratter said, "You want it done, you do it yourself this time."

Another car left, noisily.

Armando said, "Be smart, Stratter. The others are pulling out. Raval is through. And here's something. We can't get out, and neither can you. You can't get to the stairs going down any more than we can. Slap him down, Stratter, and I'll see that it counts in your favor."

"Get back, Stratter," Raval said in a colorless, voice. "Get back."

Someone ran noisily down one of the lower flights, raced across the lobby. A door slammed.

"There goes some more," Armando called, his voice joyous.

"Ten thousand apiece," Raval called, his voice full of shaky confidence.

Teed heard the heavy tramp of slow footsteps coming up the stairs from the second floor. Armando gave Teed a puzzled look. Teed moved over to the railing and looked down, careful not to expose himself to the men who waited down the hall to catch them as they moved off the stairs.

Mark Carboy was plodding slowly up the stairs. He was muttering to himself and he held the fantastic revolver in his hand.

He glanced up at Teed with no recognition and continued up, his heavy breath wheezing with the effort of the climb.

"Who's coming?" Raval called nervously.

Carboy reached the hallway, turned to the right, toward Raval and Stratter. He lifted the revolver and fired. The explosion in the confined place seemed to lift them into the air. Teed was deafened. There was a hard, persistent ringing in his ears. Carboy sat down like a fat baby, spraddle legged. Teed saw two little puffs of dust leap out from the front of his dark overcoat. He held the gun with the muzzle resting against the floor. His face was bland, unalarmed. He bit his lip and tried to lift the gun. He got it up a few inches, but the muzzle sagged back. He grasped it with both hands. As he tried to lift again, a round black dot appeared on his forehead, above his left eye. He leaned slowly forward, both hands still on the gun. The muzzle slid along the rug.

Raval vaulted the body, dived down the stairs. He managed to keep his feet. They heard his hand slap hard against the wall at the landing and then he was gone. Teed had been too frozen to fire at him.

Armando moved cautiously into the hall. He turned back at once. "Scratch one Stratter, Teed. Christ, what a cannon!" He pulled it out of Carboy's dead hands. "There's still three in it."

They went down the stairs. Castle Ann seemed to be deserted. A starter began to whine. The motor churned over and over and over, but didn't catch. The sound stopped. A wide-eyed girl bounced into the hall, stared at them, darted back into her room and slammed the door.

Teed's leg had begun to grow weaker. He began to limp as he went down the stairs. A lot of blood had been lost. The world seemed to rush toward him for a moment of sparkling, incredible clarity, and then recede again into remoteness.

Armando sat down suddenly on the stairs and coughed. Bright blood spilled over his lips, splatted on the bare wood.

"I think it touched a lung," he gasped. "My breathing has been sounding funny." Again he touched the dark shaft of the knife with his fingertips, almost tenderly.

Teed left him behind. He walked across the lobby. The starter of the car whined again, fruitlessly. A car door slammed and there were hurrying footsteps on the gravel. Raval, full in the lights from the bar window, came trotting around the corner of the building on Teed's right. He no longer looked bold and confident and overpowering. He was a frightened man who ran with hunched shoulders, underlip pulled grotesquely down.

In the distance the high wild sweet song of a siren drifted across the night fields. Trees had begun to stand out against a hard metal grayness in the east.

Raval tried to stop too quickly, and fell to his hands and knees, dark metal skittering out of his hand, whispering along the gravel. He pounced toward the gun. He was a tiny figure, a thousand miles away. He was a bug under a thick gray lense that was full of wavering imperfections. The gun in Teed's hand recoiled twice and Teed did not hear the shots. A giant reached down from the gray sky and swung a flabby finger against Teed's shoulder. It spun him around and dropped him on his face, gravel smashing his lips and grinding against his teeth. After a long time he got up onto his hands and knees. The night was full of a screaming that he could not identify. The corner of the building was at the other end of the world. He crawled there. He shut his eyes and rammed his head into the side of the building. He sat back stupidly, corrected the course, crawled on.

She lay against the side of the building where she had been roughly tumbled off the hood of the big car. The impact had dished it deeply, sprung the front of the hood up. She lay on her side, the sleasy yellow satin housecoat balled in the small of her back.

He grunted busily to himself as he spread the housecoat out. He rolled her onto it and pulled it around her. The zipper started at the bottom hem. It was hard to get it started. He clucked and muttered and finally the small metal teeth meshed. It made a purring sound as he pulled it up to her throat, covering the whiteness that was not smashed, not bleeding—just subtly wrong, obscurely out of proportion.

He wormed around on his haunches until his back was against the thick front bumper, against the bug-dotted sparkle of the chrome, and then he eased her head into his lap.

When the spotlights centered on him, he squinted into them, lips drawn back in an uncomprehending, death-head grin. His tongue fumbled loosely and heavily with the words as they bent over him. "Top floor. Girl."

In some bright place, much later, Leighton's cadaverous face slid down from a blazing sky of a dozen suns and loomed over him. The tin lips wormed and the words all leaned wetly against each other so that there was no meaning. "WasRavalshot? Washehurt?"

"Later, later, later," shiny voice said.

"Was Raval hurt?"

"Don't know," Teed said. "Don't know. Don't know." He stopped saying it, but it went on and on in his mind until the words had no meaning. Where Leighton's face had been there was a tunnel. It slid down and sucked against his lips. In the tunnel the unspoken words whined emptily off the sides, echoing into forever: "Don't know. Don't Know. DON'T KNOW!"

And then, running down toward him, down the slant of the tunnel toward him, she came running, running, gladness in her throat and in her eyes a joyousness too great to be born. He stood arms outstretched for her to run into his arms. And she ran against him and he shuddered because she was formed of cold stone and she wore Barbara's face on her broken body.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The nurse had a face the color of wet wash and hair like copper wire. She was slat-bodied and smelled of talcum.

She rolled the chair close to the bed and beamed at him. "Today we can spend some time on the sun porch. Isn't that wonderful?"

He looked at her. "Just too gay."

The smile slid off her face. "Now turn and get your hands on the arm of the chair. I'll steady it. Lower yourself into it, please."

He did as she told him. He came down into the chair with more force than he had expected.

"Would you like to take something along to read?" she asked.

"No."

She came around the chair and stared at him. Her blue eyes were severe. "Mr. Morrow, a large part of rapid recovery is the patient's attitude. I think you ought to let those people come and see you. I'm sure it would cheer you up."

"Would it?"

"See how sour you talk to me?"

He took a deep breath. "Look, Miss Mission. Sooner or later I'll have visitors. At the moment I don't want to see them. I don't want to read the papers. I don't want to do anything except listen to the world go around and the grass grow."

"It was bad, wasn't it? That poor girl and the way . . . "

"And I don't want to talk about it. I've told you that before."

"Mr. Seward is very insistent. He comes twice a day, Mr. Morrow."

"Tell him to kindly go to hell, Miss Mission. Now wheel the wheel chair."

Her shoulders slumped. Her uniform made a starchy rustle as she shrugged. She pushed the chair out through the room door and down to the elevator. The elevator took them to the top floor. The sun porch was having a busy morning. All conversation stopped as he came in and he saw the avidity of their eyes. The victim of a real honest-to-Gawd gun battle. Sure. He's the one. Two slugs in him. Come in here with about a pint of blood left. They give him plasma all the way to town in the ambulance. Found him rocking that dead girl and talking to her.

"Over there in the corner," Teed said.

She left him. "I'll be back in an hour. If you want anything, that nurse over there will get it for you."

Her heels made dull sounds on the composition floor as she walked out, distributing her professional smile on all and sundry. The silence lasted for just a few more moments and then the others started talking in low tones. Teed grasped the wheel rails and turned the chair so that his face was in the sun, his back to the room.

He could not stop thinking of his life as a chart on a wall in the back of his mind. The level line had reached placidly to that Sunday, three weeks ago, when he had awakened in the camp, had heard the sound of Felice's shower. Then the line had begun to waver. It had fallen off for the next week, and then it had stopped. Now there was no line at all. Not depression. Just a nothingness. Somehow life had changed from a pleasant game where you're all right if you keep your guard up, to a mess where your guard didn't help a bit. And once you know that, none of the old rules were any good any more.

The only visitors had been Leighton and the police stenographer. It had been impossible to keep them out. Later the stenographer had come back with the stack of copies of his statement, and he had scrawled his name in the indicated places.

"They got Raval," the stenographer said.

"That's nice," Teed said tonelessly.

"Picked him up at Tampa International Airport. He had a ticket to Mexico City. He'll be inside until he falls over his beard."

"That's nice," Teed said. The stenographer gave him a curious stare and left.

In an hour the redheaded nurse came back. In the elevator going down she said, "A Miss Dennison is waiting to see you, Mr. Morrow."

"Tell her to . . . no, I'll see her."

Marcia came into the room. She wore black. She sat primly, quietly, on the chair beside the bed. "Teed, I want to know what your plans are." He nodded.

"Daddy is quitting. He can't stay here, now. The University wants him back. Everyone is willing for you to take his place. If you don't want it, he wants to look for another man."

"I haven't decided, Marcia."

"Could you decide right now? It would help him. He . . . needs help. He's a defeated man, Teed."

"Aren't we all."

She looked at him with the level eyes, her father's eyes. "Did you love her so very much, Teed?"

"That's one of the things I've been thinking about. I didn't love her at all in the way you mean. Not as a woman. I . . . keep thinking of what I should have done that would have prevented it."

"You couldn't do anything."

"It was my fault that the whole thing started in that way. I gave them the handle to use on Jake."

"They would have found some other way. Don't torture yourself by blaming yourself. Jake . . . wouldn't want you to."

He smiled at her. "Powell used to try to get you and me together. I was the son-in-law elect."

She stood up, pulling her black gloves nervously through her fingers. "That sort of thing is done. I'll stay with him. I shan't marry anyone."

"That's what you've been all along, isn't it, Marcia? A cool-eyed martyr looking for a stake to be tied to."

She looked down. "Don't spoil it, Teed. Please. When they made me, they . . . left something out. Jake had it all. I used to resent her. Almost hate her at times. That's my guilt, Teed."

"Tell Powell I'll take over just as soon as I can get out of here."

"Mr. Trim is co-operating. The Grand Jury will be set to go. Daddy has new information and we ought to get a return of indictments on fourteen men in the city government. Then he'll leave it in your hands."

"In a year I'll have it running the way it should. Then I'll find somebody who wants to stay in one place and turn it over to them."

She stood by the bed. "Get well soon, Teed."

"I'm too tough to kill," he said. She took his hand, then bent over and kissed him on the forehead. After her footsteps were gone he still felt the cool impression of her lips. Viking woman. She of the sturdy thighs, of pelvic width for the bearing of children, of breasts meant to sweeten and flow. This would be a waste, just as the death of Jake was a waste. The years would dry and harden her, and the juices of youth would parch in the wind of barren years. In a way it was a little death, and he wondered if, in part, it were her penance for Jake's death.

PHOTO CREDITS

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The lunch tray came. His appetite was getting better. Even the drab hospital food, attractive in color rather than taste, was welcome.

The nurse came to take the tray. "Is Barbara Heddon still in the hospital?"

The nurse started so violently that the empty dishes rattled. "Uh . . . yes."

"Why did you jump?"

"I just happened to be thinking about her when you asked me that. That's all. I was wondering about it. You never asked about her before, and she never asked about you. That's all. It seemed funny. So I was thinking about it."

"Has she had visitors?"

"Her people, from Baltimore. That's all. Nobody local."

"Was Armando Rogale discharged?"

"After four days. A fat woman came and took him home with her. Mrs. Ferma or something."

"Can I see Barbara Heddon?"

"I'll ask the doctor. She's not supposed to move."

"Let me know."

Late in the afternoon Barbara's doctor came in and pulled up a chair. "You want to talk to the Heddon girl, eh?"

"If it's all right. How is she?"

"Apathetic. And that's good. I like that. I don't want that face wrinkling up with a lot of emotions. Not until healing is further advanced."

"Will she be . . . badly scarred?"

"She thinks so. I don't. The left eye was ticklish. Thought at first it would have to go. But I did a hemstitching job on those eye muscles. Proud of it. Going to write it up. Like sewing a pair of wings back onto a housefly."

"How about the scars?"

"It was a nice sharp edge. Clean slashes. Right side already O.K. But there was tissue loss on the left side. Her left arm is straight up over her head now. I'm telling you this in a way you can understand it. Cut a flap from the underside of her left arm, gave it a half turn and used it as a patch on the left cheek. Left it fastened to the left arm until the graft is far enough along. Then we'll cut it free and do some trimming. A face like that, it's a pleasure to do cosmetic surgery. Damn good bones. Be a pretty woman when she's sixty. I won't say you won't be able to see hairline scars in a bright light when she isn't wearing makeup. I let her folks see her. Had to chase them out when she started getting a little upset. No smiling and no frowning for that young lady until I'm certain those healing muscles won't tear under the strain. That's why you can't see her. Not for ten days, Morrow."

"Tell her I'm coming to see her."

"I told her that a week ago. She said for you to stay away from her."

The doctor stood up. "Be good," he said. He trudged out, a big weary man on an endless treadmill.

Teed was discharged at the end of the week. Five days later the doctor phoned him at City Hall. "Morrow? Come see the Heddon girl at two this afternoon."

"Has she changed her mind about seeing me?"

"No. But now I want her stirred up. I want her to rant and rave and storm around, using all the facial expressions in the book. Got to start getting back muscle tone, or she'll end up with a dead-pan. All slack. She won't tear now. Healing fine. But apathetic. Don't like that. Go give her a hard time. Nurse expecting you."

Teed put the transcript of his Grand Jury testimony in the locked file. Miss Anderson gave him a sallow nod as he said he would be gone most of the afternoon.

He checked out with Powell Dennison. The heart was gone out of the man. Now he was merely an old man who worked mirthlessly, doggedly, and without satisfaction at the things he knew best.

Teed parked in the hospital lot at ten of two. The receptionist told him the room number, told him to go right up. A pretty nurse stood waiting in the hall. She held her finger to her lips, opened the door to let him in, closed it soundlessly behind him.

Barbara lay with the bed cranked up to bring her almost to an erect sitting position. Her knees were elevated and she was turning the pages of a magazine. A bandage covered the left side of her face, from hairline to chin. Her nose, right eye, and the right half of her mouth were uncovered. A smaller bandage was taped to her right cheek.

She gave him a startled look and reached for the signal button. He reached it before she did, took it to the length of the cord and put it on the window sill.

She had not spoken. He pulled a chair over, sat down, took her hand. She tried to pull it away, but he held it tightly. She let it go lax. Her hand had the damp coolness of nervousness.

"They're going to make you beautiful again, Barbara."

"Is that important?" Her voice was listless.

"It will be nice. I'm going to spend a long

time looking at you. But even if they couldn't, it wouldn't matter too much."

She looked at him gravely. "Don't be a sentimental fool. Run while you can."

"I've spent a lot of years running, Barbara. I'm tired of running. Now I've found something that helps me make sense out of living. A . . . sort of talisman."

"A good luck charm," she said, her voice bitter, distorted by the constriction of the bandage across the left side of her mouth.

"Be rough. Be bitter and nasty and pretend you're hard as brass hinges, baby. It won't do you any good."

"You want to look at a face like this?"

"When I get tired of looking, I'll turn out the lights."

A tear spilled over the lower lid of her eye, channeled down by her nose to her lip. She caught it with the tip of her tongue. "All cats are gray in the dark."

"Suppose I love you, though? Suppose I spend more time thinking than ever before in my life, and I find out I love you. What then?"

"I chase you away, Teed. Because I don't want you to keep remembering what I was, torturing yourself with it. And you'll do that. After a while it would come between us and you'd look at me and think of it and hate me. I don't want that."

I've given that considerable thought, Barbara. I've tried to be logical. It bothers me. It will always bother me. I admit that. I know why it will bother me. Because in the formative years they give you books about virgin princesses. Romantic books. They condition you to a double standard where a man is a man and a woman is not really human. So it is hard to remember, always, that a woman is human, not some kind of a damn sweet-smelling toy on a store shelf. I've done too much sleeping around. It isn't good. It dulls your taste."

"That isn't the same."

"I make a ledger in my mind. On one side I put this business of remembering what you were doing when I met you. On the other side I put all the things you have come to mean to me. And that leaves me right where I started. Needing you."

She rolled her head restlessly from side to side, as though she were seeking escape. "Don't, Teed. Please don't talk like that to me. Please go away."

"In eight months to a year this job will be over for me, and it will be turned over to local people. I know you're going back to Baltimore. Here's all I want. Go back. You're mending on the outside. Mend on the inside, too. We'll write letters to each other. When this job is over, I'll come to you. We'll talk. That's all I want. A chance to show you that nothing will change in a year. Or twenty years."

"Why tie yourself up to a tramp?" she pleaded.

"Tramp? A man is one thing one day and something happens and he is suddenly somebody else. Maybe you have to be honest with yourself. Too honest. You have to say to yourself, 'I was a tramp.' O.K. Say that. But don't say, 'I am a tramp,' because you know that would be a lie, and I know it too."

She looked up at the ceiling. "There is another way I would be unfair to you, Teed, if I didn't send you away. I . . . can't have children."

That was a nice try, Barbara, but you talked too much to Anna Fermi. I had dinner there with Armando and Anna last night. We talked about you. Anna happened to mention that you told her that you could have children."

"*Damn* you, *damn* you, *damn* you!"

"They are my friends. I suddenly discover that maybe I never had better friends. We talked about you. I told them how I feel about you. We talked over whether or not I could forget that other business. Then Anna did a smart thing. She asked me if I would forgive you. I stared at her and I asked her what the hell for. Then she gave me that grin of hers and said that I had given the right answer and so she thought it would work out for us."

"Leave me alone."

"See? I'm pushing you out of a little death you've made for yourself back into life. You're reluctant. I checked with another person too."

"Maybe a letter to Emily Post would help."

"I checked with Albert. Albert said that in his work he has to understand pigeons, but he'll be damned if he can understand women. He told me to tell you that, such as it is, we have his blessing."

And on her face was the twisted mixture of tears and laughter, bitterness and joy. "Albert was . . . always dopey."

"He told me how stubborn you were when you were a little kid. He said I should use force if necessary. I said I didn't want to use force. I said I would make a dramatic appeal. I told him that I would tell you that if you insisted on having nothing to do with me, life would cease to have any meaning at all to me."

"Teed, don't . . . "

"Albert said that sounded too corny and too dramatic. I told him it was the truth, and I couldn't help it if it sounded that way. Albert said, O.K., then, for me to try it, but it certainly wasn't going to work on the Barbara he remembered."

She turned toward him. Her unbandaged eye was shining, bright, tear-filled. "That shows you how much Albert knows about women."

His voice was husky. "Albert better stick to his pigeons."

Her hand tightened in his. "I shouldn't let you . . ."

"You're not agreeing to a thing. Only to letting me come to see you when this job is done and we're both a year older."

"Don't ever let me hate myself for wanting to say yes to you, Teed."

"When we start tossing crockery, we'll bring Albert in as referee. Darling, laugh again. I love your *love*."

"I'll laugh for you. I'll laugh in the night. Not for funny. Joy laughter. Love laughter. Laughter for being alive."

He kissed the right corner of her mouth. He tasted the salt on his lips as he straightened up.

"Tomorrow we'll talk some more."

"Yes, Teed."

"There's a lot to say to you, Barbara."

"I know."

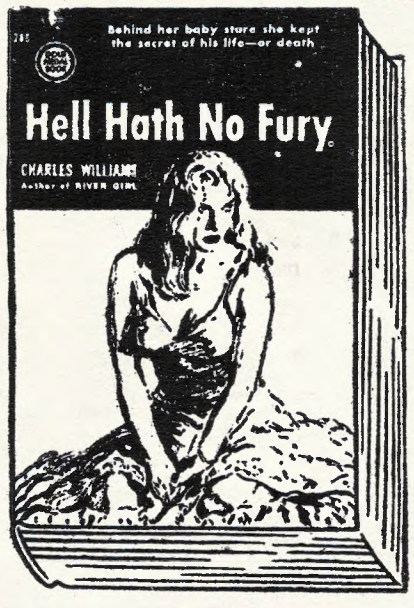
"Tomorrow we'll talk about how in that other life, we were two different people, neither of them as sound as you and I. The old life didn't happen to us."

She frowned. "That's odd! I can almost believe you."

"One day you will."

He walked down the soundproofed hall, and down the stairs, and out into the fat wet flakes of a late November snow. The flakes melted as they touched his face. He walked to his car, feeling that at last he had stepped from the sidelines into the midst of life. There could be no more detachment. Only involvement. You did the very best you could with everything you could reach. And never stopped reaching, or trying. And this, at last, made life a satisfying thing—a thing at which you were given one chance—and learned to enjoy the knowledge that one chance was all there was.

THE END



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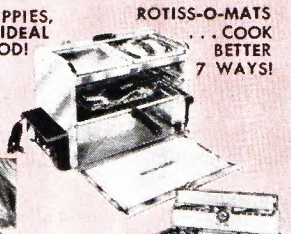

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